# Modern Screen

PROGRESS REPORT DEC 2 - 1946

MBER
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• A DELL MAGAZINE • A DELL MAGAZINE • A DELL MAGAZINE • A DELL MAGAZINE •
DELL

JEANNE CRAIN . . . how could sweet 16 be so bitter? (p. 30)

NOV 15 1946

# Introducing a wonderful new kind of Lip Make-Up

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## *in a new Rainbow of Lipstick Reds*

**...for the first time *Max Factor Hollywood* incorporates these three amazing features in one sensational new lipstick.**

The color stays on until you take it off

New original formula does not dry the lips

New kind of lip make-up...oh! so s-m-o-o-t-h



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### *3 Shades for You...Clear Red, Blue Red, Rose Red ...correct for your type...correct for fashion*



| | CLEAR RED | BLUE RED | ROSE RED |
|---|---|---|---|
| BLONDES | CLEAR RED No. 1 | BLUE RED No. 1 | ROSE RED No. 1 |
| BRUNETTES | CLEAR RED No. 3 | BLUE RED No. 3 | ROSE RED No. 3 |
| BROWNETTES | CLEAR RED No. 2 | BLUE RED No. 2 | ROSE RED No. 2 |
| REDHEADS | CLEAR RED No. 1 | BLUE RED No. 1 | ROSE RED No. 1 |

These new exclusive reds are based on an exclusive formula discovered and developed by *Max Factor Hollywood*. Note the chart above. See for yourself the shades recommended for your type ...then try this new *Max Factor Hollywood* Lipstick today. See and feel the thrilling difference.

CARPENTER

# Max Factor • Hollywood

# How about a husband for Christmas, Sugar?"





**GIRL:** Why *sure*, Pint Size—why, sure! And how about handing me the moon, a million dollars and a sparkling smile, while you're in the mood?

**CUPID:** Are *you* kidding?

**GIRL:** Aren't *you?*

**CUPID:** Listen, Pie, put a little sparkle in that smile of yours and you'll find the moon and a million and a man aren't so hard to get.

**GIRL:** *He* says! . . . look, Cupid, I brush my teeth like anything, but some teeth just won't sparkle. Mine for instance.

**CUPID:** *Maybe*, Baby, *maybe*. Ever see "pink" on your tooth brush?

**GIRL:** That's from gums, not teeth. And it's my teeth I'm after!

**CUPID:** Know more than a dentist, huh? Don't you know that "pink" is a warning *to see your dentist?* Let *him* decide what's what. He may say it's just another case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he'll probably suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

**GIRL:** Massage. Gums again. I said it was my *teeth. Teeth*, Cupid. *Teeth!*

**CUPID:** Ah, yes. But sparkling smiles call for sound teeth. And sound teeth for healthy gums. And Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with gentle massage, to help gums. If your dentist suggests massage with Ipana when you brush your teeth . . . *go to it*, Angel. And you'll be on your way to a smile with more sparkle than six Christmas trees!




For the Smile of Beauty
Ipana and Massage

*Product of Bristol-Myers*

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S

# LION'S ROAR



Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

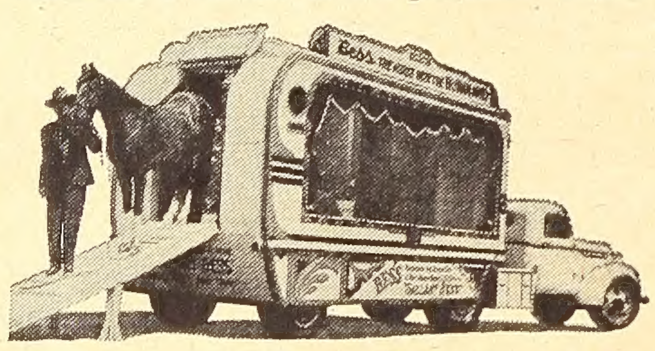
From Lexington, Kentucky, comes a romantic tid-bit . . .

★ ★ ★ ★

The whole town's in love with a horse!

★ ★ ★ ★

So are Detroit and Toledo, Pittsburgh and Wheeling, Buffalo and Binghamton. So are more than 30 other cities that she's visited in her palatial trailer.



They're all in love with "Bess," the gleaming chestnut steed that won Hollywood's heart and is now making countless friends across the country.

★ ★ ★ ★

They call her "The Horse With The Human Mind."

★ ★ ★ ★

No wonder they give her the keys to the city (which she accepts personally), clamor for her autograph (she never says nay), and wine and dine her at hunt clubs!

★ ★ ★ ★

Of course, "Bess" can't visit every town in the land, but you can see her in M-G-M's thrilling adventure story, "Gallant Bess," soon to be screened at your local theatre.

★ ★ ★ ★

You'll see "Bess" as she really is, for Harry Rapf has produced "Gallant Bess" in glowing natural color by the Cinecolor process.

★ ★ ★ ★

There's a crisp, authentic flavor to Jeanne Bartlett's story. She got its true-to-life feeling from an incident narrated by Lt. Marvin Park, USNR.



Keep your eye on Marshall Thompson, who is best friend to "Bess", in the picture. As a star, he's mounting. You can see he loved his role; gave it power, conviction. With him, you'll see George Tobias and Clem Bevans—stalwart, two-fisted pals who thrive on rough going.

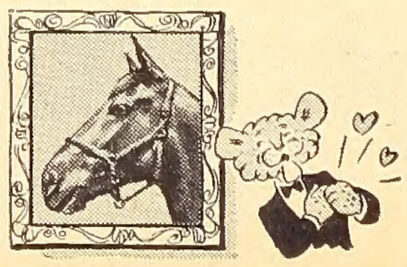
★ ★ ★ ★

Altogether, the picture is a credit to Andrew Marton's expert direction.

★ ★ ★ ★

So here's our Stranger-Than-Fiction Fact For Fall: You're going to fall in love with a horse, when you see M-G-M's "Gallant Bess" in action color.

—Leo






DECEMBER, 1946

# modern scree

the friendly maga

## stories


THANKSGIVING FOR JEANNE (Jeanne Crain)
THE HOUSE THEY LIVE IN (Ronald Reagan-Jane Wyman)
I LOVE GRETA GARBO by Billy Rose
MODERN SCREEN GOES TO CATALINA (Bob Mitchum)
PIPE DREAM RANCH (Alan Ladd)
NO GREATER LOVE . . . (Bette Davis)
STATE FAIR (Roy Rogers)
LIFE OF THE PARTY (Hatfield-Andrews-Korvin-Fontaine)
MORE THAN YOU KNOW . . . (Olivia de Havilland)
WATCH BEVERLY TYLER! by Hedda Hopper
"TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY" (Bob Walker-Judy Garland-Van Johnson)
HAPPINESS—TAYLOR MADE (Barbara Stanwyck-Robert Taylor)
CORNEL WILDE LIFE STORY (concluded)
THE SECRET LIFE OF DANNY KAYE


## color pages


JEANNE CRAIN in 20th-Fox's "Margie"
JANE WYMAN in M-G-M's "The Yearling"
RONALD REAGAN in Warners' "Stallion Road"
BOB MITCHUM in RKO's "The Locket"
ALAN LADD in Paramount's "The Big Haircut"
BEVERLY TYLER in M-G-M's "My Brother Talks to Horses"
ROBERT TAYLOR in M-G-M's "Undercurrent"
VIVIAN BLAINE in 20th-Fox's "Three Little Girls in Blue"


## features


PICTURE OF THE MONTH: "The Jolson Story" selected by Dorothy Kilgallen
EDITORIAL PAGE
GOOD NEWS: by Louella Parsons
PARTY POSTSCRIPTS: by Louella Parsons


## departments


MOVIE REVIEWS: by Virginia Wilson
INFORMATION DESK
RADIO: Radio Award by Ed Sullivan. Radio Gossip by Ben Gross
MUSIC: "Sweet and Hot" by Leonard Feather
SUPER COUPON
BEAUTY: "Carol's Christmas Gifts"
FASHION: by Toussia Pines
COOKING: "Starred for Thanksgiving"


THE COLOR PORTRAITS OF JEANNE CRAIN, BEVERLY TYLER AND ROBERT TAYLOR ARE BY WILLINGER. THE COVER PORTRAIT OF JEANNE CRAIN IS BY NICKOLAS MURAY.


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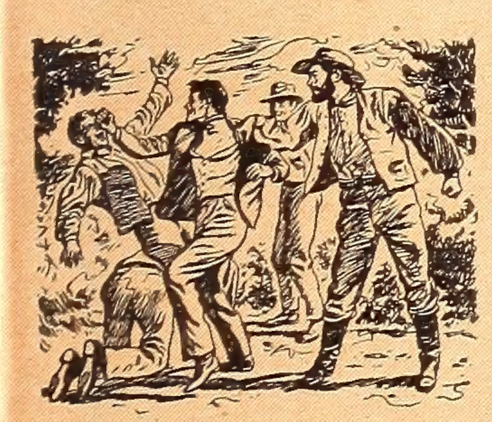



# *This is the year of "The Yearling"*

**...AND IT'S WORTH WAITING FOR!**



**Love conquers a wilderness!**



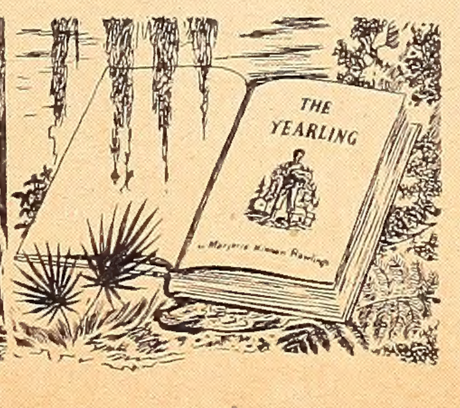
**A feud flares into violence!**



**Peck's finest performance!**



**It's kill the bear.. or starve!**




**A great book comes to life!**

*M.G.M. presents in Technicolor*

# THE YEARLING

starring

## GREGORY PECK • JANE WYMAN

A CLARENCE BROWN PRODUCTION

CLAUDE JARMAN, JR. as "Jody" • Clem Bevans • Margaret Wycherly • Forrest Tucker • Screen Play by Paul Osborn • Based on the Pulitzer Prize Novel by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings • Directed by Clarence Brown • Produced by SIDNEY FRANKLIN

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

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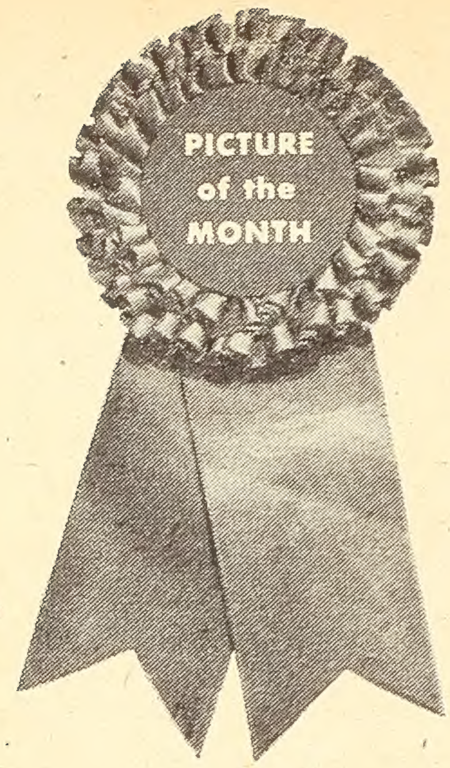
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# DOROTHY KILGALLEN

## SELECTS "THE JOLSON STORY"

■ To a few score of friends on Broadway, several hundred acquaintances in New York, Miami and Hollywood, and a handful of newspaper readers with retentive memories, Al Jolson is a suntanned multi-millionaire, multi-married theatrical performer with a passion for racehorses and pugilists, female beauty, and good food, and a predilection for lawsuits involving large sums of money.

But in making the lavish and dazzlingly scored musical film "The Jolson Story," Columbia Pictures has, quite properly, ignored this small portion of the population which might be familiar with the facts and concocted a scenario for the entertainment of those millions to whom Al Jolson is a name vaguely associated with white cotton gloves, a watermelon mouth and a seemingly indestructible left knee. The result is a diverting if historically omissive biography in which the comedian is portrayed as a young man with an uncanny resemblance to Fred Waring, (*Continued on page 8*)



Julie (Evelyn Keyes) visits Al Jolson's (Larry Parks) parents (played by Tamara Shayne and Ludwig Donath), chokes on spicy food.


INTO THE WEST CAME
Clementine
To set it loving — harder . . .
killing — quicker!
For she was everything
the West was . . .
Young, Fiery,
Exciting!
OUT OF THE WEST IT COMES!
Darryl F. Zanuck
presents JOHN FORD'S
MY DARLING CLEMENTINE
Starring
HENRY FONDA · LINDA DARNELL · VICTOR MATURE
20th CENTURY-FOX
with
WALTER BRENNAN
TIM HOLT
CATHY DOWNS
Directed by
JOHN FORD
Produced by
SAMUEL G. ENGEL
Screen Play by Samuel G. Engel and Winston Miller · Based on a Story by Sam Hellman · From a Book by Stuart N. Lake
AND COMING SOON!
Darryl F. Zanuck's production of W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S
The Razor's Edge




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*Name*_____ *Age*____

*Home Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

*Present Position*_____ *Working Hours*____ *A.M. to*____ *P.M.*

**Length of Service in World War II**_____


whose sole fault (aside from a tendency to sing too many encores) is a yen to ply his trade over the unfathomable objections of his disagreeable little wife.

One example should be sufficient to indicate the whimsicality of the authors in handling the characterization of Jolson. There is a scene backstage at a burlesque house in which the dapper young blade is greeted with definite warmth by a covey of leggy daisies. His partner suggests that Al might do well to make a date with a girl some time.

"Girls?" scoffs Al. "I haven't got time for girls!"—a statement guaranteed to send the regulars at Lindy's into peals of apoplectic glee, but presumably having no effect on those members of the Jolson public who have forgotten that he found time to be married to Henrietta Keller, Alma Osborne, Ruby Keeler and Erle Garbraith during the periods when he was not being romantically charmed by Eunice Healy, Adele Jergens, Jinx Falkenburg and Gloria Cooke, to name only those who leap instantly to mind.

However, the vagaries of the screen writers can be dismissed as amusing but unimportant, since this is not their picture. "The Jolson Story" belongs to the music department from start to finish. These talented workers—M. W. Stoloff, Saul Chaplin and Martin Fried—have created a triumphant sound track, fast and bright and suitable from the vocal under the title of the orchestral crescendo accompanying the fadeout, and every yard of it deserves applause. The picture contains a staggering number of songs, and despite an attempt on the part of the scenarists to give the impression that Mr. Jolson discovered jazz, the stark truth is that his taste in songs was consistently banal. "I'd walk a mill-yun miles for one of your smi-hiles, my little mammy" is scarcely a Dorothy Parker lyric, and the tune that goes with it is depressingly compatible, but the master craftsman who had charge of arranging the notes and playing the music succeeded in lifting even "Ma-ham-my" into the realm of high excitement.

The sound track is further enhanced by the fact that the Ol Massa himself does all the singing, and no doubt about it, when he takes a tune he nails it down and makes it a Jolson song forever and nobody else ever sings it quite that way or quite that well.

Visually there are two Jolsons—Scotty Beckett, who gives a touching, enchanting and to all indications, accurate performance as the boy Jolson, and Larry Parks, who essays the more trying task of impersonating the full-grown mammy singer. Mr. Parks is good-looking, charming, a conscientious mimic of the familiar Jolson mannerisms, and a pleasant actor, and the fact that he is nothing at all like Jolson as a performer or an individual is no reflection on his talent. Nobody is like Jolson.

The large cast assembled for this Technicolor venture is on the whole excellent, with fine work contributed by Ludwig Donath as Cantor Yoelson, the comedian's father, and Tamara Shayne as his mother. Evelyn Keyes is the one wife in the film, and although she is called "Julie Benson," no attempt is made to conceal the fact that Julie Benson is pronounced Ruby Keeler. Miss Keyes' acting in "The Jolson Story" is about two notches above Ruby Keeler's in "Flirtation Walk"; her dancing is several notches below.

Al Jolson may be surprised at what he sees when he views his screen biography, but if he is any kind of a movie fan he will have a good time at it.

# FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

How long is it since you've had a present from us? Oh-oh. That'll never do. We're just dying to send you the January, February and March issues of MODERN SCREEN ABSOLUTELY FREE! But you'll have to help just a *leetle* bit. Simply fill out the Questionnaire below *very carefully* and mail it to us IMMEDIATELY. We'll select 500 at random to be the lucky recipents of these THREE MONTHS' gift issues.

## QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our December issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd AND 3rd CHOICES—AND THAT'S ALL!

*Thanksgiving For Jeanne (Jeanne Crain)* . . . . . ☐
*The House They Live In (Ronald Reagan-Jane Wyman)* . . . . . ☐
*I Love Greta Garbo, by Billy Rose* . ☐
MODERN SCREEN *Goes To Catalina (Bob Mitchum)* . . . . . ☐
*Pipe Dream Ranch (Alan Ladd)* . . ☐
*No Greater Love . . . (Bette Davis)* ☐
*State Fair (Roy Rogers)* . . . . . ☐
*Life of the Party (Hatfield-Andrews-Korvin-Fontaine)* . . . . . ☐

*More Than You Know . . . (Olivia de Havilland)* . . . . . ☐
*Watch Beverly Tyler! by Hedda Hopper* . . . . . ☐
*"Till the Clouds Roll By" (Production Story)* . . . . . ☐
*Happiness—Taylor Made (Robert Taylor-Barbara Stanwyck)* . . . . . ☐
*Cornel Wilde Life Story (Concluded)* . . . . . ☐
*Good News by Hedda Hopper* . . . . . ☐
*The Secret Life of Danny Kaye* . . . ☐
*Good News by Louella Parsons* . . ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....
What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....
What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....
My name is .....
My address is..... City..... Zone.... State.....
I am ..... years old.

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Paramount's
King-Size Musical—
It's The Nearest Thing
To Heaven

Bing Crosby
Fred Astaire
Joan Caulfield
in
Irving Berlin's

# *BLUE SKIES"*

*in Technicolor*

Billy De Wolfe · Olga San Juan

oduced by Sol C. Siegel · Directed by Stuart Heisler

Screen Play by Arthur Sheekman • Adaptation by Allan Scott

32 SONGS
OLD and NEW
by IRVING BERLIN
including

BLUE SKIES
A PRETTY GIRL IS LIKE A MELODY
WHITE CHRISTMAS
HEAT WAVE
PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ
RUSSIAN LULLABY
THIS IS THE ARMY, MR. JONES
HOW DEEP IS THE OCEAN
ALL BY MYSELF
I'VE GOT MY CAPTAIN WORKING FOR ME NOW
I'LL SEE YOU IN CUBA
EVERYBODY STEP
SOME SUNNY DAY
YOU'D BE SURPRISED
A COUPLE OF SONG AND DANCE MEN
YOU KEEP COMING BACK LIKE A SONG (new)
GETTING NOWHERE (new)
A SERENADE TO AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL (new)





*by Virginia Wil*

# MOVIE REVIEW

## *"Undercurren*

■ There's a curious and exciting pattern to this new picture starring Kath Hepburn, Robert Taylor and Robert Mitchum. It's a closely-woven sto a girl from a quiet New England town who is swept suddenly by a si undercurrent into dangerous waters.

Ann Hamilton (Katharine Hepburn) is the daughter of a college prof Alan Garroway (Robert Taylor) comes to see her father on a scientific ter, and his appraising, experienced eyes see great possibilities in charming simplicity. He sweeps her into a whirlwind marriage and c her away to Washington to meet his important, sophisticated friends soon makes her over into a strikingly beautiful and stunningly gowned w but not before he has let everyone see her as a dowdy country girl. Ann understand this, but she soon finds there are many things about Alan she can't understand.

He has a consuming hatred of his brother, Michael (Robert Mitch who has, he explains to Ann, stolen money from him, as well as ruined personal relationship that has meant anything to him. He hasn't hea Michael in some time now, and hopes bitterly that he is dead. Alan Ann to the impressive Garroway estate in Virginia, and she would have very happy there if it weren't for the strange incidents which kept occu She overhears a mystifying conversation about a black horse and the who tries to master it. Then there's Alan's rage when she plays a c piece on the piano. And the discovery of a book of Michael's which s faint uneasiness in her heart.

They go to San Francisco where Alan's factory is located, and there Sylvia Burton (Jayne Meadows) who bears an almost uncanny resembla Ann as she looks since her marriage. She tells Ann a weirdly strang frightening story. Events spin along with growing speed in the strea unexpressed hatred which has come to flood tide through the years, and is caught in the undercurrent.—*M-G-M.* (*Continued on pag*



Alan Garroway (R. Taylor) sweeps Ann Hamilton (K. Hepburn) off her feet—into

# ERROL FLYNN · ELEANOR PARKER

## in Warners' GREAT BIG HIT with the GREAT BIG LOVE!



# "NEVER SAY GOODBYE"

See it! See it!-You'll never forgive yourself if you don't!



with
LUCILE WATSON · S. Z. SAKALL · PATTI BRADY FORREST TUCKER DONALD WOODS
DIRECTED BY JAMES V. KERN · PRODUCED BY WILLIAM JACOBS
Screen Play by I. A. L. DIAMOND and JAMES V. KERN • Original Story by Ben and Norma Barzman • Adaptation by Lewis R. Foster

TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY Warner OF TALKING PICTURES





### P. S.

*Katharine Hepburn rehearsed in her familiar slacks, then switched into stunning Irene designed gowns when sequences were ready to be filmed. For the shooting of short scenes, she changed attire as many as four times in an hour with record speed of two minutes. . . . Kate's famous working garb, however, has seen its last days, if cast and crew of the film have their way. Their farewell gift to the star, upon completion of her last scene, was a dress. . . . During production, Bob Taylor acquired a most unusual good luck charm—the bald head of prop man Solly Martino. Before going into each scene, Bob conferred with Solly and gravely rubbed the shining pate three times. He announced that he has complete faith in the charm, but fears the prop man on his next pic may not be bald. . . . Marjorie Main, searching in vain for a housekeeper, had to become one, both at home and studio. She was in the midst of cleaning her own house and trying to prepare meals when Metro informed her that she was "hired" to perform the same chores for Kate and Cecil Kellaway.*

## NOCTURNE

To quote Gilbert and Sullivan, "a policeman's life is not a happy one." Detective Joe Warne (George Raft) couldn't agree more. Here he is with ten murder suspects and they're all beautiful brunettes and all called Dolores. Furthermore, he isn't supposed to be conducting a murder investigation at all. The official police verdict in the case of Keith Vincent, a successful Hollywood composer, is suicide. But Warne is sure it's murder and goes off on his own to prove it.

His first job is to identify the ten girls whose smiling pictures adorn the walls of Vincent's den. Susan (Myrna Dell), Vincent's pert housemaid, says he called them all Dolores. But Susan has a police record and maybe her word isn't good for much. Warne traces several of the beauties, who come up with an assortment of alibis, good, bad, and indifferent. Then he makes a startling discovery. One picture is missing from the collection. His search for the missing link takes him to a glamor photographer, to a cheap cafe, and finally to the set of a motion picture studio and lovely actress Frances Ransom (Lynn Bari). Frances is the logical suspect since she offers an obviously phony alibi and admits she was at Vincent's house the night of the shooting. But Warne finds himself curiously reluctant to believe she did it.

He is relieved when evidence turns up which involves a burly hoodlum, Torp (Bernard Hoffman). Unfortunately that trail leads straight back to Frances, her young sister, Carol (Virginia Huston) and a pianist called Fingers (Joseph Pevney). Warne is now so close on the trail that the murderer gets panicky, and kills the photographer who took all the pictures. Susan, the housemaid, tries a spot of blackmail, with unfortunate consequences. The chase goes on and death lurks again in the shadows.

"Nocturne" has plenty of suspense, and you'll like the authentic Hollywood background.—*RKO.*

### P. S.

*A major love scene was completely ruined for George Raft and Lynn Bari from the most unexpected source—a sharp-eyed critic—who insisted on voicing his opinion. The sequence was going along smoothly; the director was grinning happily. Then suddenly from the rafters a shrill voice screamed: "Terrible! Terrible!" The entire company went into action trying to find the intruder. The culprit, they discovered was a parrot who'd escaped from its cage on another stage and had flown over to personall give Raft the bird!*

## THE MAN I LOVE

I want you to meet Petey Braun (Id Lupino). If there were more girls lik Petey around, the world would be pleasanter place. She's warm and hones and gay, and if she had just two nickel to her name, she'd give you both of then

Petey is a New York night club singe who has come to California to spen Christmas with her family. The famil consists of her sister Sally (Andrea King who has a job as waitress while her hus band is in a Veterans' Hospital; anothe sister, Virginia (Martha Vickers), wh takes care of Sally's young son, Buddy and a brother, Joe (Warren Douglas) wh is headed for trouble as a petty racketee Petey finds that Sally is terribly worrie about her husband. It seems he has a aggravated form of battle fatigue, and hi been quite violent on her last two visi to the hospital. Sally has another prob lem—Nick Toresca (Robert Alda), the lo cal night club owner, is making a pla for her. Sally doesn't know how to han dle him. *"I'll* take care of Mr. Toresca Petey promises. "I've been exposed guys like that for years, and I know a the answers."

Virginia has a problem, too, although takes Petey a while to realize it. Acro the hall live a young couple named Johnn and Gloria O'Connor. Johnny (Don Mc Guire) is a nice lad, devoted to his wi and baby. Gloria (Dolores Moran), a most as beautiful as she is stupid, neglec Johnny and the baby in favor of nig life. Virginia is secretly in love wi Johnny, and it's torture to her to see th way Gloria treats him.

Petey goes to work as a singer at Nick night club, sidetracking his attention fro Sally. Then she meets a big strang named Sam Thomas (Bruce Bennett once a famous jazz pianist, and forge Nick and everything else in the world b love. She has both happiness and unha piness with Sam, but he's her guy a nothing will ever change that. In t meantime, she manages to straighten o the tangled lives of those around her.

Ida Lupino is wonderful as Petey, a "The Man I Love" is a picture you remember.—*War.*

## MAGNIFICENT DOLL

That noise you hear is James Madis fourth President of the United Stat spinning in his grave. This unaccustom activity is occasioned by a picture bas on his wife's life which is about as h torically accurate as "The Wizard of O In spite of the liberties taken with histo "Magnificent Doll" is thoroughly ente taining. Ginger Rogers, Burgess Mered and David Niven play the leading roles

Dolly Payne (Ginger Rogers) is one the prettiest girls in Virginia. Like pretty girls, she loves parties and is vas unhappy when her father sells their hu plantation and carts the family off to quiet Quaker life in Philadelphia. He sists on Dolly marrying the son of Quaker friend there. John Todd (Hora McNally) is a fine man, but Dolly rese not having been allowed to choose her o husband. She keeps their marriage a c and formal affair until John is strick with the plague. Then—too late—s realizes that she loved him.

After John's death and that of Doll father, she and her mother open a ve de luxe lodging house. Their first "pa ing guest" is the dashing Senator, Aa Burr (David Niven). He immediat begins a siege of Dolly's heart, and fo time she is responsive. Then she me the quiet little Congressman, James Ma

# ALL OR NOTHING! In gambling... In love!



When a girl who never gambles meets a man who always wins–WHO GIVES IN? See the amazing, amusing answers in this grand romantic comedy, set in that famous city of gaiety — Las Vegas.

RKO PRESENTS

## ROBERT YOUNG
## BARBARA HALE · FRANK MORGAN

in

# Lady Luck

with

## JAMES GLEASON · DON RICE · HARRY DAVENPORT



RKO RADIO PICTURES

Executive Producer ROBERT FELLOWS • Produced by WARREN DUFF
Directed by EDWIN L. MARIN • Screen Play by LYNN ROOT and FRANK FENTON

"Start Young to fight DRY SKIN"



SAVE Nancy Coleman

Starring in "Her Sister's Secret"
A PRC Production

"I Keep that Dewy Fresh Look with these Rich Lander Creams containing OLIVE OIL"

Your young skin has *enemies* like wintry wind, indoor heat and dirt that dry it out, steal its bloom!

That's why even very young Hollywood stars use and recommend Lander's Cold Cream with Olive Oil. It's a super-rich *special formula* for dry, sensitive skin. This fluffy, white cream softens, smooths, cleans exquisitely! You look radiantly alluring!

And for lovelier hands, use Lander's Hand Cream with Olive Oil. It's so rich and soothing! Get both these luxury creams at your 10¢ store today.




ison (Burgess Meredith). On the face of it, he isn't a man who could offer Burr much romantic competition, but Dolly has acquired a sound sense of values. She sees that Madison has as brilliant a mind as Burr, and is considerably more stable in his political opinions. She marries Madison, to Burr's anger and disbelief.

When Thomas Jefferson is elected President, Madison becomes his Secretary of State, and Dolly is official White House hostess. Burr, reaching always for power, organizes a revolt he believes will end in his being declared Emperor of America. Instead it ends in jail, with Dolly saving him from a lynching by an angry mob. It's quite a picture.—*Univ.*

## NO TRESPASSING

It's good to have Lon McCallister back on the screen, especially in as enthralling a picture as "No Trespassing." The contrast between the homely, farm background and the weird events that take place there is particularly effective.

Young Nath Storm (Lon McCallister), High School senior, takes an after-school job as hired hand at the Morgan farm. Morgan (Edward G. Robinson) is a middle-aged man with a wooden leg and a fanatical devotion to his adopted daughter, Meg (Allene Roberts). He lives a great deal of the time in a mysterious world of his own involved with "a red house" and "screams that you hear the rest of your life." No one but his sister Ellen (Judith Anderson) knows what he's talking about when he gets one of these spells, and she has kept the secret for seventeen years.

The first night on the new job, Nath thinks he'll take a short-cut home through the woods. That's when he first hears Morgan tell of the "screams in the night." Nath has a stubborn courage which makes him take the short-cut in spite of Morgan's insistent warning. He is attacked by a mysterious figure in the woods, and badly beaten. A few days later he and Meg, who worships him shyly, do some exploring, but find nothing. However, the following Sunday, Meg goes alone to the woods and stumbles on a trail which leads to the Red House. She is shot at, and falls over a cliff, breaking her leg.

Nath blames himself, because he has been out with Tibby (Julie London), a sexy little number who doesn't really compare with Meg's sweetness. By now Morgan has forbidden him to come near the house, and Nath worries about Meg constantly. Tibby, angry at his preoccupation, starts going around with Teller (Rory Calhoun), the big woodsman whom Morgan pays to keep trespassers off his property. Morgan becomes queerer and queerer until it's obvious that he is insane. One murder results, and Meg's own death seems sure unless Nath can save her.—*U.A.*

## SECRET OF THE WHISTLER

The Whistler—like The Shadow—KNOWS! In this case, the Whistler knows what goes on in the mind of Ralph Harrison (Richard Dix), and an unsavory mess it is, too. Ralph, an artist, is married to Edith (Mary Currier) who is rich enough to support him in the luxury he likes. He married her for her money and she married him for love, which Ralph considers a fair exchange. He is kind enough to her to salve his conscience—until Kay Morrell (Leslie Brooks) enters the picture.

Edith has serious heart trouble, and knows quite well that she won't live much longer. She even orders her own tombstone—a proceeding which is to have far reaching developments later. The thing that keeps her going is her confidence in her husband's love. One night Ralph gives a party at his studio. Of course Edith can't be there, as her heart trouble keeps her almost an invalid. One of the artists who attends brings his model—Kay. She's a voluptuous redhead with a mercenary mind and a heart like a concrete mixer. When she finds out that Ralph's wealthy wife will soon make him a widower, she goes to work on him. She manages it cleverly. She makes him think she loves him, but tells him that since he's married nothing can come of it. Their romance, however, continues.

Ralph doesn't know that his wife, under the care of a new doctor, has been improving. One day she is allowed to go out, and she stops in at his studio to surprise him. She is just in time to overhear him telling Kay that he's sure Edith won't live much longer, and then he will immediately make her the second Mrs. Harrison. Naturally the first Mrs. Harrison finds this a considerable shock. She manages to get back home, and when Ralph arrives that evening, she informs him that he is to move out immediately and she is going to change her will. This is an invitation to murder, but it doesn't work out quite the way you would think.—*Col.*

## SMASH-UP

Drink is never a solution to anything. "Smash-Up" is the story of Angie Evans (Susan Hayward) who finds this out almost too late. Angie is lucky, in the beginning. She's beautiful, she has a good voice, she's in love with Ken Conway (Lee Bowman) who's crazy about her. Life looks as gay as a birthday cake.

Then things start to happen. Ken is arrested for an automobile accident and sent to jail. When he comes out, Angie is so happy to have him back that she gives up her singing career and marries him immediately. She was to do an audition for radio executive Roger Elliott (Carleton Young), but she persuades him to listen to Ken instead. He is only mildly enthusiastic. Still he admits that Ken has something, and gives him and his guitar playing pal, Steve (Eddie Albert) a fifteen-minute spot at six o'clock. "Six o'clock!" cries Angie, delighted. "That's a *wonderful* time!" "Not *this* six o'clock," Ken says gloomily. "This one's in the morning."

However, he and Steve gradually win popularity, even at that early hour. The day Angie's baby is born, Ken sings a song he has written especially for her. It's so good that it gets him a spot on an evening program. Before long he's a top radio star, with his own secretary, Martha (Marsha Hunt) and every minute filled with bustling activity. That's when things get rough for Angie. Martha seems to have taken over Ken's life. She picks their apartment, has it decorated, gets a nurse for the baby. She advises Ken about everything. There's nothing left for Angie to do but go to cocktail parties or sit at home and lap up brandy by herself, which she does with increasing frequency. Soon she becomes a problem to Ken who tries to get her to stop drinking, but doesn't realize the true cause of it.

When the baby gets pneumonia, Angie lays off liquor completely, long enough to nurse her over it. Then after a quarrel with Ken she goes back to the same old routine. If Dr. Lorenz (Carl Esmond) hadn't happened along, the dramatic smash-up of her whole life which ensues would have been irreparable.—*Univ.*

## THE NOTORIOUS GENTLEMAN

By Webster's definition, a gentleman is "a well-bred man of fine feelings, good education and social position." By Rex Harrison's interpretation, his "Notorious

# Are you in the know?



**Which plaid should "chubby" pick?**

- ☐ *A kingsize design*
- ☐ *A petite pattern*
- ☐ *Neither*

Even if you're a plumpish pigeon, *you, too,* can wear plaids. But whether jumbo or tiny patterns intrigue you—pick neither: A medium-size plaid is your best bet. And speaking of sizes, here's a thought for certain times: Only Kotex has 3 sizes, for different women, different days—Regular, Junior, Super Kotex. So you can choose the size that's best for *you.* What's more, every Kotex napkin contains a *deodorant*—to help you stay dainty.




**For lip-appeal *plus,* should you—**

- ☐ *Wear a sultry shade*
- ☐ *Use a lip brush*
- ☐ *Revise the shape of your mouth*

If you'd have lush-looking lips—know your pucker-paint technique. Choose a true red: on you it looks better than sultry, tiger-woman shades. And don't try to re-shape your mouth! Carefully following its contour with a lip brush can give you lip-appeal *plus*; added self-assurance. Extra poise on problem days means—Kotex. Because, for extra *protection,* Kotex has an exclusive *safety center* to keep you super-confident!



**Should you agree to meet your "squire"?**

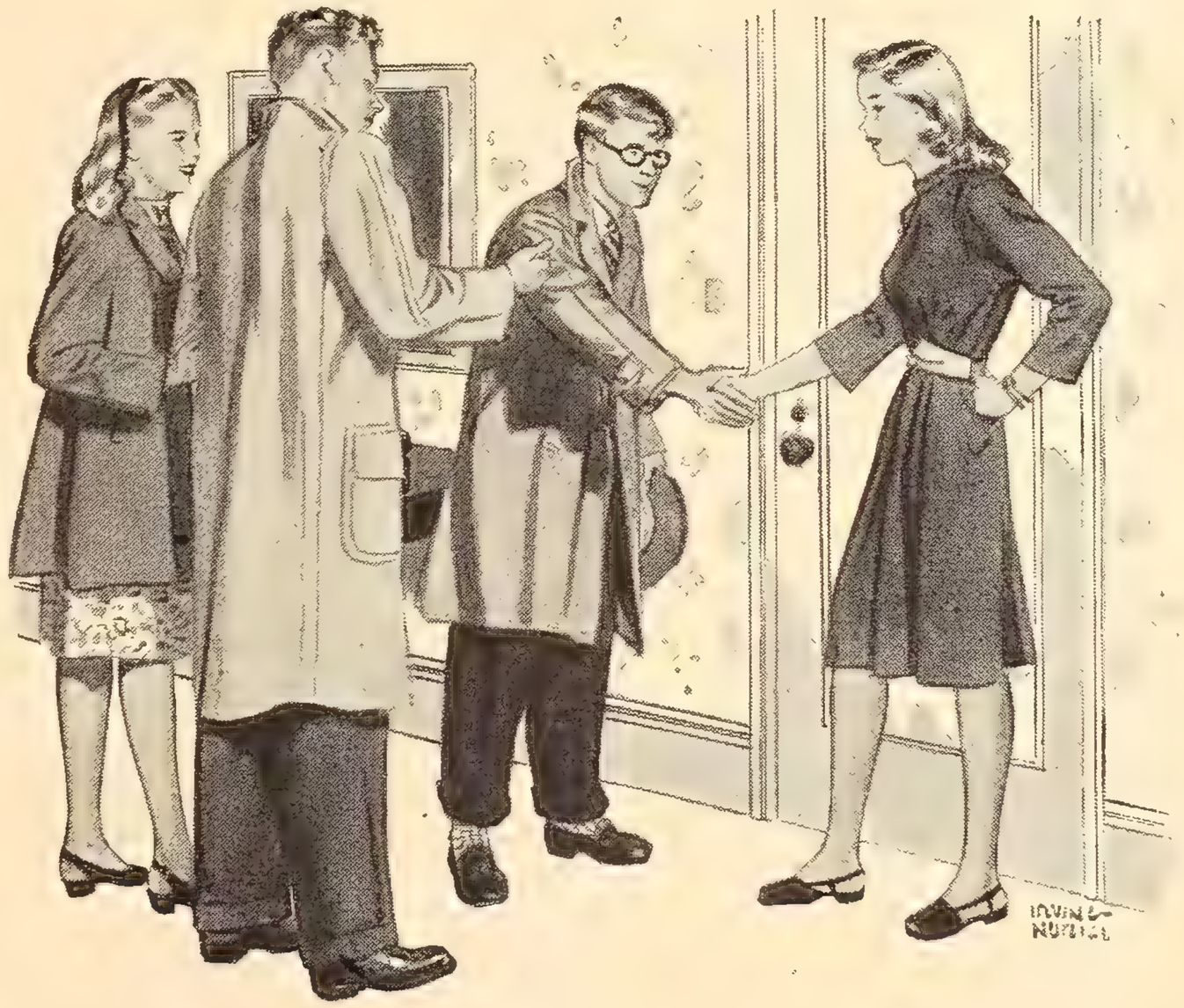
- ☐ *If it's more practical*
- ☐ *To show you're not stuffy*
- ☐ *Nay, nay, never!*

That squire's a square who doesn't call for his gal! *Unless* there's a good reason. For instance, on a theatre date—if you live miles out and he works late, it's more practical to meet. For meeting "your public" on trying days, it's practical to choose Kotex. Because the *flat tapered ends* of Kotex free you from tell-tale outline cares. You get that high octane kind of confidence with Kotex!

**When a blind date's disappointing, would you—**

- ☐ *Back out gracefully*
- ☐ *Make like a martyr*
- ☐ *Grin and bear it*

Your blind date's gruesome? Grin and bear it! Even stupor-man has feelings. Besides, he probably has friends . . . dream-beam material you'll get to know, in time. So stay in the picture; whether it's dancing, bowling or whatever. And on calendar days let Kotex keep you comfortable, with out-of-this-world softness that *lasts* because Kotex is made to *stay soft while you wear it.* Yes, with Kotex you can keep smiling!






*More women choose KOTEX*

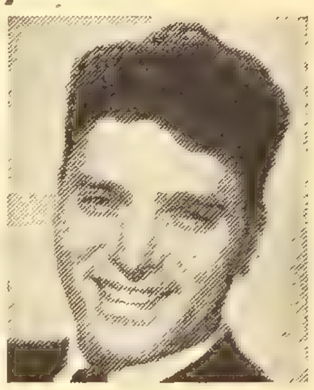
*than all other sanitary napkins*

A DEODORANT in every Kotex* napkin at no extra cost

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

## INFORMATION DESK

**by Beverly Linet**



*BURT LANCASTER of "The Killers," was born in New York City, on Nov. 2, 1913. He is 6'2" tall, weighs 185 lbs., and has blue eyes and blond hair. He's still single. You can write to him at Hal Wallis Studios, Paramount, Hollywood, California, where his next picture is "Desert Town." He has no fan club.*



*VAL VALENTINOFF just signed a new film contract and is being hailed as one of the greatest dancers of our time. He, too, comes from New York, where he was born on Mar. 23, 1919. Is 6'2" tall, and has hazel eyes and black hair. Unmarried. Just took time out to appear on Broadway in "Gypsy Lady," but you can address your mail to RKO for a picture and further info on him.*



*DICK DICKERSON was the blond sailor on the train in "Without Reservations," and he hails from Virginia. Was born Aug. 25, 1922, is romantically unattached, and is just out of the Navy. Real name is Claude Wyatt Dickerson, he's 6' tall, and weighs 175 lbs. Is now concentrating on a film career, and if you'd like to help it along, send lots of letters to him at RKO, Hollywood. His next pic is "I'll Be Yours."*

*B. Kent, Seattle: The Conrad Janis Fan Club is headed by Patti Wohl, 975 Walton Avenue, Bronx, New York. Rosemarie Marino, 1751 W. Chaffee Pl., Denver, Colorado, has Glenn Ford's, Louise Ritchie, 5748-25th N.E., Seattle, Wash., has Bill Williams', and Nancy Imbush, 3117 West Juneau Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis., has Glenn Langan's.*

*Margaret Olsen, Bronx:* Stewart Granger *was born in London, May 6, 1913. He's 6' tall, with brown eyes and hair and is married and has one child. Write to him at Gainsborough Films, 142-150 Wardour Street, London. Same address for James Mason.* Rudy Wissler *was Rudy in "Boy's Ranch." He was born in Los Angeles, June 21, 1928, is 5' 5", and has brown eyes and black hair and can be reached at M-G-M.* Darryl Hickman *was Hank in that pic, and he was born July 28, 1932, has brown eyes and hair, and can be reached at 20th Century-Fox.*

*Julia Freid, Brooklyn: No,* Stephen Bekassy *who was Liszt in "Song to Remember," didn't disappear. He'll be seen with Bergman in "Arch of Triumph," and can be reached at Enterprise Productions, Universal, Universal City, Calif. And* Tito Reynaldo *was the young Prince in "Anna and the King of Siam." He's at Fox. "If You Could Care" was the name of the song that John Lund sang in "To Each His Own." The "Stolen Life" music is untitled.*

Gentleman" is a frustrated, confused and lovably worthless wastrel.

Vivian Kenway (Rex Harrison) has always had too much animal spirit for his own good. Thrown out of Oxford for his wild shenanigans, his sympathetic titled father pulls wires to have him employed at the South American coffee plantation of an old friend. But there again, Vivian refuses to realize that discretion is the better part of valor and is spectacularly fired. On the town again, he goes on a rootin', tootin' spree which ends up with his landing in the clink and having to be hauled out by Sandy Duncan (Griffith Jones), an old classmate now grown to repulsively respectable stature. Sandy invites Vivian home with him when lo and behold, Viv discovers that Sandy's cherished wife, Jill, is none other than the campus widow whom he—and practically the rest of the Oxford undergraduate body—had romanced during his university days.

With Viv, the wish is father to the thought, and with one tilt of his eyebrow, he makes Jill succumb again and flit off with him to a cozy hotel room. Sandy accidentally comes upon them, and true to type, plays the outraged husband to the extent of wiping the floor up with his old pal and suing his wife for divorce, naming Vivian as co-respondent.

Still at loose ends, he becomes a midget auto racer and is currently risking his fool neck in Vienna when a charming but terrified young Austrian girl not only pays his long overdue hotel bill, but begs him to marry her, in return for which she will pay off all his old debts and divorce him as soon as they reach England. She is half Jewish, she explains, and can escape Vienna only by assuming British nationality.

His ready sympathies touched, Vivian agrees to the bargain, never realizing that he had overestimated his wife's fortune and that, even more tragically, Rikki (Lilli Palmer) is falling in love with him.

Desperate, he takes her to his father's place in Somerset where Rikki, shocked by his affair with Col. Kenway's secretary, Jennifer (Margaret Johnston), tries to drown herself.

Tragedy gains momentum for Vivian from that point on. Driving while blind drunk, his car crashes and his father is killed. In an agony of conscience, Vivian drops out of sight and is found, months later, working as a gigolo in a cheap dance palace. Jennifer, sincerely in love, tries to "rescue" him, but Vivian is a lost soul. The war breaks out, and soon, headlines announce the heroic death of Vivian Kenway, England's most notorious gentleman. —*Univ.*

## MY DARLING CLEMENTINE

This has everything a really top flight Western needs. Gun fighting, fist fighting, a dazzling dance hall queen, and a less dazzling, but still lovely, heroine. It starts with the four Earp brothers who are on their way to California with a herd of cattle. Near Tombstone, Arizona, the cattle are stolen and the youngest brother killed while he's on guard. Wyatt (Henry Fonda), the oldest, decides they're going to stay around Tombstone till they get the killers. He's well-known throughout the West, for he used to be Marshal of Dodge City. He now becomes Marshal of the wide open town of Tombstone, and little by little starts closing it. His brothers who have been made deputy marshals, help.

Drunks who start shooting up the Crystal Saloon or Miss Kate's "Boarding House for Young Ladies," find themselves unexpectedly sobering up in the jug. Crooked gamblers learn that Tombstone is a good town to stay away from. And gradually Wyatt begins to have a fairly clear idea that Old Man Clanton (Walter Brennan) and his desperado sons were responsible for the killing of his brother.

"Doc" Holliday (Victor Mature) is one of Tombstone's wildest characters. Doc is not only a handy man with a gun, but he has brains and he admires Wyatt's intelligence and courage. To everyone's astonishment, he starts siding with law and order. This sentiment is not shared by his girl, Chihuahua (Linda Darnell). Chihuahua, Doc explains, is a lying, cheating little two-timer. "Why go around with her then?" Wyatt inquires. Doc's answer is ready—and sardonic. "Because she'll make such a beautiful mourner at my funeral." And Wyatt learns for the first time that Doc is near death from tuberculosis.

One day the stage from Tucson brings a new visitor to Tombstone. She is Clementine Carter (Cathy Downs) and she was engaged to Doc back in Boston. Now there is Doc's illness, which he is determined to protect her from. He uses Chihuahua as an excuse, but Wyatt tells Clementine he thinks she should stick around awhile. Maybe things will change. They do—but not the way anyone expects. —*20th-Fox.*

## MARGIE

High school in 1928 was much the same as high school today. Oh sure, it was Rudy Vallee the kids swooned over instead of Frankie, but a swoon's a swoon, isn't it? "Margie" is a Technicolor flashback to the era of coon coats, rolled stockings and "My Time Is Your Time." You'll love it.

Margie (Jeanne Crain) is a Senior at Central High. She's a sweet girl, but nobody's idea of hot stuff. She's President of the debating team and she'd gladly exchange that any day for the privilege of having Johnny Green (Conrad Janis) drive her home from school in his roadster. Johnny, however, concentrates on blonde Marybelle (Barbara Lawrence), who can't debate at all but does a wicked Charleston. Margie's only boy friend is Roy Hornsdale (Alan Young). Roy has a chronic cold in the head and reads poetry—aloud. Definitely not a dreamboat.

The Senior Class, or at least its feminine half, is agog over the new French teacher, Mr. Fontayne (Glenn Langan) Here, they feel, is a man of the world To be sure, Miss Palmer (Lynn Bari), the school librarian, seems to have him pretty well hooked, but a girl can dream, can't she? Even Marybelle admits that Mr. Fontayne is the smoothest thing around. Margie's first encounter with him is hardly a romantic one. She is losing her bloomers and rushes into the seclusion of the library to fix them. Along comes Fontayne, but being a man of the world, he pretends not to notice, thereby making her his slave.

Margie lives with her Grandma (Esther Dale), an outspoken old lady who likes Mr. Fontayne but has no use for Johnny. Margie's mother is dead, and her father (Hobart Cavanaugh) is terrified of his young daughter. But she does persuade him to come to hear her debate. He surprises them both by suddenly developing into a proud parent. There's a skating party after the debate, and joy of joys! Johnny asks Margie to skate. So what happens? She loses her bloomers again. Only Mr. Fontayne's presence of mind saves the situation.

There's more—lots more—with a tender little love story woven through the fun.—*20th-Fox.*

# IF A MAN CAN'T HAVE ALL OF A WOMAN'S LOVE, HE MIGHT AS WELL HAVE NONE!



Can a woman give her lips to one man and her longing to another? This was the question that tormented her soul...A stirring emotional experience enriched by the magic of music and Technicolor.

## FRANK BORZAGE'S

*PRODUCTION OF*

## I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU

*A Distinguished Motion Picture in Romantic*

TECHNICOLOR

PHILIP DORN • McLEOD

CATHERINE CARTER

WILLIAM

MME. MARIA OUSPENSKAYA

Felix Bressart • Fritz Feld

Elizabeth Patterson • Vanessa Brown

Lewis Howard

Directed by

FRANK BORZAGE

Screen Play by Borden Chase

Adapted from his American Magazine Story "Concerto"

Piano Recordings by Artur Rubinstein, World's Greatest Pianist

A REPUBLIC PICTURE




# radio award . . . by ED SULLIVAN

■ "Wait, Mary, until I show you the silly things that Bob brought back from overseas," said Dolores Hope, getting up from the table to fish through a chest of drawers. She came out with a tablecloth: "It was a bargain," said Bob Hope, stubbornly. "The guy who sold it to me told me it was a very rare and ancient tablecloth." The three gals at the table let out shrieks of laughter.

"I don't see anything funny about it," objected Jack Benny. "It looks very nice to me." Hope nodded his thanks to his supporter. "Sure you think it's nice, Jack," whooped Mary. "You brought one back just like it!"

"That," said Benny glumly to Bob Hope, "is what husbands get for being thoughtful."

Later we went upstairs and Bob showed us other things he'd brought back; a magnificent piece of tapestry, a gold swastika embossed on blood-red silk; some personal stationery, engraved "Adolf Hitler"; all sorts of guns, a regular arsenal of them, along with swords and daggers; Japanese beaded bags, grenades, a scorched bit of fabric from a Jap Zero that had been shot out over Okinawa, Japanese currency, some more guns. "Now don't play with those guns," warned Dolores Hope. "It's perfectly safe," insisted Bob.

Mrs. Hope turned to us: "Perfectly safe! Look what happened one night when he was showing his guns and playing cops-and-robbers." She pointed to a lower drawer. A bullet had smashed through the heavy wood and when she opened the drawer, you could trace the path of the bullet as it finally had come to rest. "He just missed hitting one of his radio sponsors," announced Mrs. Hope.

That night, in Bob Hope's house, I made up my mind that we had to give him something that wouldn't explode, kill a radio sponsor or arouse femme visitors to screams of laughter. So this month, I'm presenting Bob Hope with the MODERN SCREEN-Ed Sullivan gold plaque of radio excellence, the identical plaque which we awarded Jack Benny last season before he went off the air for a summer vacation.

I have a hunch where Bob will hang this MODERN SCREEN plaque, in the playroom on the ground floor, off to the left of the comfortable living room. We spent a lot of time in that room. Movie actors and radio actors generally are not very good pool players, but there are exceptions to the rule: If the movie star or radio star is a former vaudeville performer, then make up your mind that he *can play pool.* Between vaudeville shows, in the old days, vaude performers utilized the intervening hours in small towns and cities in the pool rooms. Benny played a lot of vaudeville, so did Bob Hope. What they did to your correspondent (*Continued on page 22*)

# and radio gossip . . . by BEN GROSS



■ **Stories They Tell On Radio Row . . .** "You've got to be careful when you make a gag," Eddy Duchin, the famous pianist-orchestra leader, remarked the other day. "Sometimes, what you say in fun may prove to be real and not a joke at all." As proof, he cited this incident: Some time ago, on NBC's "Music Hall" show, he commented jibingly on the commercial possibilities of the word, "atomic." "Why, before you know it, some one will be putting on the market a lipstick named 'atomic'."

Well, just a few days later, Eddy received by mail a complimentary box of lipstick. And, sure enough, on the fancy label were the words, "Atomic Red." With it came a note from the manufacturer reading, "Dear Eddy: Thanks for the plug!"

* * *

Autograph hunters are forever going in for new wrinkles. By now, having a radio celebrity inscribe his or her name on your shirt, your blouse or even on the palm of your hand has become outmoded. However, a member of the studio audience of NBC's "Honeymoon in N. Y." really came up with something different. She insisted that emcee Durward Kirby autograph her marriage license!

Some musical numbers are given their titles in curious ways. For example, long after a certain midnight, David Rose was working feverishly in his studio, completing an original tune for his CBS show, "Holiday With Music." His nerves were taut, for the composition, although as yet unfinished, was scheduled for performance on the following evening's broadcast. It had to be copied, rehearsed and ready to go on the air within a few hours. "Can't wait a minute longer," said the copyist, who stood beside Rose's desk. "Let's have it!" Suddenly, David realized that he had no title for his work. "Hurry, hurry!" the copyist insisted. Rose looked at his watch. It was exactly 4:20. So he merely wrote on the top of the sheet, "4:20 A.M." And that is how this popular number got its name!

* * *

The Program Book . . . The Radio Santa is here again. His cherry-red cheeks glowing, and with a paunch that food shortages have not reduced, St. Nick's spacious bag bulges with Yuletide programs. As he climbs down the aerials into the loudspeakers of the land, he brings his gifts of carols, fantasies and festivities from all over the world. And even though you may not suspect it after reading the newspaper headlines, his message is still "A peaceful and joyous Christmas time!"

With the season of big shows now in full swing, every star of the airwaves plans a special program during the holiday week. And in addition, as usual, there will be gala pickups from every section of the globe, including services from strife-torn Palestine, London, Paris, Rome and far away Tokyo.

Among the radio folks celebrating the season, the Quiz Kids have exceptional cause for rejoicing. To these marvelous mental moppets, the Santa of the Airlanes has been more than kind. Since they went on the radio, six years ago, these youngsters have accumulated tidy bankrolls. Laying aside the $100 Government bond each Quiz Kid receives per broadcast, Richard Williams, for example, found on his graduation from the show last Christmas that he had collected a total of $21,000. Ruthie Duskin, 12, has already earned herself a (*Continued on page 20*)

YOU CAN'T RESIST—

# "Temptation"!

AN OUTSTANDING MOTION PICTURE

THE MEN IN HER LIFE... SOMETIMES LIVED TO REGRET IT!...

"You treat me like dirt... Maybe that's why I love you so..."

"I married you because of what you were... and in spite of it!"

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with

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From the Novel "Bella Donna" by Robert Hichens and the Play by James Bernard Fagan

Directed by IRVING PICHEL · Produced by EDWARD SMALL

"TEMPTATION"...*You can't resist it*—See It Soon At Your Favorite Motion Picture Theatre

(*Continued from page 18*)

nest egg of $9,400. But, the chances are that the biggest money maker of them all will be six-year-old Richard Weixler. He has already received $1,900 in bonds and he still has ten years to go on the program.

* * *

Another radio personality, although hardly a Kid, who has reason to be grateful this Yuletide is Ted Husing. As you know, he recently resigned his staff job with CBS to become a free lance sports announcer and a disc jockey for WHN, an independent New York station owned by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. To some it might seem to be a come-down for a celebrity such as Ted to leave a network merely to turn platters on an independent outlet. But there's financial method in Husing's seeming madness. It is estimated that during the next five years on WHN he will earn for himself at least $1,600,000. Anyway, he has been guaranteed a minimum salary of $260,000 a year! No wonder so many youngsters these days would rather be a mike-man than President.

* * *

And while on this topic, how many boys and girls are there in this country who have their eyes-and ears—on radio? No one really knows, but you may make a guess, after reading what goes on in New York City alone. There, Bessie Mack, who is in charge of auditions for the Arthur Godfrey "Talent Scouts" show on CBS, receives more than 3,000 telephone calls a week from would-be-performers. And these, it must be pointed out, are not from amateurs, but from those who already have had some professional experience.

* * *

The Lux Radio Theater, which you hear on Monday nights over CBS, rehearses anywhere from 16 to 20 hours to give you less than 60 minutes of weekly entertainment. Helen Hayes, however, once appeared on the program with only one hour of rehearsal. That was the time she was brought in as a last-minute sub for Margaret Sullivan, who was taken suddenly ill.

Just to give you an idea of the tremendous amount of work that goes into such a show . . . one that is heard once and then no more . . . here is the weekly schedule of this feature: On the Thursday before the broadcast, the stars meet with the producer in Hollywood for a preliminary reading of the script. On Friday, the entire cast assembles in the studio before a microphone, with orchestra and sound effects. Another practice session follows on Saturday. Then, there is a full-dress rehearsal on Sunday afternoon and also one on Monday, just before the program goes on the air.

* * *

**Gags of the Month** . . . (But remember, please, I don't write them. I merely print 'em):

Jack Kirkwood: No sugar in my coffee, thank you. I'll just drop these sleeping pills into it.

Lillian Leigh: Sleeping pills?

Kirkwood: Yes . . . so the coffee won't keep me awake.

* * *

Durward Kirby: Remember the good old days when we spoke of having two cars in every garage?

Herb Sheldon: Those were the days!

Kirby: Yes, and now it is two *families* in every garage.

* * *

Tom Howard: Know what a girdle is?

Harry McNaughton: No.

Howard: A girdle is a device used to keep an unfortunate condition from spreading.

* * *

Ish: If you had three Andrews Sisters and divided them by two, how many would you have?

Art: You'd have one-and-a-half Andrews Sisters.

Ish: Kind of scares you, don't it?

* * *

Helen Forrest of the Dick Haymes show overheard this one in a Beverly Hills restaurant:

First Middle aged Lady: I just can't trust my husband anywhere. He's such a flirt.

Second Middle aged Lady: I wouldn't worry. He's probably only reverting to type.

First Lady: No. He's reverting to typists.

* * *

Tommy Dorsey: In making one of the scenes in our picture, the director told my brother, Jimmy, and me to act like a couple of struggling musicians.

Ann: How did it go?

Tommy: Jimmy took the first two out of three falls.

* * *

Eve Arden: I have a new bathing suit. It's skimpy and daring. It's here in my purse. How do you like it?

**JANUARY ISSUE**

**So you think you know Sinatra? Well, wait'll you see our January issue (on the stands December 13) with a story by his manager, an article by Billy Rose, AND a cover—all devoted to the fabulous Frankie!**

ADVERTISEMENT




*"Ze Pepsi-Cola, she'sa hit ze spot."*

Jack Haley: Gee! . . . that bathing suit as five legs.
Eve: Silly . . . that's my glove!

* * *

**Personality Paragraph:** She was born n a taxi that was speeding toward a Detroit maternity hospital, in February, 1920. Attending the Cass Tech High School in hat city, she made her first "professional ppearance" singing at an alumni dance. The pay: Three dollars. Later, sang in ight clubs and on Chicago radio shows. Then, on to New York, where she became he first "Chiquita Banana" girl of the singng commercial. Her voice, as she advised steners never, never to put bananas into refrigerator, won raves but she herself emained anonymous. Finally, she auditioned via a record for the new Arthur Godfrey show on CBS. Result: An engagement. While on the program, she fell in ove with its director, Ace Ochs, and married him. Shortly thereafter, the network tarred her on her own period: "Waitin' for Clayton." Now she is also a guest on uch big timers as "Texaco Star Theater" nd "We, the People." Her name? Oh, yes . . it's Patti Clayton.

* * *

**Names Make Radio** . . . Walking through he lush corridors of Radio City the other lay, I saw a good-looking Spanish girl mbling gracefully into an ABC studio. Nothing unusual about that, as the place bounds in fetching female pedestrians. But what drew my eyes to this Senorita as that her shoes did not match. One as a smart leather "wedgie" and the ther, a practical flat-heeled brown numer. "How come?" I asked. The answer is hat the gal, Rosa Rio, is a staff organist who has to be available at any moment to o on the air as a "fill-in." So she must, hile on duty, wear at least one flat-heeled hoe, in order to play the bass notes of the rgan. For it seems that narrow high heels asily slip off the long, narrow wooden edals that produce those rich low ounds.

* * *

If you never want to worry about the olf at the door—and who worries about he other kind?—all you have to do is to rite a smash play and radio series, such s "Abie's Irish Rose." Maggi McNellis, he NBC commentator, recently revealed hat Anne Nichols, author of the comedy, as earned ten million dollars in royalties ut of her work. . . . And speaking of

## I SAW IT HAPPEN



*The guest star at the Milton Berle radio show was Alan Ladd, so I got there early to get a seat down front, since Alan is one of my favorites. Then Milton Berle introduced his famous guest. I was sitting next to a very nice lady, and near the end of the act, I turned to her and sighed and said, "Isn't he wonderful?" "I think so," she answered. Then Milton Berle called for Mrs. Alan Ladd (Sue Carol), who was in the audience, to step up onstage. To my amazement, the lovely lady next to me got up and was escorted to the stage by her famous husband. As they walked off together, she turned and looked at my gaping jaw, and winked down at me.*

*Gilda Gentile*
*Brooklyn, New York*




But a honey color won't keep you winter-sweet!

YOU'RE RIGHT on the sun beam, Pet. A radiant winter tan can help keep the beaux buzzing 'round.

That is, Sugar—it can help *if you stay nice to be near.*

True, your bath washes away *past* perspiration, but—winter or summer—you still need a safe deodorant like Mum to guard against risk of *future* underarm odor. So why take chances with your charm, *ever*—when you can trust Mum!

Mum better because it's Safe

**1. Safe for skin.** No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.

**2. Safe for clothes.** No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics.

**3. Safe for charm.** Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or evening.

Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even after you're dressed. Get Mum today!




*Product of Bristol-Myers*

**For Sanitary Napkins**—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.




# GIRLS! Want quick curls?

EYES light on lovely hair and linger there when it shines in all its natural beauty. *Your* hair will be soft, sparkling, and lustrous when you do it at home with new different Wildroot Hair Set that replaces old-fashioned thick gummy wave sets. Does all they do and more! Light bodied, faster drying. It contains processed LANOLIN, leaves your hair soft, natural, and at its lovely best. Style your own distinctive hair-do quickly, without fuss or disappointment! Watch those admiring glances! Ask for New Wildroot Hair Set at your toilet goods counter today!




NEW WILDROOT HAIR SET








Maggi, she and Jinx Falkenburg, are the true fashion plates of Radio City these days. The girls around New York's broadcasting center, performers and office workers alike, are always commenting on the clothes and the hairdos of these two recently married mike celebs. Their getups are the joy of fashion and beauty photographers and the despair of imitators.

Do you recall Agnes Moorehead's thrilling performance in that chilling radio drama, "Sorry, Wrong Number?" The chances are you do, as this play has been broadcast no less than four times in the "Suspense" series. Now Agnes is recording it for a commercial recording company and you will soon have a chance to hear her in this prize exhibit of an actress' art on your own phonograph.

John Plummer, of the NBC music library, was telling Paul Lavalle, the Cities Service maestro, that while overseas in the Army, he had indulged in a "bull session" with several other soldier musicians. One fellow remarked, "I remember a clarinet player named Joseph Usifer. He seems to have disappeared . . . but, boy, was he great!" . . . "Well, I dunno," said Plummer, "did you ever hear Paul Lavalle toot that licorice stick before he went in for orchestra leading?" . . . "Lavalle!" the man replied contemptuously, "why he couldn't hold a candle to Usifer!" Paul laughed heartily on hearing this—for years ago he had been a clarinet soloist on the radio under the name of Joseph Usifer!

At last, the "great unheard" of the broadcasting world are coming into their own. These are the thousands of studio workers behind the scenes. Out in Hollywood, they are winning fame with a dramatic program, although neither you nor anyone else has ever heard it on the air. It is known as "The NBC Workshop" and is the combined effort of the network's non-professional employees. They write, produce, direct and act each show. Their productions have been recorded and, according to those who have heard these transcriptions, it is a certainty that many members of "The Workshop" will soon land within the regular—and highly paid—acting and writing ranks of the air.

* * *

**Radio Remarks:** "In Hollywood, the people you've just met call you 'darling'; casual acquaintances call you 'honey'; only your close friends know you well enough to use your name"—Eve Arden.

* * *

**Letter of the Month . . .** "Why are radio programs so unaccommodating to their listeners? I have often written to some of our big shows and asked them to sing or play certain numbers and not once did any of them grant my request."—Paula Fields, Chicago.

## ED SULLIVAN RADIO AWARD

*(Continued from page 18)*

at the pool table in Hope's playroom shouldn't happen to Winchell, if you'll forgive the phrase.

From now on, I'll stick to golf against Robert.

Certainly there's never been a better-natured companion than Bob Hope. His gaiety is natural and unforced. There was the afternoon when he and professional Ed Dudley played our course, the Westchester Country Club, at Rye, N. Y. Hope was off his stick badly, and he was nettled, as any golfer would be, but certainly the gallery never got any reflection of his inward "burn." As we came up to the 9th green, near the clubhouse, a gallery of two hundred or three hundred members ringed the green and the adjacent 10th tee. "How do you like our course, Mr. Hope?" a pretty girl called out to Paramount's leading hacker. "It must have been designed by Boris Karloff," ad libbed Bob.

There are many factors which enter into Hope's faculty for comedy, and his persistent good nature. The most important, I think, is the fellow's fine health. I've never heard him complain of a toothache or headache, an upset stomach or an aching back. He is physically strong, he has a good appetite and an apparently indestructible stomach. That kind of a physical makeup is tremendously important to anyone, particularly to a comedian. You can't be funny, or feel funny, if you're sick.

His physical capacity for work was illustrated in his USO-Camp Show tours all over the world, making all kinds of airline hops in all sorts of weather and then playing shows in rain, snow or heat. He was a glutton for work and after the shows were over, he'd think nothing of meeting and talking with hundreds of G.I.s and their officers. Like Eddie Cantor, each person he meets spurs him to a gag or a joke. "It's the 'ham' in me," he grins. "I'm always onstage."

But there was one night in Paris when Bob did want to relax. The Army fliers who had flown his troupe around the E.T.O. had been very swell, so Bob suggested that when they reached Paris, they'd all sneak away and have a real, honest-to-goodness champagne evening. "Boy, it will be a relief to me, and to you, too," said Hope, "not to hear any gags from Hope."

They found a spot, a small Parisian night club. Champagne corks popped and they sat there, luxuriating in the knowledge that this was the kind of a holiday they'd earned. "This," sighed Hope, "is the life. No jokes, no bits of stage business, no nothin'." And just as he said it, there was a pre-emptory roll of drums from the little French band. "No," groaned Hope. "NO, NO, NO!!"

The French master of ceremonies walked eagerly to the "mike." He looked proudly at the table where Hope cringed behind the fliers: "Messieurs et mesdames," gurgled the mc. "Attendez!" Then, to the chagrin of Hope, he went on in English: "Tonight we have a very celebrated American cinema star in our midst. You and I know him intimately from the moving pictures he has created out of his own superb talent." By this time, the fervor of the introduction had mellowed Hope. It was impossible not to like the master-of-ceremonies, who evidently was a connoisseur of talent.

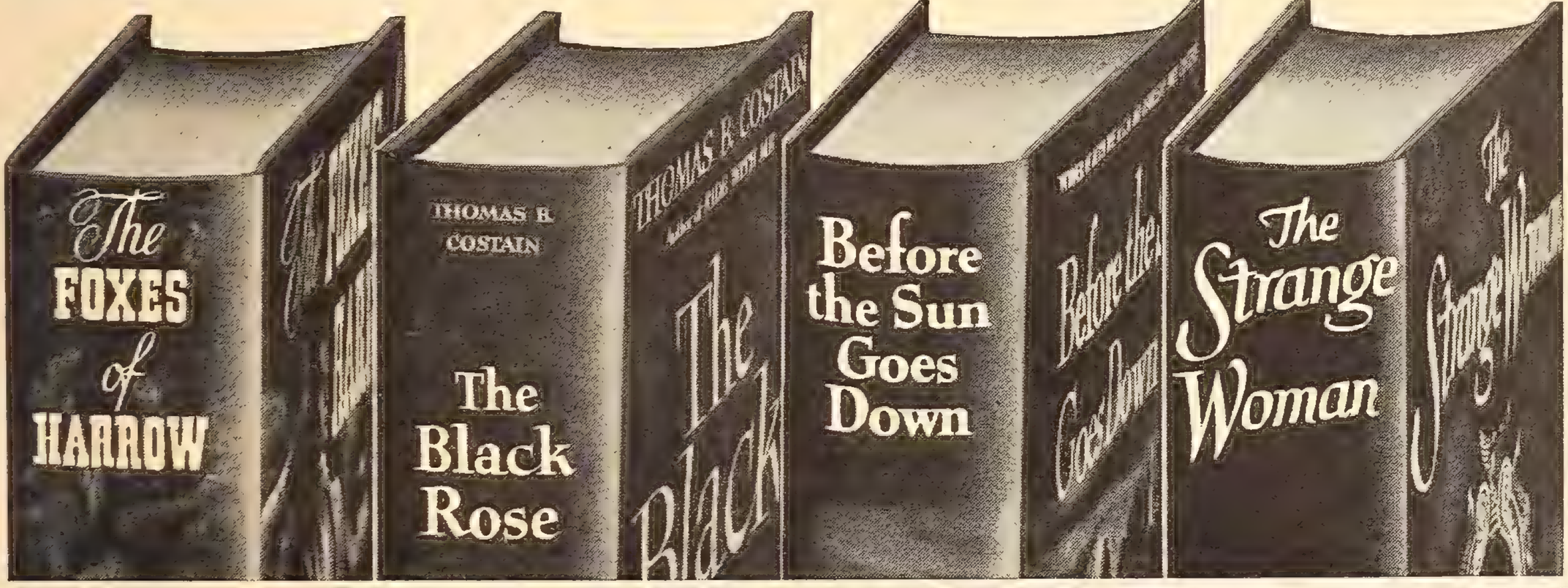
"Ladies and gentlemen," exulted the m.c., almost knocking himself out in his pleasure, "may I present you, my friend, your friend, the friend of the world—the Eiffel Tower of Entertainment, Bob Haipe!"

"How do you like that—Bob Haipe," groaned Hope as he told me the story. "The guy not only didn't even know my name, he confided later to the Army fliers that he thought the cinema was a particularly low and degrading form of the drama, and he said that he was reluctant to believe that I was an actor, because my eyes did not reflect the soul of an artist."

This month's MODERN SCREEN Award goes to Bob Hope because, in the face of abnormal popularity and earning power, he has remained completely normal.

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By LEONARD FEATHER

■ Since I'm just back from California, where the oranges are big as your head, we'll dispense with the column's usual format this month, and I'll tell you about my gay, mad life.

This was the first time I'd been to the coast since my original column in the May, 1945 MODERN SCREEN, and I went mainly to make some records, and to talk to Woody Herman and Duke Ellington about some jazz concerts I was helping to plan.

When I got there, the cupboard wasn't bare—it had three people living in it. Hollywood is even more impossible than New York, when it comes to finding a place to live.

Once I found a home, I went on over to Billy Berg's. Billy Berg's, on Vine, near Sunset, is about the only remaining hangout for real swing fans in Hollywood. That is, it's the only place that still hires small jazz combinations. I was in there every other night all the time I was in California.

Billy Berg's is also the place where Slim Gaillard's "Ce-ment Mixer" started, but don't hold that against it.

And it's the only place I've ever been to that had three openings on three straight nights.

Opening nights in Hollywood are complete with klieg lights in front of the door, so people in the street can say, "Ha, there's an opening."

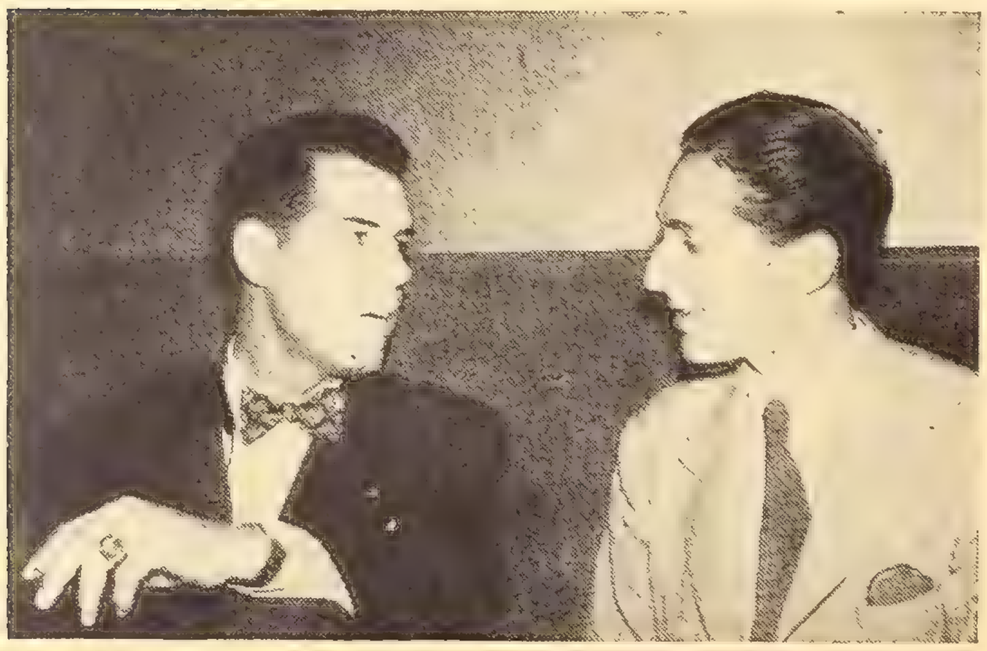
Well, Billy Berg's had been closed for two weeks, and was supposed to re-open with Eddie Heywood's band. The big klieg light was lugged out into the street, and the thing was flashing around in the sky outside, and the stage was all set. No Eddie. He was in San Francisco, and couldn't make it.

So Art Tatum opened, with the Vivien Garry trio, and Slim Gaillard, who apologized for Eddie's absence. The next night, they hauled the klieg light out all over again. In the middle of the evening, Eddie showed, all by himself. The rest of the band had missed the train from San Francisco. Eddie played a few piano solos, and *he* apologized.

The night after that, the klieg was on view again, and the band finally opened. Then Tatum's contract ran out, and so he closed and Errol Garner opened. Ever since then, no matter what's going on, at some point in the conversation, Slim Gaillard will say, "Tonight is opening night at Billy Berg's." (*Continued on page 86*)



At rehearsal for the new Meredith Wilson show, the Vivien Garry Trio takes time out for a breather. From l. to r.: Annette Warren, L. Feather, Vivien Garry, Ben Gage, Wini Beatty, Arv Garrison and M. Wilson.

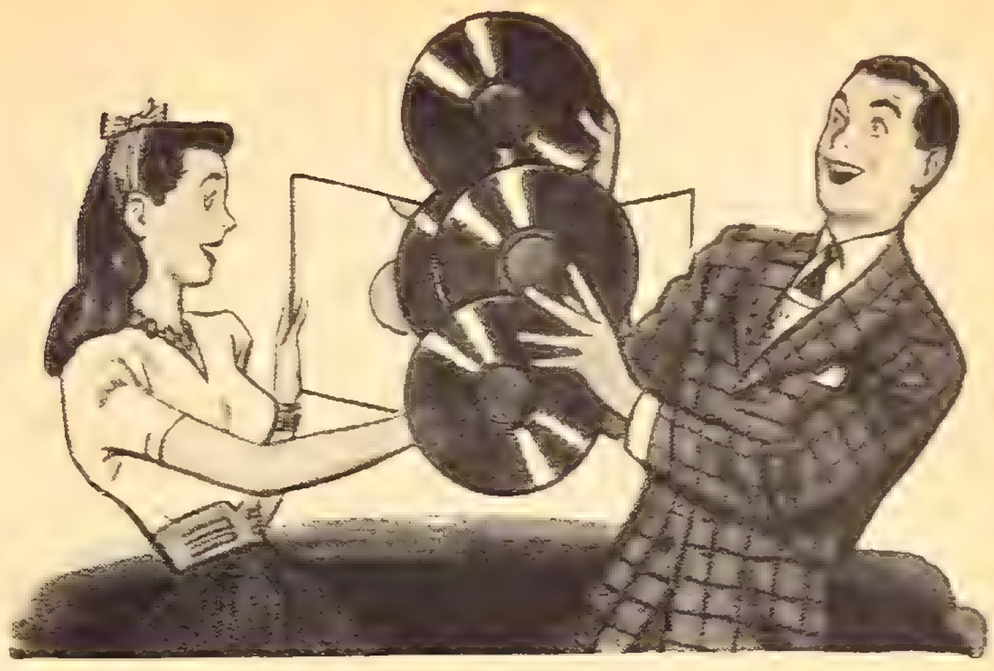


At H'wood's Palladium, L. Feather talks over Tex Beneke's plan to drop the line, "Glenn Miller's Band" when he tours with that crew this season. A fine showman, Tex has revived many of Glenn's numbers.

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## THE FOLLOWING ARE NOT CHARTS:

**INFORMATION DESK—**Answers to every question that pops into your mind about Hollywood, the stars and movies. If you're hankering to know about casting, musical scores, or who socked the heroine with a tomato in last night's movie, see column on page 16 for details.

**EXCLUSIVE CANDID SNAPS!** These beautiful 4" x 5" glossy snapshots of your favorite stars were taken by MODERN SCREEN's own crack photographers, Gus Gale and Bob Beerman. NO POSTAGE REQUIRED! They're 10c each; 3 for 25c; 6 for 50c; 12 for $1.00, or the entire set of 20 for only $1.50.

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☐ Entire Set of 20

| | |
|---|---|
| ☐ Van Johnson | ☐ Frank Sinatra |
| ☐ Guy Madison | ☐ Cornel Wilde |
| ☐ Ingrid Bergman | ☐ Gregory Peck |
| ☐ June Allyson | ☐ Alan Ladd |
| ☐ Mark Stevens | ☐ Peter Lawford |
| ☐ Bing Crosby | ☐ Lon McCallister |
| ☐ Clark Gable | ☐ Glenn Ford |
| ☐ Jeanne Crain | ☐ Betty Grable |
| ☐ Gene Kelly | ☐ Dana Andrews |
| ☐ Lana Turner | ☐ Danny Kaye |






Men go for the gal with that "natural" look... So...o...o smart gals go for Seventeen... those styled-for-youth cosmetics that give you a dreamy peaches-'n'-creamy complexion... but *naturally!* Basic beauty musts: "Seventeen" Powder $1... Lipstick $1... Powder Pac 75¢ (*plus tax*)

*Young-minded cosmetics for young moderns....* Seventeen COSMETICS



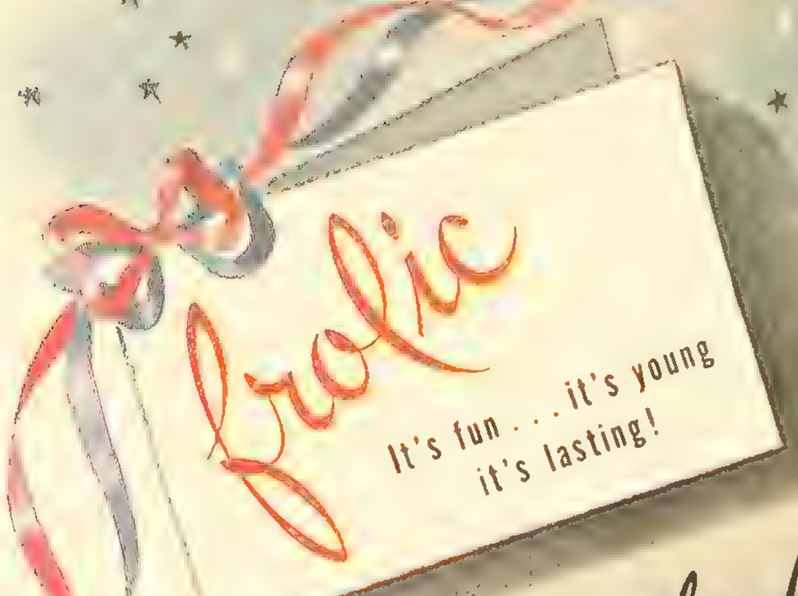
De luxe Frolic Gift Set—
Talc, Bath Softener,
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*Give her the fragrance she loves*

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April Showers Perfume
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April Showers Eau de Cologne,
Sachet, Talc, and Perfume, $2.95.



April Showers Dusting Powder
and Eau de Cologne, $2.25.



*All prices plus tax*

# To our Readers

■ Editors and writers are natural enemies. Even the kindest of editors thinks nothing of kicking a writer in the ankle. Henry Malmgreen diapers babies and talks to horses. But he's absolutely death on writers. I'm no better. As we see it, the trouble with writers is that they can't take writing or leave it alone. It starts with maybe a mild adjective after dinner—and pretty soon they're using double metaphors before breakfast. Bluntly, we tell our writers that you readers want facts—not literature. You don't want a sonnet on Bob Taylor's profile. You want to know what happened that day in New Orleans when the cop lugged Taylor's frau down to the courthouse (p. 58). We sum it up like this: "Don't *write*. Just say something!" . . . That was a grand rule until Billy Rose (p. 36) came along. Billy breezed into my life shortly after the atomic bomb. To wean myself from the bomb, I started reading his brilliant Diamond Horseshoe ads in the New York *Daily News*. Pretty soon, I was turning to Rose ahead of Dick Tracy. Then I knew I had it bad! The way I felt about Billy's stuff, I didn't want to just read it. I wanted to play it on my piano . . . Writers hated Billy Rose. Grudgingly they admitted his column was good. But they predicted flatly that he could never keep up the pace. There was a rumor around town that one of the Horseshoe waiters was secretly writing Billy's stuff for him on the back of a menu . . . The day I met Billy Rose,



all my doubts were resolved. He talked the way he wrote, and he wasn't reading off a menu. After he'd agreed to write for MODERN SCREEN, he dropped me a short note: "Any rules?" he asked. I wrote back, "Dear Mr. Rose—only this—please don't *say* anything. Just write!" And then and there Henry and I took a pledge never to kick Billy Rose in the ankle.

The toughest

lesson Jeanne had to learn was

that happiness is

where you find it, even if it

doesn't always come

the way you'd expected.

By IDA ZEITLIN

# Thanksgiving for jeanne



"Over the river and through the woods,
To Grandfather's house we go—
The horse knows the way to carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow—"

Humming softly, Jeanne pushed the door open and smiled at the chrysanthemums that lay like a burst of sunlight in the pantry sink, crisp and golden as if they'd just been cut. That's sweet of you, she thought, not to be the least bit wilted, I appreciate that—and went on out into the morning freshness of the garden—

Jeanne chuckled. Under her feet the grass grew green, and there was a riot of flowers along the hedge. The old song didn't make much sense in California—no snow, no sleigh, no wind to sting the toes and bite the nose and, as far as the Crains were concerned, no river or woods because Grandfather's house was right next door. But she loved it anyway. It had the feel of Thanksgiving, and the



feel of Thanksgiving was the same all over . . .

For a minute she stood at the garden gate, resisting temptation. It was only seven. Though her own house was still asleep, Mom was sure to be up. Mom was her grandmother. In babyhood the Crain girls had imitated their mother in calling their grandparents Mom and Dad, and the names had persisted. Their own parents were Mother and Father . . .

For years Jeanne and Rita had been trying to get up early enough to see the turkey into the oven. They'd never made it—Mom and the turkey always beat them to it. But they'd never been up at seven. If she ran over now, Jeanne felt that she stood a chance. Only she knew she wouldn't run over. Not without Rita. It wouldn't be fair, nor as much fun, either.

Besides, she'd come out for a little quiet hour to herself between excitements. As she dropped into the swing, a hummingbird flew low and stopped right in front of her,

Jeanne (here autographing on the "Margie" set) has been reported (1) an expectant mama, (2) owner of a lion cub.





This isn't just play-acting for the niteclub photogs: Jeanne and Paul are still the ecstatic newlyweds. Forswearing that remarkable resemblance to Errol Flynn, Paul's abandoned acting dreams, will manufacture radios.



Jeanne, who gets her first top-star billing in "Margie," was almost torn apart by frenzied fans when she made a "Centennial Summer" personal appearance in Philly.

# Thanksgiving for jeanne

poised for a moment as if on some invisible wire, before soaring away. Her eyes followed and outdistanced him, coming to rest on the fathomless blue of the sky. It was going to be a lovely Thanksgiving, maybe the loveliest yet. That was the wonder of it. Because if you'd told her so three months ago, she wouldn't have believed it. Three months ago it had seemed to Jeanne that she'd never be really happy again . . .

To the Crain girls, St. Mary's was like a second beloved home. They'd been attending the school for seven years. It so happened, however, that their father taught Romance languages at Inglewood High and from the time they were very small, he'd looked forward to having his girls at his own high school. . .

Jeanne was supposed to transfer for her freshman year. All through the seventh and eighth grades, the prospect hung over her like a cloud. It was during those years that Sister Mary Miles did so much to help her. Jolly and gay herself, still Sister Mary Miles understood Jeanne's painful shyness. She knew that Jeanne wasn't aloof, just scared as a rabbit—a girl who couldn't make small talk, who longed to be friends with the others and only hung back through fear of being rebuffed. Deftly, Sister Mary Miles led her out of the maze of her own inhibitions. Among other things, she encouraged her to try out for the class play. Jeanne got the lead and, (*Continued on page 96*)



They have become passionately domesticated, picked all the furnishings for the new house, mostly red. "I'd rather have an arm cut off than have anything happen to the furniture!" Jane says.

Mike (here in playroom with Maureen and Mom), is now 18 months old and terribly affectionate. He'll kiss everybody in a room, then work up to smooching the furniture, toys and air itself.

On a clear day, the Reagans can see Catalina from the attic. While the house was being built, they stored all the flooring, planking, etc., in the basement of a restaurant to avoid their being swiped by roving souvenir hunting kids.



AFTER A WHILE, A

HOUSE GETS A HEART,

CRADLING YOUR MEMORIES AND

HOLDING YOUR HOPES. THAT'S

HOW THE REAGANS FELT, THAT'S

WHY THEY COULDN'T LEAVE...

by Jane Wilkie

# The house they live in

They stood before the front door, Ronnie fumbling with his keys and Jane standing behind him, idly inspecting the porch design.

"You know," she said, "I wonder why we ever put a New Orleans porch on a house that's supposed to be English something or other."

Ronnie grinned as he opened the door.

"As I remember it," he said, "we decided that the architecture would be merely Comfortable Reagan."

They headed simultaneously for the icebox and hauled out two pepsis. Ronnie removed the bottle caps and poured the contents into two glasses.

"Now, about the new house," he said. "Do we want it modern—or don't we? We won't build for about two years, but we may as well start working on plans now."

From behind her glass, Janie's eyes looked at him a little sadly, and suddenly grew misty. She brushed one hand across her face.

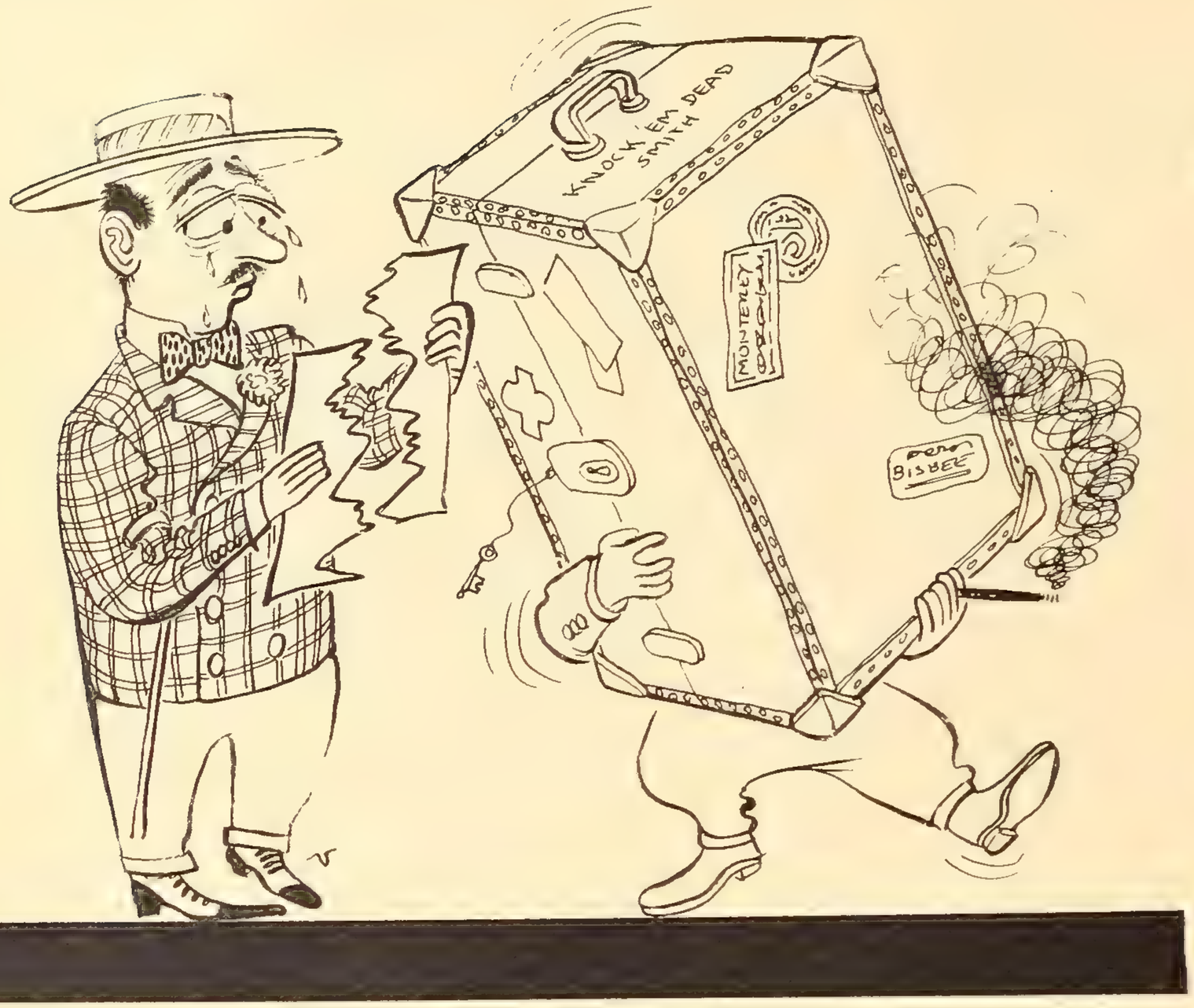
"Ronnie—I sort of hate the thought of leaving this house."

"Well, we are terribly crowded, but maybe we won't build for three or four years."

"Skoal!" said Janie. "I feel better already."

It is small wonder that they hate the thought of leaving it, as the happiest part of their lives is woven into it.

There were the days of planning during the first year of their marriage, when they lived in a tiny apartment. While Ronnie pored over floor plans, Jane turned her energy toward furnishings. Her urge to (*Continued on page 122*)




66

# Love Greta Garbo"

by

# Billy Rose

TO THE REST OF THE WORLD, SHE'S GARBO,

MYSTERIOUS, ALOOF, A PRINCESS IN AN IVORY TOWER. BUT TO BILLY

ROSE SHE'S GEE-GEE—HIS ALL-TIME GLAMOR GIRL.

■ My barber is going to marry Ingrid Bergman. He tells me it's all decided. One or two little things have to be cleared up first. (a) He has to dispose of her present husband. (b) He has to meet Bergman. As soon as this is taken care of they will leave on a long honeymoon.

I know a shoe-shine boy who is in love with Margaret Sullavan. He loves her so much he has forgiven her three children by another man. I tell him he ought to forget her, she's happy with this other joker, he's foolish to waste away his youth on her. The shoe-shine boy says he is proud to waste away his youth on a girl such as Margaret Sullavan. He says he is willing to wait.

Well, I think they have both picked out fine girls, and I wish them every happiness. But get this straight, I'm not envious. I admit I'm attracted by Ingrid, fond of Margaret—but I happen to be in love with Greta Garbo.

Gee-Gee—that's what I've always called her—came into my life years ago, when I saw her in "Anna Christie." She played a jezebel in that picture, a woman of the streets. "It doesn't matter what your past has been," I said to her. "My love is strong enough to purify us both." It was a deeply emotional moment. I think we might have reached an understanding then and there, except that an usher came and led me out of the theater.

Ever since, I've carried a small picture of her next to my heart. I treasure the inscription, "I always drink Moxie. Greta Garbo."

I'll never forget the night I saw her as "Queen Christina." I sat there in the theater and wept. Her regal remoteness stabbed me to the heart. How could a queen ever care for a commoner like me?

Imagine my joy a few years later when I saw her as a

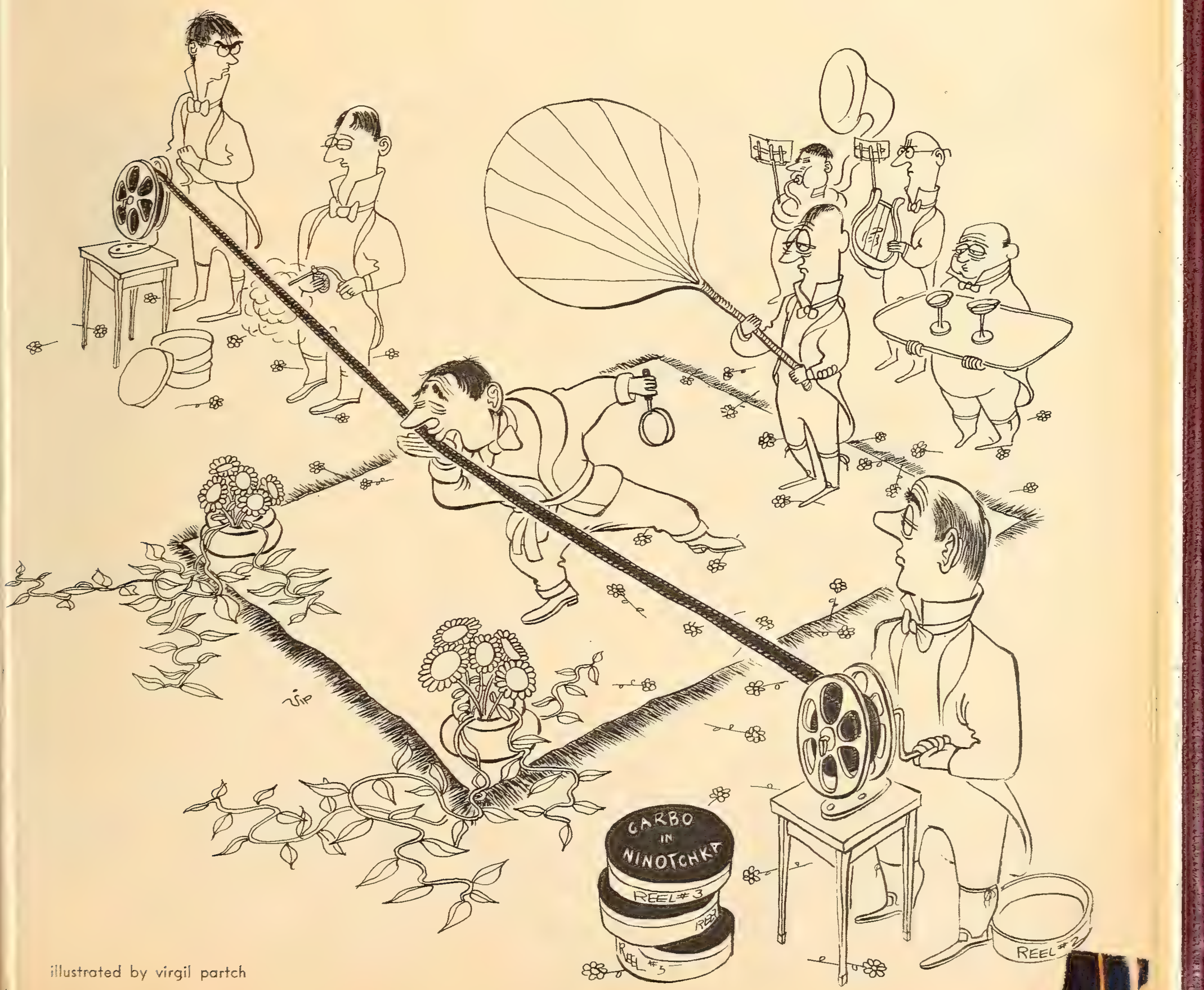
Communist in "Ninotchka." I felt my humble origins would now make me splendid in her eyes. I envisioned the day when I would clasp her in my arms and whisper, "Nas drovya, Tovarich!"

Ah, those rare and lovely days when Dark Glasses would creep into New York between pictures! I would skip over the pavements with winged feet, knowing my dearest was within a twenty-mile radius. The Swedish flag flew from my office window, and I haunted the smorgasbord shacks hoping to catch a glimpse of her.

When an uncouth comedian in one of my shows dared to suggest she had big feet, I cancelled his contract and personally threw his trunk into the alley. When Dr. Hauser put her on a vegetable juice diet, he didn't know it, but he put me on one, too.

It has been four years since my goddess appeared in a film, and more since she appeared in a good one. The Bijou Theater has tempted me with Lamour, Lamarr, Grable and Jane Russell. But not a kopeck of my money has the cashier counted. If the manager wonders who draws mustaches on the pretty posters of those upstarts, I could tell him. What do these Jenny-Come-Latelies know about glamor? They may overflow their bathing suits, but Gee-Gee is mystery and music—the princess in the tower. Why don't the Hollywood Big Brains use her? Are they worried about box office? I personally would go 30 times.

You may wonder why I married Eleanor, when my heart belongs to Greta. Well, before we went down to City Hall, I told the little woman about this fatal passion. She understands. When there's a Garbo movie in town, she goes and stays with her mother.




illustrated by virgil partch



**Recipe for a gay time: Sparkling water, bright sand and sun, spear fishing, dancing barefoot—and those four marvelous Mitchums!**

# *Modern Screen goes to* CATALINA

John, four, the great dictator of the Mitchum ménage, insisted on perching on dad's knee while Pancho, the famed artist, sketched Mitch in caricature.

After Bob had this first fling on his rented bike, he installed a basket on the handlebars and Chris in the basket and wheeled him all over the island.





Dottie and Bob had to keep the kids in the stern of the boat to keep them out of mischief—but the fumes got them so sick that they had all they could do to guzzle their milk rations. First moment out on the boat, Mitch lit a cigarette, cracked, "This is the first time in five years I haven't tried to quit smoking in the morning!"

MORE PICTU

# MODERN SCREEN GOES TO CATALINA

Out on the fishing pier, Josh and Chris were fascinated by the rods and reels. Both of them wandered away to watch the harbor activities, and Bob was kept busy steering them clear of dangling fish hooks. Even so, J. had a close call.



The water was freezing, and both kids yelped—but stuck it out. Little Chris was called "Jeb" during the trip so's he'd get used to his screen name. He'll play Bob's son (a natural for him!) in Bob's latest, "Pursued."







The boat moored at the Isthmus, "the prettiest part of the island," Bob said. He changed into trunks and then wrapped Chris' loin cloth bathing suit round 'n' round.



Beautiful Avalon Harbor enchanted all the Mitchums, especially Bob, whose first vacation this was since being discharged from the Army. He'd awakened with a fever, but insisted on going, although Dot protested.





Bob had tried his hand at spear fishing from the boat, but no luck. "I'm an actor," he growled, "not a fisherman." But Josh saved the day; he found a string of fish caught under the dock!



At the hotel dining room, the pianist played requests for the dancers, who removed their shoes, parked them on the floor, and danced in bare feet! Dot and Mitch requested "To Each His Own" and waltzed around just like in their courtin' days.

# PIPE DREAM RANCH

■ The big California moon rolled up over Hidden Valley and sprinkled silver spangles through the pepper tree leaves on Alan and Sue Ladd. Night birds chattered in the acacias, crickets chirped in the grass, cows lowed softly in the distance. It was lazy, it was romantic, it was swell.

Alan reached for Sue's hand. "A-h-h-h-h," he sighed. "This is the life. Honey, let's take a moonlight ride."

"But darling, the dishes—"

"Nuts to the dishes," said Alan. "On a night like this! I'll saddle up. We'll have a ride we'll never forget."

He led Jonesy out of the barn for Sue and Lucky for himself. He put one halter on So Sad, the mare Sue had given him for Father's Day, and the other on Marijuana, the mare he'd given her on Mother's Day. They were thoroughbred mares, wearing horse halos, expecting colts. It would be swell to take them along for exercise. He tied them to their bridles. Then the Ladds trotted down the long lane of pepper trees and out on the valley road.

This *was* the life, Alan reflected. Here on the ranch, riding in the moonlight with the girl he loved, his favorite saddle horse clopping rhythmically along under him, his prize mares trotting patiently beside. Laddie lazily stretched in the saddle and sighed again, "How peaceful can you get?" (*Continued on page 66*)



Alana surprised her daddy by turning into a real Outdoor Girl. She's learning to swim, though most of her time in the pool is spent sailing her boat, which will be officially christened when A. chooses a name.

**BEING A MOVIE STAR'S JUST FINE—WHILE IT LASTS. BUT WHEN IT COMES TO REAL, SUBSTANTIAL LIVING ALAN LADD'S GOT HIS WIFE, HIS KIDS, AND HIS CROPS.**

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

Counter-*cake*wise are the hired laborers, Wayne Morris, Billy De Wolfe, Alan, Pat Morris, with Sue and Alana at the eatin' end.

(right) needed some rest after planting geraniums all over the Ladds' estate. So far
ting's grown, but Alan doesn't mind; at least the ground gets plowed! Wayne, after four
s as a Navy flyer, loves to loaf around the lake and specialize in "just doin' nuthin'."

Ranching isn't done movie style; Alan (now in "The Big Haircut") really *works*. Luxury touch is the porch radio, which Sue turns on *loud* for him.

# no greater love...

■ Two pictures, snapped nine years apart, are pasted side by side in the Davis scrapbook. Both are of Bette and her mother. In one they look bewildered and naive, in the other they look elegant . . .

The first was taken during Bette's first grim year as a little stock actress with Universal. She'd finally landed a crumb of a part in "Seed," and, as a member of the cast, they'd given her a pass to the Carthay Circle premiere. A preem at the Carthay means flash. You walk up a long walk on a red carpet between fan-packed bleachers. Cameras click, and mikes are shoved under the noses of hot-shots. Not being even a lukewarm shot, Bette felt good when a photographer snapped her and her mother. But the picture came out hideous. They buried it under a pile of stuff and made believe it hadn't happened.

Nine years later a movie called "All This and Heaven, Too" was premiered at the Carthay. By now Bette was allergic to her own premieres. They made her jittery. She preferred to do her nail-chewing at home. But for reasons that have slipped her mind and don't matter anyway, she went to this one. Again with her mother—just the two of them . . .

The same theater, the same red-carpeted walk and fan-packed bleachers, the same two women. Only this time, as they stepped from the car, the crowd rose up at them and roared their acclaim. For a second, the eyes of mother and daughter met. This was it, the moment of glory, visible evidence that what they'd fought and bled for together had been won. (*Continued on page 105*)



Studio reports on "Deception," Bette's latest, claim the possibility of a battle with Joan Crawford's "Possessed" for Academy Award honors. Added fame for B.: She's just been named most popular actress in Switzerland.

Here's Mom "Ruthie" and daughter Bette when they arrived in Hollywood in 1930. Now Mom's rejoicing at the prospect of becoming a grandmother when B gives birth in May.



**Ruth Davis gave her daughter more than life or tears. She gave her courage and a bright faith in the future. And Bette will always be grateful.**

By CYNTHIA MILLER

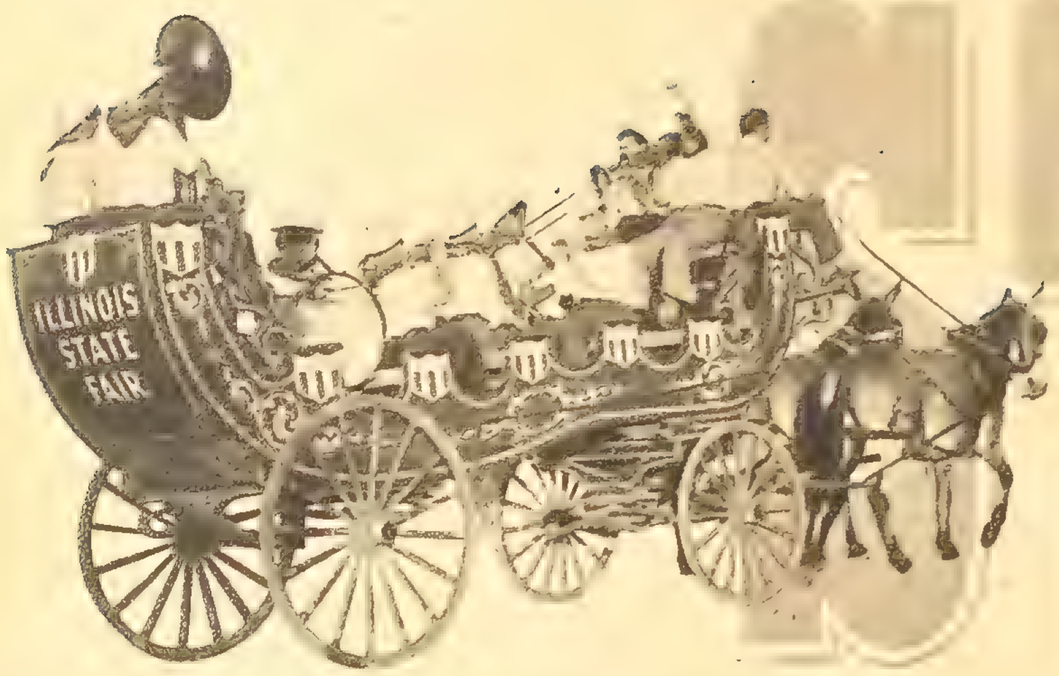


ette's third marriage—to William Grant Sherry—has been a happy one to ate. The bridal party here includes (l. to r.) Bill's mother, Mrs. Marion herry, Bill, Bette and Ruthie. Artist Bill's an ex-sailor, ex-pro boxer.



Bette has reason to brag about her N. Y. fan club: It scraped up money to send ten underprivileged children on a vacation through the Greenwich House camp fund. (Her card-playing partner's Glenn Ford.)

# STATE






At the Springfield State Fair, lucky 4-H Clubber Donnah Larson was appointed official greeter to honor guest Roy Rogers by Dwight H. Green, governor of Illinois. This fair is the biggest show of its kind in the world.



Roy's one movie cowboy who can uphold his rootin', tootin' reputation without having the cameras grind. At this range, he shot the bull's eye almost every time, missed once out of 15 shots!



Anticipating an epidemic of skinned knees and bloody noses, fair officials erected a children's first-aid hospital on the grounds. Here, 11-year-old Sunny Rumble nabbed Roy for an autograph on his own masterpiece.



Luckily for them, the merry-go-round did not break down for those two grown-up kids, but instead kept whirling about so fast, Donnah got dizzy and had to be practically *ladled* off

# FAIR

They all came

out—flying flags and tooting

horns, a gay swirl

of confetti and laughter—

they all came

out for Roy Rogers'

visit to the

Springfield fair.



month before the fair opened, station WLS started announcing Roy's arrival, came the big day, mobs of kids flocked over with their parents, some from distance of 300 miles. (Here, examining an entry before the judging started.)



ming haired Shirley Ann Grider lassoed Roy into visiting her exhibit—bassel of prize pigs. Shirley and her brothers, Gary and Larry, raised porkers themselves, had a sign indicating prizes they'd won in past.



Jimmy Hankins sure believes "Patience is its own reward" 'cause he followed his hero all around the fair—even when Roy was jeep creeping!



Frantic parents haunted Roy (here, using a fan's head as a desk), so as to keep their kids in sight! Gov. Green gave him 2 white jeeps to cover the fair's 366 acres, but R. was too scared to use 'em—kids might be underfoot!



Roy and Donnah poked their heads into the hospital, found Wayne McReynolds, 9, nursing a sprained ankle. So to cheer him up, Roy gave the boy a cowboy outfit—and promptly got "held up!"



# STATE FAIR

Roy had been judgin' and speechin' and rehearsin' for the 5-hour National Barn Dance show so, his throat felt like a prairie graveyard —but Donnah's cool grin (and a slug of orangeade) soon fixed that.



The prize pig exhibit had a special fascination for Roy, as it hadn't been so long ago that he'd been a member of a 4-H Club and won a prize for his hog. Harry Roberston here, was a proud pig exhibitor.





"Along the Navajo Trail" was one of the favorites Roy and the Prairie Ramblers sang. Later, Roy joined a square dance, showed quick thinking when he ducked just as his partner sprawled to the floor in a tumble.



Exhausted, poor Roy had to pop into the infirmary for some foot first aid. No sooner had Nurse Hart whipped out the band-aids than Roy discovered a gallery of fans clustered outside to offer moral support.

**The Dana Andrews** home was already bulging with guests one night when the doorbell rang and Dana answered it. Three people stood on the doorstep; a young couple who were good friends of the family, and behind them, an attractive blonde girl.

The party was a great success, made more so because of the girl, who was not only lovely, but a brilliant conversationalist as well. After the guests had left, Mary Andrews asked Dana who the girl was.

"Don't know," he said. "The Carmichaels brought her and we never were introduced."

Mary called Mrs. Carmichael the following day.

"Who was that charming girl you brought with you last night?" she asked.

"Who?" said the friend. "We didn't bring any girl. I thought she was a friend of yours!"

Dana's only explanation is that the charming stranger, who had arrived in a Cadillac and who was obviously dressed for a party, had wandered into the wrong house and liked it so much she decided to stay. Her identity remains a mystery to this very day.





**Charles Korvin** and his wife were in a flurry of preparation trying to find costumes typical of country square dancers for the "country hayride" Cinemophotographers' Ball, which was given at a nightclub last spring. After much rummaging, Charles unearthed from his store of Continental keepsakes a pair of bright red pants which were once used by a French sailor. To top it off, he used a loudly checkered shirt. Helena found an old pinafore and spent all day mending ripped seams, laundering and pressing it.

Completely "hicked up," they alighted from their car in front of the nightclub and started up the steps. Charles nodded to the doorman.

"Are there many people here yet?"

The doorman hesitated. "Well—no," he said.

"Are they all in these kind of clothes?"

"Well—" said the doorman, and trailed off into speechlessness.

In all their corny glory, Charles and Helena walked into the foyer and found themselves the center of shocked attention from the other guests, who were sleekly dressed in dinner clothes. The Korvins were just one week early!



**Joan Fontaine** and Bill Dozier were invited to dinner at Samuel Goldwyn's home three weeks before the occasion. They were to be there at eight, and on the named date Bill picked Joan up at the studio and they dashed home to dress. A few minutes before eight they pulled up in front of the Goldwyn home.

"Oh, Bill, let's not go in yet," said Joan. "There are no cars, so no one else has arrived."

They drove around for five minutes and returned. Still no cars.

"I hate to be first," said Joan. "Let's drive around some more."

They spent the ensuing hour rolling around the neighborhood and the Goldwyn curbing remained free of automobiles.

"Are you sure this is the right date?" asked Bill.

"Positive," said Joan.

"Well, I'm going in even if I have to settle down with a book for a while. We can't drive around like this all night."

They parked and entered the house, where they found Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn, alone, eating dessert. It hadn't occurred to them that the affair was not to be a glamorous dinner party, but merely a cozy foursome.

**Hurd Hatfield** saw the one sight I would have lost my restaurant to see.

He was attending a fairly large party and by late evening the house grew too crowded for comfort. Hurd wandered alone out into the patio, and proceeded to take a walk through the gardens. Suddenly, from the end of the property came the mixed sounds of laughter and applause. Curious, Hurd ambled down the lawn to see the cause of it.

Behind a clump of trees he spotted a group of people standing in a circle. In the middle of the circle were a man and a woman executing a fast and furious jitterbug routine. It constituted some of the neatest jitterbugging Hurd had ever seen.

The man was Clifton Webb—and the woman was Greta Garbo.



# LIFE OF THE PARTY

## by Prince Michael Romanoff

CROWN PRINCE MIKE ROMANOFF, HOLLYWOOD'S MOST ENGAGING HOST, RECALLS SOME PARTIES THAT RESULTED IN FAUX PAS INSTEAD OF FUN



# More than you know . . .

■ Olivia de Havilland stood at the window of her room in the Lawrence Langners' Connecticut home and looked down at the bustle of preparation taking place in the gardens below. They were beautiful gardens at this time of year, with the rich green of ivy on the stone walls, and the dark cedars, and the maples just beginning to turn. Indian summer, Olivia thought, but spring for me. The beginning of everything . . .

She watched a line of florists cross the lawn and walk across the bridge to the little island, set, like a small but exquisite gem, within the larger jewel of the pool. They began festooning the Japanese willows with enormous blooms, and lining the edge of the pool with white hydrangeas and gladioli.

A small delivery truck drove across the lawn and a couple of workmen, directed by an anxious woman in chiffon and a starched lace hat, unloaded a great gold harp, carted it across the bridge and disappeared into the summer house with it. Mrs. Langner had managed it after all, then—an hour before the wedding. She must be in a stitch, Olivia thought, grinning.

The knock at the door was the butler, holding a jack-phone. "Your Hollywood call, Miss de Havilland," (*Continued on page 117*)



Though frantic to make an 8:30 curtain at the Westport Playhouse, Liv posed with hostess Mrs. L. Langner, Mark, and best man George Seaton (right).



Their feud forgotten, Liv and sis Joan Fontaine are planning to make a picture together—playing sisters! Joan and her brand new hubby, Bill Dozier, are now forming their own production company.



Livvy wanted everything traditional at this, her first wedding. There was the triple-tiered cake, a double ring ceremony and a near-nervous breakdown for bride and groom.

**SHE WAS OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND, HOLLYWOOD'S MOST FAMOUS BACHELOR GIRL. AND THEN SHE MET THE MAN OF HER HEART—AND KNEW WHY SHE'D WAITED.**

**By Sidney Yudain**



# BEVERLY TYLER!

WATCH

**Bev's a hundred-pound tomboy with**

**lue eyes, a delicate air,**

**and a secret passion for plumbing!**



Their Westwood home is so pleasant that Beverly spends most of her time there. Bev thinks that her parents spoiled her, but they deny it emphatically, say she was "easy to raise."



twist of the wrist, and Hedda Hopper fastened on the uen watch which Beverly Tyler won as the most promising r of the month. Bev's in "My Brother Talks To Horses."

**by HEDDA HOPPER**

■ I've heard the greatest singers of my day, and have, in fact, shredded a tonsil or two myself, but the first time I heard Beverly Tyler sing, I knew she had a Voice.

It happened one day when I was ambling around the M-G-M lot and minding my own business pretty well—for me. I was passing one of the bungalows along what they call music row, when through an open window billowed a high, clear note. It sounded like one of St. Mary's bells, or (*Continued on page 84*)



In spite of Mom's coffee, Bev grew an inch after making "The Green Years." Her parents are "the kind that rarely happens," says Bev, because "they never interfered with my stage ambitions."

# "Till the clouds roll by"

**Jerome Kern followed a song to the ends of the earth—and found fame there, and a girl to love**

*By Maris MacCullers*

**STORY** It was a brownstone house, like a dozen others in the block. Tall, with narrow windows, and a bent rail by the steep front steps. But the windows sparkled clean and bright in the spring sunshine, and by the bent rail was a sign that said "James Hessler, Music Arranger." This was the place.

Jerry Kern took a deep (*Continued on page 69*)

**PRODUCTION** Judy Garland consented to dye her hair blonde in order to play the role of Marilyn Miller, but had it changed back to its natural dark brown the day after shooting finished. "After all," she said, "I'm a mother now." . . . June Allyson took off a weekend during shooting to appear at a San Francisco airport. She was chosen by the National Skyway Freight Company, an or- (*Continued on page 100*)



**2.** After a while, Jerry gets to feel like one of the family, so when the Hesslers move to England, he follows; partly to be with them, partly because England is now the music center of the world.



**1.** Young Jerome Kern (Robert Walker), is a discouraged young song writer when he calls on music arranger James Hessler (Van Heflin). Hessler's daughter, Sally, pleads, "Let's feed the poor man!"



**3.** Frantic to find a piano on which to complete a tune that's humming through his head, Jerry pops into a strange home to borrow one, there meets and falls in love with Eva Leale (Dorothy Patrick).



**4.** Ten years pass, and Jerry has had his name on Broadway many times. Sally Hessler (Lucille Bremer), his old friend's daughter, is grown now and thrilled over her big song number in Kern's "Sunny."



**5.** During rehearsals, however, lyricist Oscar Hammerstein (Paul Langton) decides that star Marilyn Miller (Judy Garland), should do that number. Jerry hates to disappoint Sally, but "the show must go on."



**6.** But disappointed wasn't the word for Sally. Furious, she accused Marilyn of deliberately stealing her routine and rushes out of the theater, muttering, "I'll show them!" M. becomes the toast of B'way.



**7.** Always troubled by a weak heart, the shock of Sally's disappearance is too much for the aging Hessler, and dying, he makes his old friend promise to find his daughter and take care of her—always.



**8.** Heartsick over the death of his beloved crony, Jerry goes to pieces. Unable to live with himself or compose, he mourns until word comes that Sally is dancing in a cafe with the band leader (V. Johnson).



**9.** After seeing her perform, Jerry reassures her, "You don't need me, Sally. You're already started on your career." And later, a new star is born in Kern's Hollywood version of "Showboat"—Sally Hessler.



# happiness-Taylor made

**In Navy lingo, Bob Taylor's "a 4.0 gent." Which Barb Stanwyck translates into "the swellest husband ever."**

By HOWARD SHARPE



Barbara took special piano lessons from Alex Steinert for her part in "Arch of Triumph." Her newest: "California." Bob, a solid team-mate of Katie Hepburn's in "Undercurrent," will co-star with K. again for Metro.




As special treat and last pre-school fling for handsome son Skip, 14, Barbara lunched him at The Club in Beverly Hills, ordered her favorite rare steak, his favorite spaghetti.

■ Lt. Commander Paul Short, U.S.N.R., of the Navy Air Corps, and his room-mate, Lt. Robert Taylor, U.S.N.R., were falling all over each other in their New Orleans hotel room, trying to dress. Lt. Taylor's wife, one Barbara Stanwyck, had wired that her train would be late in reaching New Orleans, and close on the heels of this announcement had come a message from Admiral O. B. Hardison, U.S.N.

Having heard that Mrs. Taylor, whom he had always admired, was to be in town that evening, the Admiral had decided to give a party. There would be dinner at Antoine's first, and after that a special showing of "Waterloo Bridge," the Admiral's favorite picture, which "just coincidentally" starred Lt. Taylor.

"I *had* a clean shirt," Paul said, standing in the middle of the room (*Continued on page 101*)

# cornel wilde life story

**"Something's bound to break,"**

**Cornel prayed. And then his agent phoned**

**"Your option's dropped. Merry Xmas!" (Part II)**

**By KIRTLEY BASKETTE**

■ When Cornel Wilde scuttled his brilliant M. D. prospects at Columbia University to take a gigolo bit part in a fly-by-night play, he was asking for trouble. He knew it and he didn't care.

His parents not only were shocked, but disappointed. His father exploded, "You must have lost your senses!" On the evidence, Cornel had to admit, they were dead right. But he couldn't help doing what he had done or feeling thrilled to be back in grease paint again —even when the flimsy play blew sky high, after one week's tryout in Saugerties, New York, and left him stranded on Broadway again—and broke again.

Cory Wilde had an ace in the hole to keep him independent in the face of his family's wrath, when his frantic job hunts fizzled down to "Sorry, nothing for you." He knew he was bucking the Broadway season too early and he wasn't discouraged. But meanwhile he had to live. He called up his friend, the basketball coach at the College of the City of New York. The coach ran a summer boys' camp. Cornel was the perennial counsellor. More than once a camp job had solved his vacation problem and given him a stake to start school.

The coach had offered that spring when school ended, "Come up and help me run the camp."

"Sorry, no," Cornel explained. "Thanks just the same, but I've got a new plan and I've got to make it work." His dark brows knit seriously.

"What's the big plan?" his friend wanted to know.

"I'm going to be an actor." Cornel looked defiant.

His coach pal grinned. "Well," he said, "more power to you, but if what I think will happen, happens—then get in touch with (*Continued on page 88*)



Cornel doesn't know whether to be flattered or annoyed because both Selznick and M-G-M want his screen play about Lord Byron—but neither wants him to play the lead in it. However, he's holding out, and won't sell otherwise.



One of his best talents, Jeanne Crain assured C. on the "Leave Her To Heaven" set, is eating. He loves foreign food, will try anything!



Mrs. Cornel Wilde (Patricia Knight) gets a boost around the pool by her husband, as well as a boost for her career. Cornel wants to take a picture with her; later they intend doing a play on B'way.

Cornel, busy working on "The Home Stretch," takes time out to play with P. and Wendy, who'll be four on Washington's Birthday. Cornel was supposed to star in "Forever Amber," but he's taking a much needed vacation instead.





At a Screen Guild broadcast, Bing Crosby consoles Ingrid Bergman, whose husband (Dr. Peter Lindstrom) was then in Sweden. The couple will meet in N. Y. when she goes east for her play.



Walter Pidgeon had Jane Powell giggling at "Holiday in Mexico" preem when he told her about his visit to a bull fight. Seems they let a small bull into the arena who ignored the matador, walked over and licked W.'s hand instead!



Postwar plan of Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell (at "Gallant Journey" premiere) is a trip to Canada, so their son can be christened in the little church Glenn attended as a child.



At the Schwab party held in honor of Sidney Skolsky, Evelyn Keyes toasted him over the microphone while Laraine Day cheered from the sidelines. Evelyn recently eloped with Walter Huston's son, John, after a three weeks courtship.

# good news

I've never been so sentimental or more proud over any scoop I have ever had than over breaking this story that Bette Davis is expecting a baby next May.

Believe me, there's a story behind this story.

Last year, in fact, at the time Bette married William Grant Sherry, we had a misunderstanding. We are both pretty independent gals, I admit, and I'm sure Bette would. For many months we were not good friends. But during my long five months of illness, I had a chance to think over many things and one of them was that there isn't room in life for feuds or bad blood between any old friends.

When I first received the whisper that Bette and her husband were going to have a baby, my first inclination was to "break" it without letting Bette know I had the story.

Then I changed my mind. I picked up the telephone and called her private number. Evidently, she was not in a mood to speak to me, either—at first, because when I gave my name she said, "not in."

"Listen, Bette," I said, "I happen to know that you are expecting a baby. I know how wonderfully happy you must be. I want to break this story—but even more than that I want your friendship again. We've been friends for too long and I've liked you too much for any silly misunderstanding to stand between us."

And right then and there, she proved herself the "big" person I've always known her to be. She could have fibbed about the baby. Other players, far more friendly to me, have done so from time to time.

But not this person who is one of the most honest persons I have ever met. "It's true, Louella," she said, "and I, too, am happy that we are friends again."

How much this baby will mean to her can never be expressed in print. She has been such a wonderful "mother" to her little niece whom she adores. This rich happiness could not happen to a finer woman.

* * *

The race horse bought by Sue Carol and



Other guests at Ciro's stared at Bill Powell's bright red hair while wife Diana laughed. It's for his "Life With Father" role. Diana says Bill really admires himself as a carrot-top.



Xavier Cugat helped Lana Turner duck the crowds at a preem. Lana's shed fifteen pounds since this picture was taken, and is letting her hair go back to its natural color, light brown.

Alan Ladd has been named "Allsuladd," a combination of their names Alan, Sue and Ladd. Their baby is named Alana—which even the Esquimos know is Alan with an "a" tacked on it.

Even the fans have caught on that the Ladds like to combine their names for everything. They are getting much fan mail with other appropriate combinations. Any ideas?

* * *

Well, did I get my head taken off going to the Crillon for dinner the other night? There was I, all sassy and dressed up—and there, parked right in my path were five of the cutest 'teen (*Continued on page 109*)

# party postscripts

There's been every kind of a party in Hollywood this month from a Luau through a formally gowned "game contest" to the sparkling, bejeweled, be-champagned affairs, straight up to a wonderful wing-ding at Schwab's drug store.

I've never seen such a variety of fiestas with costumes ranging from bathing suits to brilliant studded evening gowns, and refreshments from salads set in ice boats and illuminated by colored lights to vanilla ice cream sodas at the good old corner drug store soda fountain.

Seldom has there been such a fun party as the one Elsa Maxwell gave at the palatial Jack Warner home. When Elsa does things, she does them up brown.

For instance, the "prizes" she gave ranged from ruby brooches to gold cuff links. Each was a valuable piece of jewelry—and here is how our glamorous girls had to earn them:

Twelve beauties were selected to be "models" and twelve male guests invited to drape gowns and hats on the fair figures. The results were lovely, ludicrous, silly—and some were even darn good.

Irene Dunne, winner of the first prize, was simply delightful done up as an Amazon with silver breastplate made of tin foil—Vincente Minnelli, who designs all the gowns worn by his wife, Judy Garland, was Irene's "designer."

Rosalind Russell furnished the laugh of the evening when she and Director Eddie Goulding changed clothes. Roz was done up in Eddie's dinner jacket while he donned her black lace evening gown and added to it a big black hat. I've never heard such howls. He looked so much like one of our actresses that the place was in hysterics.

Lana Turner, whose own gown made her look like a plump ballet dancer—I didn't like it at all—was much prettier after Oleg Cassini, Gene Tierney's husband, draped her in black cheesecloth. Oleg is a top designer and Lana would do well to employ him permanently.

Edgar Bergen did Claudette Colbert up as sort of a D'Artagnan with black mustachios, a big hat and hip boots. Millicent Rogers, the Standard Oil heiress, who has (*Continued on page 120*)

Tony Martin's still carrying the torch

for Rita Hayworth; the Alan Ladds scramble names;

George Raft likes to go to the dentist's—

to watch!; and Van J.'s found a Cinderella!

**by louella parsons**

All right, so I'm *not* an Eagle Scout...



I still know how to find the cookies Sylvia ~~hides~~ . . .





And I can telephone and juggle at the same time!

# the secret life of DANNY KAYE

**He's the kind of a guy who goes to a night club or a show, shushes the audience, and applauds like mad for a newcomer**

BY JACK WADE

■ One day, when Danny Kaye was making "The Kid From Brooklyn," he spied an old pal on the set, dancing in a musical number. Danny hadn't seen him since they'd toured together in the Marcus Show, a road revue ten years before. But Kaye has a memory like a herd of elephants. He not only remembered the old show mate but all about him.

Danny dragged him home for dinner and they plunged into a memory bull session.

"Where's Betty?" asked Danny the first thing. "Ever see or hear from her?"

"Gee, no—I haven't the faintest idea where she is."

That disturbed Danny Kaye. Because what he remembered was a young love match he'd helped boost along 'way back when. The girl was the show boss's relative and he'd forbade this dancer to see her. But Danny's nimble wit had found ways and means to get boy and girl together. Instinctively, he came up with a bright idea again.

"Let's get her on the phone—right now!"

"But I don't know where she is. Honest, Dan, I haven't seen her for ten long years."

"I'll bet she's still in Boston at the same address." His old (*Continued on page 113*)

*Walt Disney*

*presents*

AN EPOCHAL EVENT IN SCREEN HISTORY

# SONG OF THE SOUTH

*His first live-action feature... a great musical drama*
*in Technicolor including animated tales of*

## UNCLE REMUS





*Br'er Bear  Br'er Fox  Br'er Rabbit*

*What this heart-warming musical drama is like:*

For the first time Walt Disney creates a romantic live-action picture... a wonderfully heart-warming musical drama of the Old South. You'll meet new stars—Bobby Driscoll, Luana Patten, James Baskett and others! You'll hear 10 new song hits! And you'll roar with laughter at Br'er Rabbit, Br'er Fox and Br'er Bear—in the famous Uncle Remus tales that are delightfully woven into the real-life story. It's a picture you'll want to see again and again. Watch for "Song of the South" at your favorite theatre. *Released through RKO Radio Pictures.*

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# PIPE DREAM RANCH

(*Continued from page 43*)

A jackrabbit bounded across the road and Marijuana reared. The halter snapped and the mare shot off like a thunderbolt. The other horses danced and skittered. "Whoa!" yelled Alan. "Steady! Hey, Sue, she can't run like that! She's gonna have a colt. Get Joe with the truck!"

Joe's the young ranch hand at Alsulana Acres. Sue did a Paul Revere back to the ranch and Alan jumped off to tie his mare to a fence. Then—wham! So Sad kicked the fence in, snapped her bridle and away she went, too.

Alan dug his heels in and pounded away. It was a ride he'll never forget.

**the wild mares . . .**

He was in the saddle three hours, galloping all over Hidden Valley, up hills and across alfalfa fields. In and out of ranch neighbors' gates, getting the mares cornered and then having them plunge and run, neighing and snorting.

Every greenhorn rancher has moments like that and Alan and Sue Ladd are no exceptions. Since they set up home headquarters at Alsulana Acres they've had headaches designed for a couple of aspirin factories—and they've had moments strictly from heaven, too. Sometimes, they'd have sold out for a nickel; other times all the Rockefeller millions couldn't have bought a square foot of the ranch.

To get to Alsulana Acres you drive out of Hollywood and bowl north through San Fernando Valley. Alan and Sue skipped it. They went farther out. You're practically in Santa Barbara before you turn off the highway, along oak dotted hills and wavy grain fields. You come to a cluster of mailboxes where a wooden gun swings from a signpost "Alsulana Acres—Ladd," it says, and below the warning, "This Gun *Not* For Hire." The studio carpenter gang made that for Alan when he went ranchero. The pistol points down the lane to his ranch, a dreamy slice of good earth hugging the foot of a curving hill, and perching on a shelf, spying over the whole stretch of Hidden Valley, prettiest farm spot in Southern California, is where you find a tiny white ranch cottage, a big white barn and—the Ladds. Alan, Sue, Alana, Jezebel the dog, thirteen other mutts, seven horses, four cats, eight chickens, two rabbits, and twelve rattlesnakes—(all dead by now!).

Alan's as brown as an old army boot and about as tough. He's lost eight pounds sweating with the muscles. His hands are horny, his hair's streaked by the sun. He was in sneakers and muddy shorts hoisting water pipe stacked and strewn all over the ground in crooks, angles, and valve joints. You never saw so much pipe. Alan looked over and grinned.

"It's a big, beautiful, wonderful pipe dream," he laughed. "Owning a ranch, that is!"

"Pipe dream—it scares you? Or pipe dream—you like it?"

"Both," sighed Alan. "But I'm really not kidding. I dream of pipe. Pipe for the pool. Pipe for the well, the tank, the irrigating system, the fields, the hills, the barn, the house. There's never enough pipe—and you can't get pipe!"

Alan had a birthday coming up after he turned rancher. Sue worried about what to get him. She had in mind maybe a hand tooled leather saddle, a new Stetson sombrero, some silver Chihuahua spurs. But she couldn't make up her mind, so she came right out and asked, "What do you want for your birthday, Laddie?"

"Pipe," came back Alan pronto. "All the pipe you can find!"

Sue climbed in the pick-up truck and roamed all over three counties, chasing pipe. She finally collected a load, wrapped a big red ribbon about it, wrote "Happy Birthday, Dear" and clanked it off by the table, beside Alan's cake. He couldn't have been happier.

Last year, cement was even harder to find than it is today and Alan needed the building mix to make his ranch house livable. He did find some after extensive sleuthing, hauled it out to the ranch, packed it carefully away in the barn and stationed Joe to guard it like the gold at Fort Knox. One midnight Alan was slumbering peacefully away in town at the Hollywood house when the phone rang. It was Joe. "It's raining hard," said Joe, "the water's come down from the hills and the barn's flooded. The cement—" That's all he had to say. Alan yelped, dropped the receiver, tossed a leather jacket over his pajamas and raced the car out of the garage. He croaked something at Sue about cement and roared off. He drove the fifty miles through the storm, like a country doc on a life and death case. He waded around in his pajamas helping Joe hoist the precious cement to safety. A couple of bags got wet and hardened, and to Alan that was worse than losing his wallet. He pulled in again at Paramount, red eyed and draggy, without any sleep, and when he said what he'd been up to, Director Irving Pichel on "OSS" said frankly, "I think you're nuts!" But that's the way you get.

Alan caught the fever away back when Paramount prepped him to make a rancho picture, "California." He had to learn to ride like a caballero for that one. He never made the picture, but the riding at Griffith Park made Alan hopelessly horse happy. Sue caught the virus, too. Next day they had to have their own horses. Alan bought Salty for Sue and Lucky for himself. Jonesy came next and there Alan was—with three fine saddle horses and no place to keep them.

Alan long had needed a hobby. He's nervous, high strung, and he tackles everything, especially his career, all-out, like concentrated TNT. Until he started kicking his boots around the ranch his tummy was chronically tied up in knots and only Sue knows how hard it was to make him eat. Before he clicked, Alan never had the money to ride as a hobby; after he did, he didn't have the time. He got to the point where all his success was bringing him was more work and worry. He's no country club chappie for golf or tennis, never was. But he took to horses like a bee to honey. He fell so head over heels that he wanted to raise them himself. He got to talking to his friend, Joel McCrea, who has a big prosperous ranch out Hidden Valley way. Joel has made it pay him dividends in dollars, health and happiness for over ten years. He's a local California boy like Alan. He said, "What you need is a ranch. Because," said Joel wisely. "There's no better fun than plain outdoors work."

So that's what was buzzing around under his haircut the day Alan and Sue rode up the Valley highway with their good friend, Chet Root. Chet's an antique dealer and the mission of his trip was to deliver a desk to a rich ranch home. Alan went along to help heft it. They rolled down into Hidden Valley. Alan was sopping up the fertile fields, long white fences, horse barns—and the country scenery that swept around him. He could sniff the hay and hear the neighs and it really got him.

**no place for a star . . .**

"Is there a ranch around here for sale?" inquired Alan.

Yep, there was one that could be bought, he was told by the wealthy rancher. Right across the Valley—but—well, it was just twenty-five acres. No house—only a big old barn, a garage, a tumble down bath shack and a beaten up old reservoir. The man didn't say it but what he meant was—"No place for a movie star—like you, Bub!"

"Let's run over and take a look," Alan suggested to Sue. They looked fifteen minutes. That's all it took. On the way home, they hunted up the owner and bought it—cash on the barrelhead.

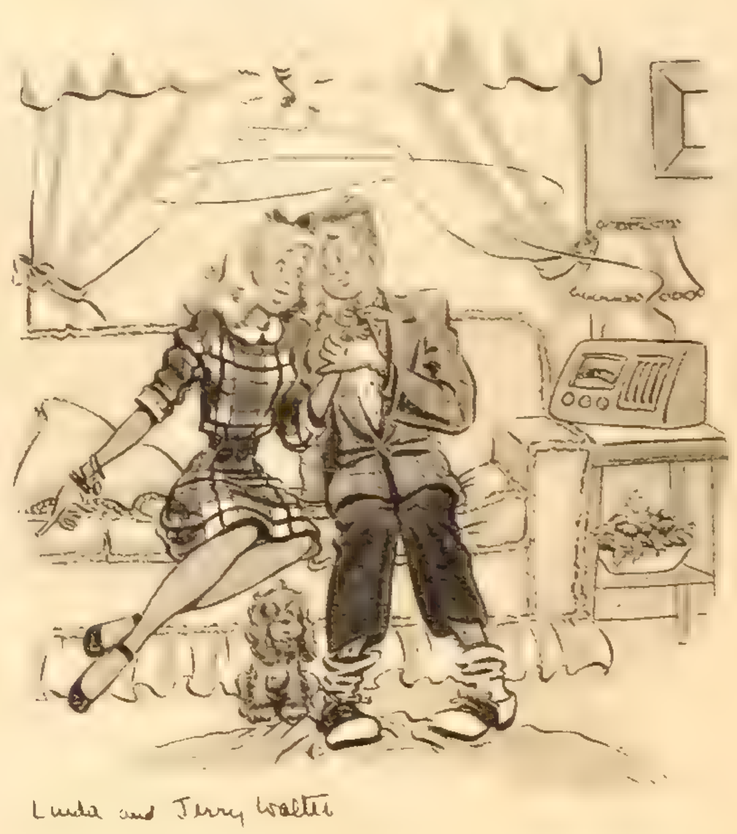
That was last January and Alan was deep in a picture. It's a wonder he ever finished it. He'd bounce from a "take" into an agricultural huddle with anyone who'd listen to him. He pestered all the side-line ranchers at Paramount, asking them silly questions, as every tenderfoot rancher does. He bought all farm magazines, horse books, sent for every government agriculture bulletin. He spent his noon hours in Sears-Roebuck shopping for things he'd never thought about before—rakes and hoes, shovels and feed bins—levis, lanterns, bits, bridles, traces, tools.

Alan couldn't even wait to finish the picture. He had to move out there right now. He hired his Man Friday, Joe Cisneros, to stick on the place. Joe's a capable, loyal, Spanish-American boy who has entered right into the Ladd ranch family by now. But there was work for a dozen men and every minute he wasn't there, Alan jittered around like a hep-cat. He decided the only cure was to move out—ready or not. It was not—definitely.

Sue will never forget that first week on the ranch. It was February and the breezes bit like a cold knife. Ice skimmed the fish pond at night. Alan and Sue loaded the car with cots, canned goods, a coal oil stove, lanterns—and piled their camping plunder in the old garage. Four drafty car stalls it had, and a lean-to roof for fertilizer and plants. No doors, no windows—to close, that is! No lights, no plumbing,

MODERN SCREEN

## CLEOPATRA KELLY



Linda and Jerry Walter

"Oh, Slug, it's *our* song—'One Meatball'!"

Joan Caulfield

**starring in Paramount's Techni-color Triumph "Blue Skies"**



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no heat, no furniture, no telephone.

Every minute, it seemed, there'd be a rustling noise. Field mice, chipmunks—they sounded like elephants in the still night. Tiny wings whirred around the dark stall room and Sue imagined flocks of bats nesting in her coiffure. A skunk strolled by and wafted shocking perfume in the night air. Alan and Sue lay wide eyed till morning.

The Ladds fixed up a lot of comfort items that week. They had no ice box, but Alan found you could keep pepsis and milk cold in the frosty fish pond. He promoted a couple of portable Chic Sales from the studio and gasoline lanterns to light the place at night. Sue uncovered a three-burner kerosene stove on which she could turn out the same kind of wonderful meals (she's a super cook) she did back in the big Los Feliz kitchen. They got another one to heat up the place and some temporary windows to keep the cold out. Then Alan got a welcome surprise.

**life saver . . .**

A truck rolled up the drive the second day they'd moved in. A telephone lineman knocked on the door. "Say," he inquired, "can I sell you folks a telephone?" Alan and Sue almost swooned. That was back when a new phone was something you just didn't dare dream about.

The phone was a life saver. They put it in the barn in the tack room (where it still is) and whenever the Ladds got overwhelmed by nature in the raw they called up their city friends for sympathy. When it was a dream day and they felt swell they called them up and gloated. But best of all, the phone paid off in peace of mind about Alana. Alan and Sue didn't mind being cut off from civilization but Alana's barely three and if an emergency came up where a doctor was needed or anything—they wanted to get in touch quick.

The population of Alsulana Acres got off to a flying start the minute the Ladds moved in. Joe brought three sheep dogs and two cats, who promptly obeyed the Lord and multiplied. Came Easter and Alana got two bunnies. They're still—miraculously—two bunnies, the only pair on record, Sue insists, who've remained just two for six months. Then a young actor friend of the Ladds found himself in a spot with an expectant female dog and a tiny Hollywood apartment. The landlord said pups meant he could start hunting. Alan and Sue invited the mutt out to the ranch for her blessed event, and now she's there with her family of four. I already told how Sue gave Alan "So Sad," the mare in foal, for Father's Day and how he came back with Marijuana, another halo horse—so that added two more and two more-to-be. Then Alan made the mistake of going to a yearling sale at Santa Anita race track. The farthest thing from their conscious minds was buying a race horse. Alan planned to watch and learn and keep his mouth buttoned up in the bidding. What he knew about picking racehorses he could put in his eye. And so look what happened. Racing colts from a famous French studhorse, Firozepore, were on the auction block. They were beauties, but so were the prices, way up in the thousands. They led one out, from a dam named "Cheeky Sue," and Alan found his hand up in the early bidding, just for a sentimental thrill. But the prices zoomed on past him. Another colt came out. It was fun, Alan found, to stick up his hand and make a bid in the early stages. He didn't run any danger of buying a horse, because they were all way past his purse—or so he thought.

But this time when he made his bid—in the hundreds—he didn't have any competition and the auctioneer slammed down his hammer. "Sold," he yelled. Alan had himself a racehorse, and nobody was more surprised than himself and Sue. They were twice as surprised when they saw every other Firozepore colt sell for ten times what they paid. Alan had a funny feeling when he stepped up to his friend, Joe Hernandez, the race horse expert, and asked, "Joe, what's the matter with the horse I bought? How come he's so cheap?"

"What's his number?" Joe asked. Alan said, "Thirty two." Joe whistled. "Migosh, Alan—that's the colt with the bum leg!"

Of course! There had to be some reason. Alan groaned. "It should happen to me!"

They found all the smart horsemen at Santa Anita in the ring gathered around Alan's new colt, pinching and feeling him. They were shaking their heads and swearing. One said, "Can you tie this? An auction crowded with horse experts like us—and a damned ignorant actor gets the steal of the sale!"

Alan barged in. "What's wrong with him?" he asked timidly. One of the horse fellows barked back, "Not a thing—dammit!

MODERN SCREEN




"I just saw your column, Louella—is it true that I'm having a baby?"

Just a scratch on his leg from a splinter—but it fooled all us wise guys. I'll give you a thousand dollars more than you paid right now."

Alan shook his head, but he didn't sleep soundly that night. Racing horses is expensive and Alan's far from rich. He wondered if he hadn't bitten off an overly ambitious hunk. Sue couldn't help him make up his mind; but she had her doubts, too. Next morning Alan had Sue call up the colt's seller. "Alan's decided to sell the horse back to you," she began.

"That makes me very happy," came back the horseman. "He never should have been sold. It was all a mistake—"

But Sue was looking at Alan's face, and it was pretty droopy. "I'll call you back," she said. Then she turned to Alan. "We'll keep that race horse if it busts us," she smiled. "I can see that's what you want."

Seems like ever since Laddie has been at the ranch he's been digging or hammering, sawing, fitting pipe, laying brick and tile—or bossing someone who is. One day he had a cement mixer grinding, a buzz saw ripping, dynamite exploding, a steam shovel puffing away and the bulldozer snorting—all at the same time. That's the day Warner Brothers picked to shoot location scenes for "Stallion Road" in Hidden Valley, across from the Ladd ranch. It wasn't long before the director roared across in his car.

"Say," he shouted. "What the heck's going on here—another Boulder Dam? Listen—I'm shooting pictures—or trying to. You gotta stop all this racket. I—" then he recognized Alan. "Oh, hello, Ladd," he said, "so you're the heavy! Now, you're in the business—you ought to know I've got to have quiet to shoot. I've got fifty men working."

Alan sighed, and they finally worked out a flagman deal at the house so that when the whistle blew, Alan's help stopped busting microphone drums.

Even Alan and Sue's friends were getting the rugged treatment whenever they ventured out to see the Ladds. There's nothing as attractive as a new ranch and Alsulana Acres is just a handy weekend drive-out distance—fifty miles from Hollywood. Sue and Alan are famous for their hospitality—and it never flagged all the time they were torn upside down—although some of the dropper-inners got put to work. Like movie grouch Bill Demarest—one of Alan's best Paramount friends. Bill turned out to be a handy paint man and ended up coating the whole ranch house. Another friend, Pat Lane, turned out to be an expert gardener. The Ladds put him to work fast.

Henry Willson, Guy Madison's pal, and Diana Lynn's fiancé, brought Diana out one Sunday. He strolled around the swimming pool inspecting Alan's handiwork when suddenly Sue heard Diana scream. Henry had disappeared from the face of the earth! They found him down in the filter hole and yanked him out. He took another stroll and disappeared again—this time down the drain hole. Diana hustled Henry home before she turned into a widow before she was a bride.

Most Ladd guests have remained hale and hearty, though, and now that the rough work is over and the place has blossomed, they pile out in droves. That suits Alan and Sue.

I sampled one of those Ladd ranch spreads the night I visited Sue and Alan, because of course I had to stay for dinner, and so did Boo-Boo Howell after he'd brought the groceries. Joe, the ranch hand, joined us at the big table on the flagstone porch that makes Alan's back ache every time he looks at it (he fitted every flag in place). The pot roast was tender, the potatoes brown, the gravy rich and the salad crisp. The California moon was in there pitching, too, and after dinner Al lit a cigarette and tipped back his chair.

**an eye to the future . . .**

"What I want to do is make the ranch self sufficient—" he began.

"Total produce so far," interrupted Sue, "is one egg every three days—"

"What I mean," continued Alan, rising above that, "is I'd like to build a little future security here. Suppose I'm lucky enough to last in pictures another ten years. That's about all I can expect, unless I turn into the Grand Old Man of Gower Gulch. By then, if this farm is producing horses, hay, vegetables, milk, well, what's wrong with that for an ace-in-the-hole?"

I knew what Alan was thinking about in particular. Along about next January, there'll be a new baby brother or sister for Alana. Laddie's a very thoughtful guy underneath it all and he takes his responsibilities seriously.

**so as to the farm . . .**

"I don't know," mused Alan Ladd. "Maybe that's just another pipe dream, too—"

But then maybe it's not. Not if you're really working at it—like Alan Ladd.

## "TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY"

(STORY)

(*Continued from page 57*)

breath that tightened his worn jacket over his thin shoulders. He'd been to see so many people, and none of them were interested in an unknown young song writer. New York, they told him, was for successful people, not for kids from the country with nothing to offer but the dream in their hearts. But maybe Mr. Hessler would be different. Jerry walked firmly up the steps and gave the bell a determined ring.

The door opened almost immediately. A severe featured woman, wearing an apron, surveyed Jerry and his brief case.

"You're late," she said inexplicably. "Get on upstairs right away. And be sure you kill all of them. Every one."

Jerry swallowed. He said, "Uh—I don't—"

"Of course he doesn't," said a child's impatient voice. "He's not the exterminator, Mrs. Muller. The exterminator smells."

Jerry grinned at the little girl with the bright blue eyes and coppery hair. "I'm afraid I just write songs," he admitted.

The housekeeper swelled in indignation. "A song writer! Well, Mr. Hessler doesn't want to see any songwriters."

"Daddy might want to see just this *one*," the little girl said meditatively. "He looks so hungry. He looks as if he might faint."

"Faint?" Mrs. Muller was alarmed. "Here, let's get him into the dining room. Your father will give him some roast beef."

Jerry, feeling like a stray puppy about to be thrown a bone by a kind-hearted cook, found himself in the dining room. It was a big, untidy room with musical instruments and stacks of sheet music everywhere. In the midst of all this, an arty looking gentleman in a velvet jacket and flowing tie sat at a table, eating lunch. His alert eyes took in Jerry's shy, hopeful expression, his young awkwardness.

**starving songwriter . . .**

"A song writer," he decided. "And you've come to the greatest arranger in the world for help. I'm sorry, my boy, but you're too late. I will bother no more with tinsel tunes for sequinned chorus girls to sing off-key. I'm going to write a symphony."

"Daddy," the little girl interrupted, in a carefully dramatic tone. "He's starving!"

"Eh? Oh. Well, sit down, young man. Have some roast beef." Hessler piled a plate with beef and vegetables, and passed it to Jerry who surveyed it helplessly.

"Don't be bashful," Hessler urged.

"Thanks, it's very good of you, sir. Only—only I just finished lunch before I came over here. It—it was roast beef, too."

Hessler burst into a roar of laughter. "Sally's instinct for drama runs away with her." But behind his back, Sally winked gravely at Jerry, who gave her a quick smile of gratitude.

After lunch, Jerry and the seven-year-old Sally began to play one of Jerry's songs as a duet on the piano. Hessler lounged over to them. "Not bad, with the right arrangement. 'Ka-Lu-A,' eh? We might be able to do something with that."

So instead of starting his symphony, Hessler began to work with Jerome Kern. They accomplished a great deal together, and Jerry soon felt like a member of the family. Then Hessler and Sally went to England, and Jerry had never been so lonely in his life. England was the center of music now. Charles Frohman had made it fashionable to import English talent. Jerry decided to go over himself.

As soon as he got to London, he took a train for the little village where Hessler

(*Continued on page 73*)


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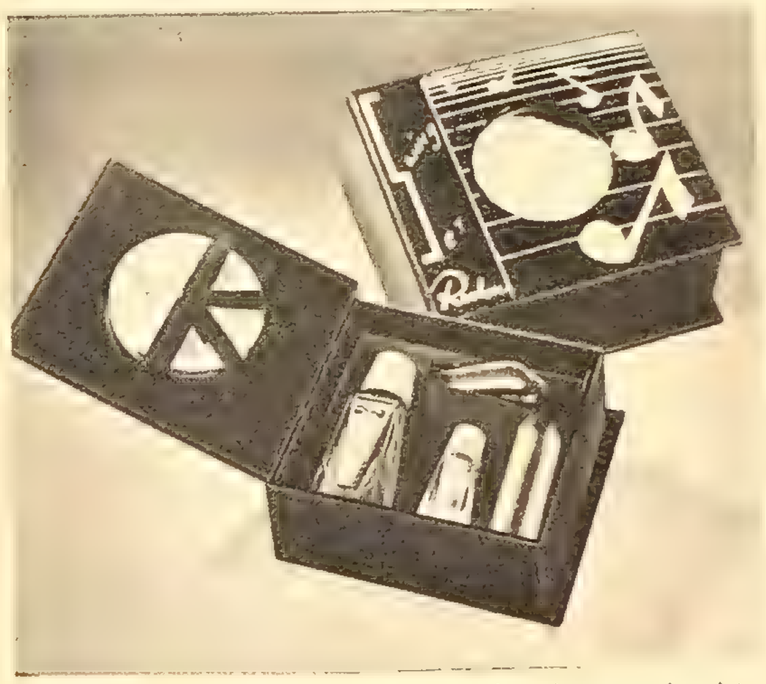

Gift ideal for "young marrieds." Lentheric calls it "For Her—For Him," packs her side with "Tweed," his with shaving toiletries. $12.75.




For that important first Christmas, Mennen Baby Oil and Powder in boxes with either boy-blue or girl-pink covers. $1.00 each and so-o-o cute!




You don't have to be a whiz at math to know that Miner's eau de toilette, "Orchid No. 6," and "Spice Bouquet No. 8" add up to glamor. $1.00.



Revlon, a pretty hep crowd, designed this "Swing Set" album and for a sweet 'n' low $1.85 include powder, lipstick, polish, Adheron.



Want a gift sophisticated yet teminine? Bourjois has the answer with "Evening in Paris." This perfume and toilet water set costs $4.75.

# Carol's Christmas Gifts

Your Beauty Editor, Carol Carter, is aglow with the spirit of St. Nick and it's *not* only because my name suggests Christmas tunes. Principal reason is the wonderful gift material seen when making the rounds of the cosmetic houses. I knew you MODERN SCREEN-ers would want to say "Merry Christmas" to your pals with just such presents, so I piled the Beauty Dept. high with them, had them photographed and here is the collection . . . ready for you to make your choice. And can't say I blame you if you get an extra gift or so for yourself!




Yuletide greetings with movieland glamor are the theme of this kit which the Westmores of Hollywood fill with their super makeup, $1.00.



Dainty, feminine, fragile . . . pretty adjectives come naturally to Richard Hudnut's "Violet Sec" set. Dusting powder and toilet water, $2.50.



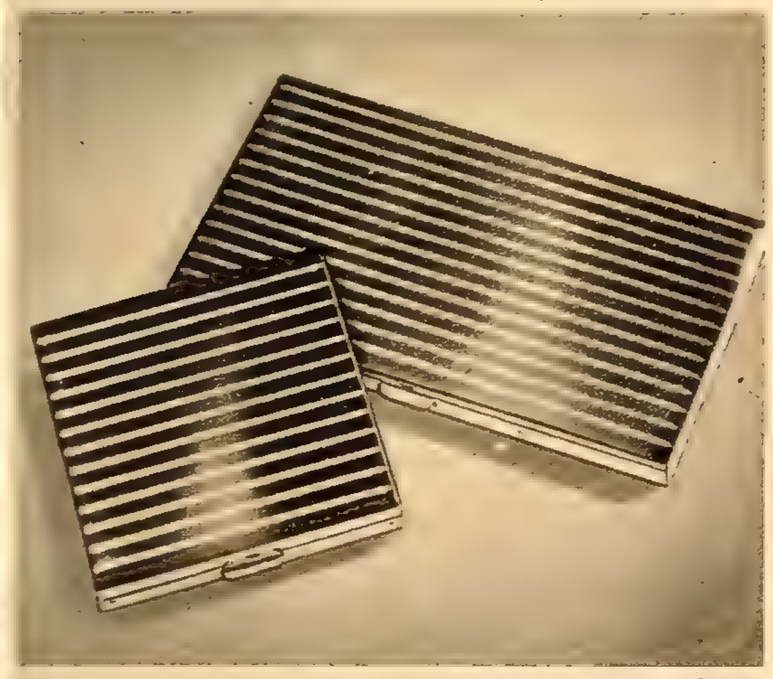

Show that you mean it when you say she's pretty as a model. Give her "Models' Special" Lipstick $1.00, and "Models' Special" Makeup, $1.50.



Bath-time fun. Tussy presents "Ginger Spice" Bubblessence, $1.00, and a soap trio for $1.00 shaped just like mother's plump spice cookies!



Irresistible makes a pretty Noel box with its cologne, lipstick, perfume, sachet and "Air-Whipt" face powder in one set. You pay $1.00 for it.



For a girl who rates something distinctive and pretty special, Volupte's exquisite compact, about $5.00, and cigarette case, about $6.50.




In Coty's "Slalom Set," two tall, slim bottles of "L'Aimant" and "Emeraude" perfume glide down a snowy slope on miniature skis. Price is $6.50.



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# Carol's Christmas Gifts




Roses bloom in December thanks to Luxor who makes these "Rosebud" soap bars, $1.00. In fact, there's an entire bath-time ensemble.



Bombi's "Black Magic" Bath Ensemble is enshrined in a lucite tray that decorates dressing table, then travels luxuriously to the tub. $10.00.



She'll be radiant for weeks after Christmas morn with Tangee's flattering makeup. This charming kit contains face powder, lipstick, rouge. $2.00.



No matter what her type, Wadsworth has the compact for her. No-end versatile, designs can be jivy ($2.00) or super-sophisticated ($5.00).



Palladium flakes floating throughout enhance the luxuriousness of Dana's "Platine." Many sizes, cologne from $2.25, perfume from $3.25.




Clap hands for Mavis who concocted this pretty, flower-bright mitt and filled it with freshly scented Mavis Talc. Nice gifting for 69c.




A gift to receive a royal welcome, "Holly Berry" and "Christmas Rose," two fragrant colognes by Prince Matchabelli. $2.00 for each.



"Personal Favor" is the name. You'll be doing her just that by presenting this trim case crammed with La Cross manicure "musts," $5.00.



Shulton helps you say "thanks for being friends." Give their Early American "Friendship Garden" set of toiletries, a delightful gift, $1.50.

# "TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY"

(STORY)

(*Continued from page 69*)

and Sally were living. Sally was riding a bicycle in the lane as he drove up, and she threw herself off with a shout of welcome.

"Uncle Jerry! Is it really you?"

Then Hessler bustled out, and pulled him into the cozy parlor of the English cottage. Somehow it managed to look just like the house back in New York, with music and instruments all around. They sat over a glass of beer and talked for an hour. Sally finally persuaded them to stop talking and take her to the fair that was being held on the village green.

It was a gold and blue day, rare in England, and a breeze smelled of roses.

"I want some taffy, Uncle Jerry," Sally cried. "And some popcorn."

But Jerry was standing quite still, with a faraway look in his eyes, watching the swings sail with their laughing occupants up among the green of the leaves. The girls in their ruffled dresses laughed as they swung, and Jerry hummed a tune in time with the rhythm of the swings.

"The whole chorus in swings, Jim," he said suddenly. "Cover the stage with them —can't you see it? And everyone singing 'How'd You Like To Spoon With Me?'"

"What a number!" Jim Hessler was immediately enthusiastic. "You've got something, my boy! I'll call Edwardes tomorrow—maybe he can use it at the Gaiety."

The Gaiety did use it, and Jerry had his foot on the first rung of the ladder of fame. He went to work immediately on a new number, but somehow he couldn't seem to get this one right. The harder he tried, the more elusive the notes became. One day he and Hessler went for a bicycle ride. Jerry was absent-minded.

"Forget it," Hessler counseled. "With a song on at the Gaiety you can afford to relax awhile."

"I can't relax while this song's half done. It's driving me crazy." Jerry whistled a few notes over and over, getting nowhere.

Just then there was a bang. Jerry's wheel swerved, and he almost fell off. His front tire had a puncture.

"I say, old boy, what do I do now?" he asked.

Jim groaned. "I'll take your wheel down to the next village and get it fixed."

Jerry grinned and stretched out on the grass. "Damned decent of you, old chap."

**my kingdom for a piano . . .**

Hessler peddled off, and Jerry went back to whistling those five notes over and over. Suddenly he got a sixth, then a seventh. He sat up in a hurry. He had it now! If he only had a piano! He peered around him, and for the first time noticed that there was a neat white cottage back of the hedge on the other side of the road. Jerry vaulted the hedge and ran up to the door. No one answered his knock, but through the open French windows he could see the gleam of a baby grand piano. The temptation was too much.

For the next twenty minutes nothing existed for him except the golden melody unfolding beneath his swift fingers. At last he said, "That does it!" and sat back. He found a young woman in working clothes standing in the doorway regarding him curiously. She was carrying a spade and a basket of flowers.

"Are you Mr. Timkins' man?" she inquired.

Jerry jumped. "No. Uh—no. At least, I don't think so. Who's Mr. Timkins?"

"The piano tuner."

Jerry got up and put on his coat. Piano


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tuner, indeed! "As a matter of fact," he said coldly, "I'm a song writer."

The young woman looked amused. "If you're not a piano tuner, you'd better get out of here."

"You don't believe I'm a song writer?"

"No. Should I?"

"It happens to be true. But I guess I had better get out before your mistress gets back and finds me."

Just at that moment a neat maid in black and white appeared, and said, "Miss Leale, will you have tea now?"

Jerry stared. "My gosh! And I thought you did the gardening. I'm sorry, honestly. And I really am a song writer. If I send you tickets to the Gaiety, will you come?"

Eva Leale did come, and for the next few weeks Jerry saw her as often as he could manage. He was, for the first time in his life, desperately in love. This English girl with the clear grey eyes and rose cream skin was suddenly as much a part of him as his music. Then one night at the Gaiety, he met Charles Frohman, the American producer.

"So you're Kern!" the great man said. "I congratulate you on that number with the swings. Magnificent. But all you Englishmen write superb music."

"Thanks, old man," Jerry said in his best drawl, his heart thumping.

"I wonder if you could write four numbers for my new Broadway show?" Frohman asked. "Something with that real English charm."

"Why, sure! Uh—I mean, righto!"

"That's settled, then. We'll sail day after tomorrow. My office will take care of the tickets." Frohman shook hands briskly.

The next forty-eight hours was a mad bustle of excitement, packing, and general tearing around. Hessler and Sally decided to go back too, and there were all sorts of arrangements to be made. Jerry had no chance to leave London and go down to the village where Eva lived. He called her on the phone, but it was a frustrating, unsatisfactory conversation.

"I—I have to go to New York, Eva," he said. "Tomorrow. Frohman wants me to write some songs for his new show."

"How lovely for you, Jerry." Her voice was cordial, but remote. Why shouldn't it be? Jerry thought. To her he was probably just another visiting American. And he had never even told her he loved her!

Once back in New York he was too busy with the new music to think of anything. The night the show opened, Julia Sanderson sang, and Jerry sat in the audience hardly believing it was *his* music being sung on a Broadway stage.

The plaintive melody of one of the songs took him back to that day at the piano in Eva's house. He was filled with a sudden aching desire to be with her again.

Jerry knew that there was a ship leaving for England the next day. Frohman was taking it. Maybe he could take it too, and they could talk business on the way over. He packed as fast as he could. But at the last minute something came up to delay him, and when he got to the pier, the huge liner was already at sea.

"Never mind," Jim said consolingly. "The Lusitania isn't the only ship afloat. You can get another in a couple of days."

By "a couple of days" they were reading black headlines in the newspapers. The Lusitania had been sunk by a German U-boat and among the dead was Charles Frohman. Jerry, impatient as he was, had to stay in New York while new business arrangements were made. His music was booked into a show called "Oh, Boy!" and it was then that, for the first time, Jerome Kern saw his name up in lights. But it didn't mean a thing compared with sitting with Eva before a glowing fire and knowing a happiness beyond any in the world.

So he went back to London and lifted the brass knocker on the front door of the cottage, and felt his heart echo its knock. His throat burned and his breath caught in his chest and when she opened the door he couldn't speak. But Eva stared at him, her eyes getting brighter and brighter. Then she said "Jerry!" and began to cry.

Right afterward, of course, she retreated into her English shell of reserve and pretended it hadn't happened. But by then Jerry knew where he stood.

"You waited long enough to write to me," he said.

"A lady never writes to a gentleman first," Eva said firmly.

"A lady never does much of anything. Dull, isn't it?"

"Certainly not!" Eva was very prim now.

Jerry whistled to himself. He whistled his new tune, "Till The Clouds Roll By." He grinned at her. "Probably if I proposed, it wouldn't be ladylike for you to say yes. A lady never says yes, does she?"

"Yes! I mean, no! Oh—Jerry!"

The next ten years went by in a gay, easy fashion. Jerry found that happiness made him compose better than ever, and soon he was one of the top figures of the American musical world.

There were two things, however, that bothered Jerry. One was the poor health of his friend, Jim Hessler. The other was little Sally, who was growing up into a beautiful, but very spoiled, young lady. Her doting father had always let her have her own way, and the series of private schools she had attended lately had one by one admitted defeat.

"It's ridiculous to make me go to school, Uncle Jerry," she wheedled, after the latest dismissal. "I want to go on the stage. Show business is in my blood, just the way it was with you and daddy."

Sally was a persuasive talker. She even won Eva over to her side. Jerry at last agreed to see that she got a tiny part in the new Marilyn Miller show, "Sunny," for which he was writing the music.

But it didn't take Jerry long to discover that Sally wasn't ready for show business. He had written one song, which she, as "Gwen," was to sing. It was called "Who" and its lovely, wistful melody haunted all who heard it. Oscar Hammerstein, who wrote the lyrics, came to Jerry and Marilyn, after the first rehearsals.

"I've been talking to Mr. Dillingham," he said worriedly. "He thinks 'Who' should be a big production number, and that Marilyn should sing it."

Jerry shrugged. "He's the boss. It's going to be tough on Sally, but she'll have to get used to those things in show business."

"Maybe you'd better let me tell her," Marilyn suggested. "She's going to be awfully disappointed."

However, even Marilyn wasn't prepared for the scene that followed.

"It's a low-down trick!" she stormed. "That's *my* song and I'm going to sing it!"

"That's not the way things work, Sally," Jerry said quietly. "Life isn't based on what we want, it's what we give. I can see that you aren't ready yet to give anything to show business."

Sally stared unbelievingly, then burst into choking sobs and left the theater. That night Hessler sent for him. Sally had disappeared, leaving a note behind her.

Hessler was terribly worried. "She's too young to be alone like that, Jerry."

"I know. And it's my fault. I'll find her, Jim. Don't worry."

But he couldn't find her. All the leads he got came to nothing. Sally was gone. And the shock was too much for Jim Hessler's weak heart. Jerry was sent for again, but this time there was a chance for only a few words.

"You're a great boy, Jerry," Jim murmured. "I'm glad I was around to help."

"I wouldn't have gotten anywhere without you," Jerry told him. He took Hessler's thin hand in his and held it tightly. "Jim, I'll find Sally yet. I swear I will."

After Hessler's death, Jerry went to pieces. He sat moodily at the piano, hour after hour, not playing a note. He couldn't compose any more. Even his wife couldn't get through the depression that gripped him. Then at last, electrifying news came. Sally was singing at a tiny cafe in Memphis. Jerry snapped out of his lassitude in a hurry. He took the first train. Oscar Hammerstein came down to see him off, and tossed a book in his lap.

"Read it on the way down. I have an idea it would make a show."

The book was by Edna Ferber. "Show Boat" was its name.

The Club Caliban in Memphis was a small, smoke-filled cafe, tucked away on a back street near the river. Its patrons were a mixed crowd, but they were united in one thing—their enthusiasm for the girl singer, Sally.

After her act, he went backstage, but he didn't have much to say. Just, "You don't need me, Sally. I can see that you're started on your career. But let me know if I can ever help."

Jerry went back to New York with a light heart. He could still hear the song of the giant Mississippi as it swept past Memphis, and it inspired him to write the greatest score of his career for the musical "Showboat." He knew it was great, and Eva knew it, long before the enthusiasm of the first-night audience ran riot.

Even there, the story doesn't end. For later Jerry was called to Hollywood. "Showboat" was being made into a picture. Its cast glittered with starry names, but there was one song that was to be sung by a comparative unknown.

"A kid from New York," the producer told Jerry and Eva, the first day. "New but good. She's going to rehearse now."

As a tall, copper-haired girl walked gracefully on the set, Jerry and Eva looked at each other with delighted smiles. "Yes," Jerry said quietly, "I think we'll like her fine. I used to know her father well, and she's a lot like him."

**Vivian Blaine**

. . . 20th Century-Fox Star, currently appearing in "Three Little Girls in Blue," is a little girl in blue for us in her party dress by Carole King. The dress (in the kind of blue that men love) is soft as can be, with a sweet oval neck line, and a gently gathered dirndl skirt. There is a soft sash that buckles at the waist, and a delicate tracery of white embroidery on the skirt. It's a real dressed-up dress, like a little girl's "best," and deserves your prettiest pearls, your most fragile high-heeled sandals.

To find out where to buy Vivian's dress, as well as the other fashions in this month's MODERN SCREEN, please turn to page 83.

CAST

| | |
|---|---|
| Jerome Kern | Robert Walker |
| Marilyn Miller | Judy Garland |
| Sally | Lucille Bremer |
| Sally, as a girl | Joan Wells |
| James I. Hessler | Van Heflin |
| Oscar Hammerstein | Paul Langton |
| Mrs. Jerome Kern | Dorothy Patrick |

# Modern Screen

## Fashions





# Clothes pin-ups

■ Wondering what that little picture above means? No, it's not a mother and daughter outfit—it's the end result after washing two dresses, each one a size 13, one having been treated with the *Lanaset* process, and one made of the old-fashioned kind of untreated wool. That's our story for this issue kiddies, new, gorgeous clothes, made of American Cyanamid's *Lanaset* treated wool, wearable, washable, practical! For the first time, you juniors can invest in one of these luscious winter white wool dresses, secure in the knowledge that when it soils or stains, you can whisk it in the washtub and have it come up looking the way it did the day you bought it! The four dresses on these pages are Eddie Rubenstein originals by Crestlee, Inc. They come in junior sizes, winter white only, and are priced at about $23.00 each. The swank gold jewelry that dresses them up so glamorously is by R. M. Jordan, and costs about $4.00. For very dress up occasions, we'd love to see these winter white lovelies, teamed up with gold kid ballet slippers.



# CLOTHES PIN-UPS

These beautifully tailored wool jersey sport clothes by Korday are also treated with the *Lanaset* process and are washable. Our soda-sipping friend at the right wears a soft collarless wool jersey blouse, about $9.00, and a dirndl skirt, about $8.00. Her friend's tailored shirt is $11.00, and skirt, about $8.00.





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A wool lounging wardrobe by Dorian of Macksoud, consisting of sharply tailored slacks with an in-or-out jacket, plus a coat that can be worn separately or over the slacks. This set is ideal for a college girl's Christmas present—it's warm and cozy, and above all, it's washable 'cause it's *Lanaset* processed!

## CLOTHES PIN-UPS

## HOLIDAY GLAMOUR

**W**hat a dressed-up Christmas this is going to be! No more hen-parties, no more dreary little get-togethers with 100 girls and a man! This is the Christmas we've been waiting for, and we're really going to do it up right!

**B**iggest news of all, of course, are the new formals. Full, FULL skirts are the thing, the picture look is the look for you. Strapless, full-skirted faille portrait gowns steal the scene, worn with long gloves, making you look like a fairy tale princess.

**T**he other extreme of fashion is the very casual two-piece formal outfit, consisting of a blouse and skirt of an unexpectedly sporty fabric, like corduroy. This is lush stuff in white or pastels, with gold or silver accessories and jewelry. Perfect for you gals who feel at home only in a sweater and skirt!

**A**nother new note is in the slim little sheath dresses, preferably in black, but pretty nice in brown, which has a longish lace or net skirt that ties over the sheath dress. This has the added advantage of being a little item that you can run up yourself. Have the skirt coming to about the middle of your calf, and the width about four times the width of your skirt at the hem, gather, sew on a ribbon with enough yardage left to make a bow, and there you are!

**T**he above suggestion, by the way, is the very thing to transform that old formal dress hanging in your closet, particularly if it's one with a slim skirt. Buy matching net or lace and make a floor length overskirt, but make it much, much fuller than the daytime version, about six or eight yards around.

**M**ore than anything, we love the young look of the winter white Crestlee dresses shown on our fashion pages this month. Wear these little dresses with flat gold kid ballet slippers, carry little gilt evening bags. We've seen a couple of young things who wore their hair in gilt mesh snoods, and one who had a flat, gold kid band around her dark hair. Your local millinery trimming shop will have these items.


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# TOP INTEREST







■ Nothing makes your school or college wardrobe more versatile than having lots of separates to team up as you please! And among your collection, there's nothing you'll love more than these handsome Tish-U-Knit sweaters. We show a wardrobe of them on this page. On the left, you're all set for a fast game of tennis in this cute cotton Jim-Jam shirt for only $3.00. Above is our favorite—a magnificent jacquard reindeer sweater, like the ones Norwegian skiers wear. This one is about $8.00. Above left is a gay twin sweater set, dressed up enough for dates. The pullover in black is $3.00, the cardigan in pink is about $8.00. Twin clips are by R. M. Jordan Co.

# modern screen fashions

# BUYING GUIDE

**CAROLE KING KODACHROME** (page 75)

WRITE TO FOREST CITY MANUFACTURERS CO., WASHINGTON AVE. AT 17TH ST., ST. LOUIS, MO.

**CRESTLEE WINTER WHITE DRESSES** (pages 76 & 77)

Baltimore, Maryland—Stewart Company
Boston, Mass.—Filene's
Dayton, Ohio—Elder Johnston
Fort Wayne—Wolf Dessauer
Hartford, Conn.—G. Fox
Memphis, Tenn.—J. Goldsmith
Minneapolis, Minn.—Dover Dry Goods
New Orleans—D. H. Holmes
New York—Saks' Fifth Avenue
Providence, R. I.—Gladdings
Salt Lake City—Auerbach
St. Louis, Mo.—Scuggs, Vandervoort & Barney
Washington, D. C.—Erlebackers

OR WRITE TO EDDIE RUBENSTEIN ORIGINALS—CRESTLEE—152 WEST 36TH ST., N. Y.

**KORDAY SEPARATES** (page 78)

New York—Saks' Fifth Avenue
Beverly Hills, Calif.—Saks' Fifth Avenue
Brooklyn—Loesers
Hempstead, N. Y.—Carol Green
Freeport, N. Y.—Carol Green
Dayton, Ohio—Rike-Kumler
Providence, R. I.—Gladdings
Boston, Mass.—Filene's
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh
New York—Bloomingdale's
Pittsburgh—Joseph Horne
Milwaukee, Wisc.—Schuster's
Hartford, Conn.—Worth's
Washington, D. C.—Jelleff's

OR WRITE TO KORDAY, 991 6TH AVENUE, N. Y.

**JEWELRY BY JORDAN** (pages 76, 77, 78, 80 & 82)

WRITE TO R. M. JORDAN, 377 5TH AVENUE, N. Y.

**MACKSOUD LOUNGE WEAR** (page 80)

Syracuse, N. Y.—The Addis Co.
Portland, Oregon—Chas. F. Berg.
Grand Rapids, Mich.—Paul Steketee
Baltimore, Md.—Hutzler Bus
New York—Lord & Taylor
Cincinnati, Ohio.—John Shillito
Toledo, Ohio—La Salle & Koch
New Haven, Conn.—Esther Levin
Detroit, Mich—Himelhoch Bros.
Boston, Mass.—Conrad & Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Chas. A. Stevens
Indianapolis, Ind.—H. P. Wasson

OR WRITE TO C. N. MACKSOUD CO., 1 EAST 33 ST., N. Y.

**OLYMPIC KNITWEAR, INC. (Tish-u-knit)** (page 82)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Loeser's
New York, N. Y.—Saks' 34th St.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Bros.
Baltimore, Md.—Hochschild Kohn & Co.
Washington, D. C.—Jelleff's
Indianapolis, Ind.—A. P. Wasson Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Gimbels
Dayton, Ohio—Elder & Johnston
Kansas City, Mo.—Emery Bird & Thayer
Cincinnati, Ohio—Shillito's
San Francisco, Cal.—O'Conner Moffat & Co.
Los Angeles, Cal.—Bullock's
Portland, Oregon—Meier & Frank
Dallas, Texas—A. Harris Co.

OR WRITE TO OLYMPIC KNITWEAR, INC., 1372 BROADWAY, N. Y.


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# WATCH BEVERLY TYLER!

(*Continued from page 55*)

an amplification of the lost chord. So I immediately stopped minding my own business, and opened the door to the bungalow. Inside sat a young girl with red hair. She looked slightly over five feet, around a hundred pounds. I looked around.

"I'm Hedda Hopper," I said briefly. "Who did that?"

"Did what?" said the girl.

"Sang that note!"

"Oh," she replied. "That was me."

I stared at her, "You? You're too little." She smiled. "All right," I said, "do it again."

She took a deep breath and let go with a high C that nearly blew me down.

"Can you act, too?" I asked her.

"Well, I had a part in 'The Green Years'."

I started for the door, and then remembered.

"What's your name?"

"Beverly Tyler," she said.

"Oh! Thanks, I'll be watching you."

I whipped up to the front office of the studio and asked to see "The Green Years." They ran it off for me and I sat alone in the projection room watching Miss Tyler do a charming job of portraying Alison Keith.

**sherlock hopper . . .**

That settled it. I wired Modern Screen: DEAR BOYS WATCH BEVERLY TYLER CAN ACT HAS RED HAIRED GOOD LOOKS AND VOICE THAT COULD SHATTER BEER STEIN AT FIFTY PACES. SEND GRUEN WATCH PRONTO. SHERLOCK HOPPER.

Very proud of myself, I rushed to find out more about my discovery. Leon Gordon, producer of "The Green Years," told me that he was pleasantly surprised by Beverly's test for the part of Alison.

"How about her voice?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "the best dope I can give on that is the report of music critics. They all say that she's ready for the great test—"

"You mean the Metropolitan Opera? At nineteen?"

"At nineteen. She's been singing for a long time, Hedda. She was soloist in a church choir when she was ten."

She was born Beverly Jean Saul in Scranton. Her father, connected with a typewriter company, was transferred to Brooklyn when Beverly was three.

She doesn't look it, and people won't believe it, but she loves the outdoors. In her childhood, she summered at a Girl Scout camp in the Pocono mountains of Pennsylvania, passed the Red Cross life saving test when eight years old, spent many hours daily playing cops and robbers with the neighborhood boys, and has owned only two dolls in all her life. Just last year, she proved her mettle to some friends of her parents who own a cabin near Big Bear Lake in California.

Beverly had just arrived for a visit, and was in the process of getting out of her city clothes and getting her hair into pigtails when a howl went up from her host.

"The pipes! They've done it again!"

Beverly poked her head into the living room.

"What's the matter?"

"The water pipe has broken. But there's nothing you can do."

Beverly hauled on her blue jeans and an old shirt and rushed to the backyard where everyone had congregated. It seemed that it was necessary to dig through the ground to the pipe in order to mend it. Beverly grabbed a shovel and was soon up to her knees in mud.

"Why, my dear," said the hostess, "I had no idea you could do things like this."

Beverly paused for a moment to wipe mud from her eye.

"Oh, for heaven's sake," she said and went on shoveling.

Beverly's father was transferred back to Scranton before Beverly started school, and they moved back into the two-story house which her grandmother had occupied during the Sauls' stay in New York. Even before the second move took place, her parents had begun to notice Beverly's voice. When she was five years old, she took to singing whole songs, snatched verbatim from the radio.

They started her immediately with both piano and voice lessons, and unlike the average child, Beverly ate it up. She got up early each morning to practice before leaving for school, was soon singing in the church choir and at church socials. People soon started calling her "The Shirley Temple of Scranton."

She studied with her minister's wife, who headed the choir at the Scranton church attended by the Sauls. Every three weeks, the Reverend Tolley's wife took Beverly to New York City, where a famous voice coach gave pointers.

With singing always interwoven in her life, Beverly progressed through grammar school, through a rough and tumble tomboy period of tree-climbing and such plus a heart-rending crush on a red-headed boy named Murphy. High school brought initiation into a sorority mysteriously initialled the TYS. Then there was the boy friend with the convertible coupe who was something special, she tells me, and a whirl of sorority and fraternity dances.

In the middle of all this came Aunt Jenny's True Life Stories, a radio program in New York which dramatized the life stories of interesting people. They chose Beverly as a subject, and her story took a mere three days to unfold, inasmuch as her extreme youth didn't give the producer too much material to work on. She finished up the series by singing the Mad Scene from "Lucia Di Lammermoor," no mean feat for a girl of thirteen.

With her parents and Patty, a girl friend from school, Beverly left the broadcasting studio. It was a cold November day, and they were walking briskly down the street when Patty stopped them.

"This," she indicated with her thumb, "is the Loew Building. I know Al Altman —he's the test director for Loew's—and I think you ought to be in pictures, Beverly. Why don't you go up and see him?"

"That's silly," said Beverly.

"No, it isn't," insisted Patty. "Go on up."

"But I don't know any of those people."

"I would appreciate it," said Mr. Saul, rubbing his hands together, "if you would decide before I freeze to death."

"Go on up and see," said Patty.

Mrs. Saul took charge. "Come on," she said. "We'll go up and see, but we'll come down in a hurry. Wait here."

She grabbed Beverly by the hand and ushered her through revolving doors. They sat down in Mr. Altman's outer office and waited. They waited for a half hour and nothing happened. Beverly got nervous.

"Let's go," she urged her mother.

Mrs. Saul was beginning to agree with her when a man entered the room.

"What can we do for you?" he said.

Mrs. Saul, thoroughly disgruntled, flung a few pieces of paper on a desk.

"Here are some clippings about my daughter's voice," she said and turned to go.

"Wait a minute," said the man. "Wait a minute. Let's see what she can do."

He ushered them into a room with a piano, and Beverly sang the finale from "Madame Butterfly." She was half way through when the man started waving.

"Stop! Stop!" he yelled and dashed from the room. In a moment he was back with Al Altman.

The scout eyed Beverly with respect. "Go on, please," he said.

In the meantime, Patty and Beverly's father had long since tired of braving the November winds. They followed Beverly's footsteps and were thawing out in the waiting room.

They overheard the switchboard operator arguing with someone on the phone.

"I don't care how important the call is, There's a very important audition going on."

The important audition, of course, was Beverly's. The group had been joined by Mr. Schenck, who was at the moment watching Beverly critically.

"Mrs. Saul," said Mr. Schenck, "would you accompany your daughter to Hollywood if we gave her a contract?"

Mother and daughter gasped.

"How soon?" said Mrs. Saul.

"Within three weeks."

They left, collecting Patty and an astounded Mr. Saul from the waiting room. Three or four days went by in utter confusion, and it was finally decided that Mr. Saul could get his firm to transfer him to California. Beverly had her Christmas at home and in January she and her mother arrived in Hollywood.

Instead of being put into a film immediately, Beverly found herself studying, and studying hard. She finished schooling at the studio school, graduating at sixteen with college credits, but that was the least of her work. Hours were spent every day with her voice, the piano, ballet lessons, diction lessons and dramatic lessons. This went on for more than three years.

The routine was broken by an invitation to sing the lead in "The Firebrand," staged by Max Gordon on Broadway. She went back to New York and sang eight performances a week, including the last performance when she went on with a temperature and a sore throat.

She had been back in Hollywood three months when she tested for the role of Alison and got it.

The cast and crew watched Beverly before the cameras for two months before they heard her sing. They'd seen the girl around the lot, and wondered, as Beverly had, what she was doing there. Now they knew, at least, that she could act. Then came the day for Beverly's singing scene. The stage was set, the extras lined up in the background, and Beverly walked near the camera. Out came the full throated notes of the Messiah, and every cast man on the stage stared at this small girl. She sang it through completely and a hushed silence followed.

I had a few fast words with Beverly's coach at the studio, Gita Alpar, who couldn't say enough about the girl's voice.

"Furthermore," she said, "she never wants to leave. She sings with me every day, and it is sometimes difficult to persuade her that she cannot stay here all day. In all my life, I have never seen a girl who had such a passion for singing."

Well, maybe M-G-M found her for pictures but I found her for MODERN SCREEN and I'm pretty smug about it. I think Beverly is going places, don't you?





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# SWEET AND HOT

*(Continued from page 24)*

One of the nights I was there, Mickey Rooney sat in and played drums with Slim. He plays loud and happily.

I met Andre Previn, the 17-year-old wonder I've told you about before. He's being featured on Frankie's Old Gold show every week, and he's also arranging for Frank and for M-G-M, too, which is phenomenal. A guy can work twenty years some times before getting an arranging job at M-G-M. This Previn is an amazing kid. He barely looks his age, but if you spoke to him over the phone, you'd think he was a mature man in his thirties—because of his speech, his poise, his musical knowledge.

I set up a couple of Victor sides with him and Vivien Garry (bass) and her husband, Arv Garrison (guitar) just for kicks. Previn hasn't done much recording, except for an album of Ellington tunes for Sunset.

A couple of days later, I went over to see Woody Herman, who was starting work at Republic in the new "Hit Parade" picture. Woody and the band had just got in from San Diego, and the guys were running around town like crazy, trying to find hotel rooms.

Not Woody, though. He'd bought Humphrey Bogart's home—way up in the hills at the far end of Hollywood Boulevard. It's a lovely place with a wonderful view, and Woody's supposed to have paid seventy thousand dollars for it.

The only hitch in the whole deal was the question of the washing machine. "We take the washing machine," said the Bogarts. "We *need* the washing machine," said Woody. Then he decided that he needed a house worse than he needed a washing machine, so the Bogarts won that argument.

I spent a couple of afternoons up there with Woody and Charlotte, and we celebrated their beautiful red-headed daughter Ingrid's fifth birthday. Charlotte's beautiful and red-headed too, and Ingrid looks like a good movie bet. If she could stop talking about Roy Rogers for long enough. Woody's breaking his head trying to arrange a meeting with Roy, because Ingrid's driving him crazy.

I managed to get over to see Lena Horne for a little while—she lives on Horn Avenue—and she was just leaving on a flying trip to New York. She wanted to see her children, and the new home she'd bought out on Long Island. Lena's been doing some personal appearances, and she gave a concert in the Hollywood Bowl, but she hasn't made a movie in some time. She may go into "The Pirates," in November, though.

Said goodbye to Lena and went out to hunt for women. Women musicians, that is. I needed 'em for an all-girl jam session—I was doing an all-girl album for Victor. I got Vivien Garry, and the pianist from her trio, Wini Beatty, and I discovered a terrific colored girl named Ginger Smock who plays the electric violin, and sounds a lot like Stuff Smith.

We made records from about seven till ten; then I went on to another record session from eleven till two in the morning. This second session was with "The Lamplighters" (Ted Yerxa—whom I've mentioned before) and it was a very informal setup where everybody came wandering in and said, "Well, what tunes shall we make tonight, boys?" And somebody had brought a bottle of sparkling burgundy, and it got spilled all over the control room.

Next day, I went out to the Hal Roach studios. An independent producer named Jules Levey was just starting work on a picture called "New Orleans"—vaguely based on the history of jazz in general, and Louis Armstrong in particular. Louis was signed for it, and so were Zutty Singleton, the drummer who worked with Louis on his most famous records eighteen years ago, and Barney Bigard, the great ex-Ellington clarinetist. Billie Holiday's been mentioned for a part, too, and she's out in Hollywood right now.

The studio, being desperately accurate, had sent a whole research crew to New Orleans to dig up old recordings and history and music, and when Louis and

## RECORDS OF THE MONTH

**Selected by Leonard Feather**

### BEST POPULAR

**AFTER YOU GET WHAT YOU WANT YOU DON'T WANT IT**—Dardanelle (Victor)
**FLA-GA-LA-PA**—Timmie Rogers (Majestic), Count Basie (Columbia)
**FOR SENTIMENTAL REASONS**—Fran Warren (Cosmo), Ella Fitzgerald (Decca)
**IT'S A PITY TO SAY GOODNIGHT**—Claude Thornhill (Columbia), Ella Fitzgerald (Decca)
**I'VE GOT TO PASS YOUR HOUSE TO GET TO MY HOUSE**—Billy Eckstine (National)
**PASSE**—Tex Beneke (Victor), Ray McKinley (Majestic), Evelyn Knight (Decca), Phil Brito (Musicraft)
**MAXINE SULLIVAN ALBUM** (International)
**THE THINGS WE DID LAST SUMMER**—Frank Sinatra (Columbia), Hal McIntyre (Cosmo), Bing Crosby (Decca)
**THE WHOLE WORLD IS SINGING MY SONG**—Jimmy Dorsey (Decca), Dennis Day (Victor), Harry Cool (Signature), Morton Downey (Majestic)
**LOVE DOESN'T GROW ON TREES**—Benny Goodman (Columbia)

### BEST HOT JAZZ

**GEORGIE AULD**—Mo-Mo (Musicraft)
**COUNT BASIE**—The King (Columbia)
**ROY ELDRIDGE**—Hi-Ho Trailus Boot Whip (Decca)
**LIONEL HAMPTON**—Flying Home #2 (Decca)
**PETE JOHNSON**—Housewarming Album (National)
**JOHN KIRBY**—New sextet album (Disc)
**RAY McKINLEY**—Hangover Square (Majestic)
**BOYD RAEBURN**—Album (Jewel)
**BOBBY SHERWOOD**—Sherwood's Forest (Capitol)
**KAY STARR**—St. Louis Blues (Lamplighter)

### BEST FROM THE MOVIES

**BREAKFAST IN HOLLYWOOD**—It Is Better To Be By Yourself: Bob Crosby (Decca)
**BLUE SKIES**—Bing Crosby-Fred Astaire Album (Decca). You Keep Coming Back Like a Song: Dennis Day (Victor). Blue Skies: Count Basie (Columbia)
**DUEL IN THE SUN**—Gotta Get Me Somebody To Love: Bing Crosby (Decca), Orrin Tucker (Musicraft), George Paxton (Majestic)
**IF I'M LUCKY**—Title Song: Jimmy Dorsey (Decca)
**MAKE MINE MUSIC**—The Whale Who Wanted To Sing At The Met: Nelson Eddy Album (Victor)
**OUT CALIFORNIA WAY**—Title Song: Sons of the Pioneers (Victor)
**THE SHOCKING MISS PILGRIM**—Aren't You Kind Of Glad We Did?; Changing My Tune: Vaughn Monroe (Victor)
**THE TIME, THE PLACE AND THE GIRL**—Oh, But I Do: King Cole Trio (Capitol)
**THREE LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE**—You Make Me Feel So Young: Dick Haymes (Decca), Charioteers (Columbia)
**TO EACH HIS OWN**—Title Song: Don Byas (Savoy)

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Zutty and Barney showed up, they were assigned to a rehearsal room to practice up on all this old material. They looked it over and listened to it and realized they didn't have to rehearse that stuff; they'd been there when it was born, and they could put down their horns for six months, and pick them up and play that same music better than the guys on those records.

They had to stay there from nine to six every day, anyhow, though, so they'd finish rehearsing after about the first hour or so, and then they'd sit around and reminisce, and Louis'd tell stories about things that had happened to him twenty years ago.

I made some records with these same men, including Red Callender, who's a very wonderful bass player. The records were for the Hot Club of France, now in full swing again, after the war. Louis, of course, is their god, since he's the biggest jazz name in the world. Because the Hot Club used Victor facilities, and because Louis had a Victor contract, you'll be able to get the records here, too, on the Victor label, when they're released.

The biggest musical-social event that took place while I was in Hollywood was the Tex Beneke opening at the Palladium. The Palladium's huge, but it's not air-conditioned, and it was mobbed.

Everybody was so busy seeing and being seen that practically nobody heard the band. Including me. What little I did hear (when I wasn't table-hopping or being said hello to or talking to Tex in between sets) sounded fine.

The band is still billed as "Tex Beneke and the Glenn Miller Orchestra," but Tex says he hopes that will be eliminated in the next few months. It should be, too. The band's doing fine on it's own. A few of the billion people at the opening were Frank Sinatra and Marilyn Maxwell and Johnny Mercer and Woody Herman.

Before I came home, Duke Ellington made a record date I went to. He had thirteen sides to do to finish up his Victor contract, and I've seldom seen him work so hard. He usually takes a day to get one or two sides finished, but the session I went to he made eight sides in one day.

A funny story going around about Duke has to do with the time he appeared as a guest judge on "Can You Tie This?"—a coast show. It's a program where different musicians judge records that are played, and give them percents, from one to a hundred.

Duke simply stood there and gave everything ninety-nine or a hundred percent. Everything. From Dizzy to Guy Lombardo. And if anyone seemed surprised, or questioned him, he'd explain, "Well, the man achieved what he set out to do. In his own sphere, the man is good."

In winding up, this month, I will just report that the whole time I was in Hollywood, everybody was trying to sell me on the idea that: a) I should move out there and I'll live ten years longer; and, b) the music business is moving out there anyhow.

It seems to be true, too. Besides the people already mentioned, the bands around town during my visit included: Stan Kenton, Billy Butterfield, Les Brown, Boyd Raeburn, Russ Morgan, Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey (who have their own ballroom, the Casino Gardens), Charlie Barnet, Lionel Hampton and Harry James.

This is an amazing majority, considering the fact that there are supposed to be name bands spread all over the country, on the road, etc. Every couple of months, you read about some bandleader buying a home on the coast, and settling down to do most of his work there, coming east only for a couple of months a year.

And I can't really say I blame them. Think of it—ten years to your life, and oranges as big as your head.

## CORNEL WILDE

*(Continued from page 61)*

me. The job will be open."

Cornel swallowed his pride now. He signed on for the camp, but before he left he took one last crack at his street of dreams. That last day he pushed open the door of the last agent's office. He'd been there before.

This time they tossed him a script casually. "Here's one that might make Broadway this fall. Try reading the lead. It's a poor New York guy working his way through college—in love with a Park Avenue girl."

"Leave out the Park Avenue girl and that's me right down to the socks," laughed Cornel. Maybe that's why he read it with such bounce.

"We'll let you know."

"Oh, sure," said Cornel. He'd heard that before, too.

One night a long distance call came to the camp where Cory was coaching dramatics.

"Wilde? Can you be here Friday to read for 'Moon Over Mulberry Street?' It's set for Broadway this fall."

Cornel stammered. "'Moon Over W—What?'"

"'Mulberry Street'—you're up for the lead. You know, the poor college guy—the Park Avenue girl."

Cornel came to. "Oh, sure!"

"Friday, then. Two o'clock. If you get the author's okay, you're in."

It wasn't until after he'd hung up the receiver that Cornel remembered. The camp play, "Emperor Jones." And he was to play the title role. The kids—he'd worked them to a fever pitch and now—how could he let them down?

He read for "Moon Over Mulberry Street" in New York Friday afternoon. He won the part. He caught a train back to New England Saturday morning. He learned the complete long script of "Emperor Jones" on the coach riding north. The camp play was a hit. Cornel left with the worship from the kids he'd coached. And he had a solid start on Broadway—he thought.

But it was a lone and costly triumph for Cornel. His parents still regarded his career icily. And his sudden success cost him his chance at the Olympics.

Cornel had long pointed toward the United States Olympic fencing team. The honor meant plenty to Cornel personally. He was facing rehearsal for "Mulberry Street" when he entered the eliminations. Taking on the play break of his young life and the stiffest saber tournament in the nation didn't faze Cornel. But even Cory Wilde discovered he couldn't be two places at once. He had to withdraw from the Olympics.

There was another sacrifice to make. Cornel had always lived at home with his family. But now he was coming home later, sleeping longer into the morning. He couldn't expect his family to understand the strange rhythms of show business. Cornel moved out.

He has to laugh today when he recalls his first home away from home. It was

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a furnished room of an ancient brownstone boarding-house in the west seventies. The attraction to Cornel was the price—$2.50 a week. An iron bed, an old bureau, and a bare light bulb dangling from the ceiling—three flights up. One thing puzzled him. In the window downstairs a sign said, "Dancing School." It was always in the window upside down and he never heard music or saw any pupils.

One afternoon Cornel came home earlier than usual. As he climbed the stone steps past the "Dancing School" sign, the door swung open. Inside, through a blue haze of smoke, he spied a strange layout. A board hung on the wall, scribbled mysteriously with chalked figures. A motley crowd was passing bills back and forth over a counter lined with telephones. A furtive, little beady eyed man saw Cornel and barked softly, "Wanta bet on a nag, Pal—double ya money?"

"N—no thanks," said Cornel, hotfooting it on upstairs. He knew the mystery now. The "Dancing Schools" along his street were bookie joints on the lam from the law. He decided for the sake of respectability he'd better move. Next he checked into a small hotel.

It was a good thing he learned to live cheaply while the money—all $40 a week of it—rolled in. Because "Moon Over Mulberry Street" closed in the spring and Cornel Wilde found himself at liberty.

He soon discovered that he'd been sitting pretty. Flop followed flop. But even Broadway heartbreaks looked rosy to Cornel from the minute he lost his heart to starry-eyed Patricia Knight.

Cornel's show, "Daughters of Atreus" had opened—and closed. But he didn't care that morning. He was used to flops. He'd saved a few dollars from the debacle and a lucky narration job for a commercial movie had paid off the day before. He'd spent part of it for a trim, new, double breasted blue overcoat and a pearl gray Homburg hat. The rest nested comfortably in his pocket—eighty-six dollars. For Cory Wilde that was prosperity and his hopes were high. A Hollywood scout had spotted him and arranged a Hollywood screen test. Cornel felt loaded with luck as he stepped out of the Columbia Pictures Building at 49th Street and 7th Avenue and walked to a cab. He was standing by the open cab door talking over arrangements for the next day when he looked up Seventh Avenue and saw her—a beautiful blonde in a smart black velvet suit tripping along right toward him. And the instant he looked up he caught her eyes and hers caught his. They stayed caught, Cory's head pivoting, hypnotized until she passed.

He didn't know what had hit him, but it was wonderful. His mouth turned dry and he could barely get his breath. He forgot about the Columbia executive he was talking to. He just slammed the cab door, squeaked, "See you tomorrow," and turned after the vision, brushing wildly through the crowds, afraid he'd lose her.

Cornel followed the girl in the black suit for three blocks. She went in a drug store and sat down for a coke. Cory followed, beating his confused brain. "What do I do? How can I approach her?" He went into a phone booth to figure it out. He came out with no answer. He looked around and his pounding pulse almost stopped dead. She was gone!

During the next two days, Cornel Wilde merely went through the motions, showing up at Columbia for his test (maybe that's why it was so bad) then roaming up and down the fatal neighborhood. On the second day he saw her again. She was going into a building, crowded with theatrical agents' offices. His heart leaped again. She was an actress, for sure. He followed.

**distressing dialogue . . .**

Cornel plunged into fast talk, anything to hold her. He tried gay dialogue, but it wasn't so gay as he'd imagined it would be. She listened him out and then turned on her heels. "I'm sorry," said Patricia Knight, "I have a date—good-bye."

But even in swarming Manhattan, Cupid has a sure-fire lonely hearts club working night and day. Cory got his third chance, and like third chances are supposed to be, it was the charm. Two days after that he saw the beautiful blonde "queening down Broadway" flanked by two young actors.

"Please don't think this is anything personal," lied Cornel, "but you must be an actress and I've just made a test at Columbia and I know they're looking for new people and if you'd care to interview my agent it might be a good idea," he ended, out of breath.

The escorts were not amused, but Cornel's pretty husky. Patricia smiled, "That might be nice," she said. So Cory made an appointment to introduce her to his agent that evening. Cornel saw Patricia every night for ten months after that. It wasn't a very glamorous or swanky courtship. Then one night at her hotel he walked by three good looking, obviously affluent young men sitting in the lobby. He strode to the desk and told the clerk, "Miss Knight, please."

"Suggest you have a seat, sir. Three other gentlemen are waiting for Miss Knight." Cory whirled and stared angrily. He didn't like it. Patricia was his and before he knew it he was running up the steps and pounding on the door of her room. He burst in.

"What are those three guys waiting down there for?" he demanded.

"They're friends of mine," began Pat icily. "And they are acting like gentlemen. They aren't breaking into my room unannounced. If you think—"

Cornel did the only sensible thing. He took Patricia in his arms and kissed her. "Patricia," he pleaded, "will you marry me some day?"

"Cornel," answered Patricia, with the answer she'd had ready for weeks and weeks if the dope had only known it, "I'll marry you any day."

They ducked down the back stairs and her three beaus may be sitting there yet for all Patricia and Cornel know.

They agreed to be sensible and wait a year.

But right away came what looked like a good break for Cornel and Patricia, too. Both grabbed on to a lucky tip and both got parts in Tallulah Bankhead's new play, "Antony and Cleopatra." It looked







ke a sure, solid run. They were excited. year hadn't passed; just one week. But hen they left the office with their con-acts the wonderful idea hit Cornel and atricia at the same time.

"We've got a few days before rehearsal," ought Cory out loud.

"Yes?" said Patricia.

"Let's get married, now—right away!"

A train left every hour on the hour, outh to Philadelphia and Washington. hey were on the next one, bound for lkton, Maryland, where there wasn't any aiting for a license. Between them they ad thirty-five dollars. It took them ex-tly twenty minutes to become Mr. and rs. Cornel Wilde, in a marriage "factory" that Southern Gretna Green. They lled back to New York that evening, ired Patricia's family from the Penn Sta-n and called Cornel's, trying to break e news gently. Patricia wasn't eighteen t. Her father could annul the marriage if wanted to. He'd been down from Boston d met Cornel, but the day he arrived a ck of actor friends poured in and Mr. night wondered what kind of strange ople his daughter had got mixed up ith. But he liked Cornel, and the blessing me back. Cornel's family had learned to pect anything.

Tallulah Bankhead was sympathetic. e had just been married herself to John nery. "I know how it is, kids," she iled. "Go ahead—and God bless you!" e tore up their contracts (now that they ere married the "Antony and Cleopatra" le seemed small potatoes)—and they ere free, like the birds of the air. Too free. They walked, with their guard down, ght into the worst season on Broadway years.

**ve on the dole . . .**

They were living—and eating—although uch of the time it was through the endliness of Perry Franklin, who ran e St. James Hotel on 45th Street, near xth Avenue. The Franklins had seen zens of young couples like the Wildes ase fame right around the corner on oadway. They loved the theater and rry-eyed kids who wooed it. They ked Cory and Patricia Wilde months at ime for the rent of their little room on e 14th floor, up where Broadway's hts winked in the windows like mock-come-ons. Cornel tried to keep the lde family debt down to around two or ee hundred dollars. There were ways pick up money.

Cornel made a quick dollar now and n at Radio City, or reading narration a commercial movie and Patricia, with knockout looks, could always model an advertising photographer.

All the time Cornel beat his brain writ-plays, Patricia's appendicitis attack e him his opportunity. The doctor said eration" and that meant Boston for ricia Knight.

So Pat went up home and to the hospital d while she convalesced Cornel stayed h her family. He sat in the basement seven weeks, leaned over a kitchen le, and batted out a play. It's one led "Legend," his first full-length play, d one incidentally that's red hot to be de into a movie right now.

But he didn't get the chance he'd hoped to play it on Broadway. Back in New k Cornel entered and exited through a olving door of more failures. Things e beginning to get desperate. Not a ny on the bill at the St. James had been d for months.

"Well," said Patricia at last, "one thing I w. I can always get a job dancing in a sical. Who am I to be too proud for chorus?"

o Patricia was dancing in "DuBarry





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Was A Lady" for $35 a week when the big Wilde break came. Cornel had a hunch she shouldn't be. It wasn't too long after her operation, but Patricia pooh-poohed that. If she knew better she never let on. Cornel kept plugging on Broadway, and he got his chance by doing a good deed, just like in the Boy Scout books.

Everyone on Broadway knew of course about Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh's production of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet." It was a main event of the theater season. Cornel heard all the parts were cast, so he didn't bother to join the line-up. But one day a friend of his buttonholed him on the street.

"Say, I'm in a jam," he announced. "I'm up for the part of Paris in 'Romeo and Juliet' and I've got to know how to fence. Will you teach me?"

Cornel stifled his impulse to say "What about me for that part?" Instead he smiled, "Sure." He took him over to the gym and showed him how to handle a sword. When the lessons were over the friend offered to pay. "Forget it," said Cornel.

"Look," came back his friend, "they haven't cast 'Tybalt' yet. Why don't you try? Gosh, you'd be perfect."

That was a tip and Cornel didn't waste a second hurrying over to where the play was being cast. Olivier and Leigh were out in Hollywood. He found every young actor in New York hopefully lined up to see Bob Ross, the co-director who was casting the production.

He read the part. "We'll let you know." He came back and read it again. "Wait." It went on for agonizing days. "Come back tomorrow, for sure," Bob Ross told him at last. "I'm calling Olivier tonight in Hollywood for an okay on you, and I'm going to get it!" The next afternoon when he walked in, a smile met him. "Sold!" Cory Wilde could hardly believe it. He rushed over to the "DuBarry" show to tell Patricia. The stage manager met him at the door. "Patricia's just collapsed on the stage," he said. The thirty weeks in the chorus had been too much. But Cornel's news revived her. She left the show then and snared the part of "Rosalind" in "Romeo and Juliet" the next week. That made it a family affair.

Laurence Olivier had no idea Cornel Wilde could fence when he hired him by telephone from Hollywood. But Cory didn't hesitate to let him know it the first time they met at rehearsals. More than once his expert swordsmanship had paid off. He was no longer backward about it.

"If you need any fencing taught, I can do it," said Cornel.

"Good—you can start on me," smiled Olivier. That added $25 a week to the Wilde family paycheck, and they could use it.

All through the run of "Romeo" a Warner scout pestered Cornel. As soon as the show closed and Olivier sailed for England, Cory began to listen attentively. Finally he signed.

Cornel didn't know he was being typed and filed when he made the tests—and that what they tagged him with was the last thing in the world he wanted.

In his first picture, he played the role of a Mexican heavy.

Cornel was puzzled but he thought, after all, you have to start. So he played "Mendoza," the Mexican menace, and to this day, Raoul Walsh, who directed the picture calls him "The great Mendoza" whenever he sees Cory. It didn't seem exactly the way to start rivalling Errol Flynn's career, but Cornel didn't catch on that he was being groomed for a stock bit player until his next job, "The Lady With Red Hair." His "part" turned out to be three lines. He had no dressing room. He didn't have a stand-in, which was okay, but he found out, definitely, where he stood by a little incident that happened the first day.

During a lull in the shooting, hot coffee was trundled onto the set and the actors all gathered around for a cup. Cornel wandered up for his.

"Not you," said the assistant director.

"What do you mean, 'not me'?"

"This coffee's just for the principals," explained the set boss. "Not bit players—sorry."

Cornel's face turned crimson. That night he called Hallam Cooley, who was then his agent. "What sort of a runaround am I getting, anyway?" he demanded.

"Take it easy," his agent advised him. "Just be a good boy and do what they tell you. You'll get ahead."

Christmas Eve, that year, came ten days before option time. The spirit of the holidays filled Cory and Patricia Wilde. They forgot the disappointments temporarily. They were home drinking a toast to a new season, a new future. "Something good's bound to break," Cornel was telling himself. The telephone rang about then. It was his agent, Hal Cooley.

"Hi, Cornel," he said. "Say—can you take it?"

"Sure," said Cornel, feeling a chunk of ice suddenly sitting over his heart, "What?"

"Warner's have dropped your option. But we'll try elsewhere. Well—Merry Christmas!"

**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933**

Of MODERN SCREEN, published monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1946.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of the MODERN SCREEN and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Editor, Albert Delacorte, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Managing Editor, none. Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

(Signed) HELEN MEYER, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of September, 1946.
(SEAL) JEANNETTE SMITH. (My Commission expires March 30, 1948.)

"Thanks," said Cornel. "Same to you."

Cornel had made one good friend at Warners. Jerry Asher, a big hearted publicity man who has helped lots of young players over rough spots, told the Goldstone agency about Cornel. He took Cornel around for an interview and Nat and Charles Goldstone agreed that Cornel Wilde was star stuff. But their keen eyes caught more than talent—they saw the anxious lines and shadows on Cornel's face.

"What's eating you?" asked Nat. "Come on, let's have it."

"I'm broke," confessed Cornel. "I'll have to get a job fast."

"You'll never get it by worrying," the agent said. "In fact, if you worry, you'll fluff your chances. You're on salary here—$50 a week, until you land a job—how's that?"

It was swell with Cornel—and of course by now the Goldstones have got their gamble back and plenty more too; they're still Cornel's agents. But it was six months, to the day, before he landed that job. In those six months, the Goldstones promoted screentests with every studio in town, and today, looking back at Cornel Wilde's record, some of the reports are pretty funny.

At Universal, for instance, he got—"Nice looking—but too much personality." (Cornel's still trying to figure that one out!)

At RKO: "His head's too small for his body." (Cory cracked right back, "A few good parts can fix that!") Columbia, where he later became the hottest leading man they'd had in years, judged him: "Good for occasional bits and spot casting—but he'll never play leads!" At M-G-M, "Might be okay for heavies" (the Warner influence). The best wrong guess of all was at Paramount, where thumbs went down because, "he's too dark for Technicolor." Cornel has never done anything but color pictures since "A Song to Remember!"

**last laugh . . .**

Outside of his agents, only two people reacted to the Wilde personality in all that time, which shows you how sure-fire the Hollywood experts are. One, Director George Sidney, begged M-G-M to grab Cory. Another director, Charles Vidor, had fenced with Cornel a few times at the Hollywood Athletic Club. He knew what Cory had, but Columbia, Vidor's studio, couldn't see him then for the dust. Later Vidor had the satisfaction of "I told you so" by directing the same Cornel Wilde in "A Song to Remember" at Columbia. But that's Hollywood.

When Cornel's break did come, at Twentieth Century-Fox, it was surprisingly smooth and simple—although Cornel did everything he could to make certain it would click. His agents lined up the test and Cornel got an okay on his interview with Darryl Zanuck. But they let him choose what he wanted to read. Cornel's mind reeled back to the day he met Patricia on the street in New York. Now it was funny, in retrospect, romantic, cute.

He sat down at his typewriter and rattled out the skit like lightning. It started just as his romance with Patricia had started, with the same awkward words that were right off the cob. . . .

"Pardon me, but haven't I met you somewhere before?"

"You certainly *haven't!*" Cory got lost in his memories, took it from there and batted out a laugh a minute. He made the test. That, he found out later, was what won him his contract. Darryl Zanuck wanted to find a new actor who was romantic, dashing, and could handle light comedy to boot. Cornel fitted that description like a kid glove. When John Shelton fell ill on the eve of "The Perfect Snob," Darryl Zanuck ordered his new actor right into

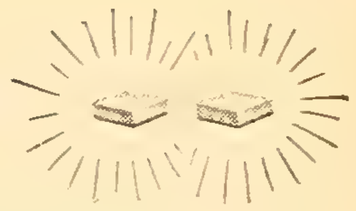





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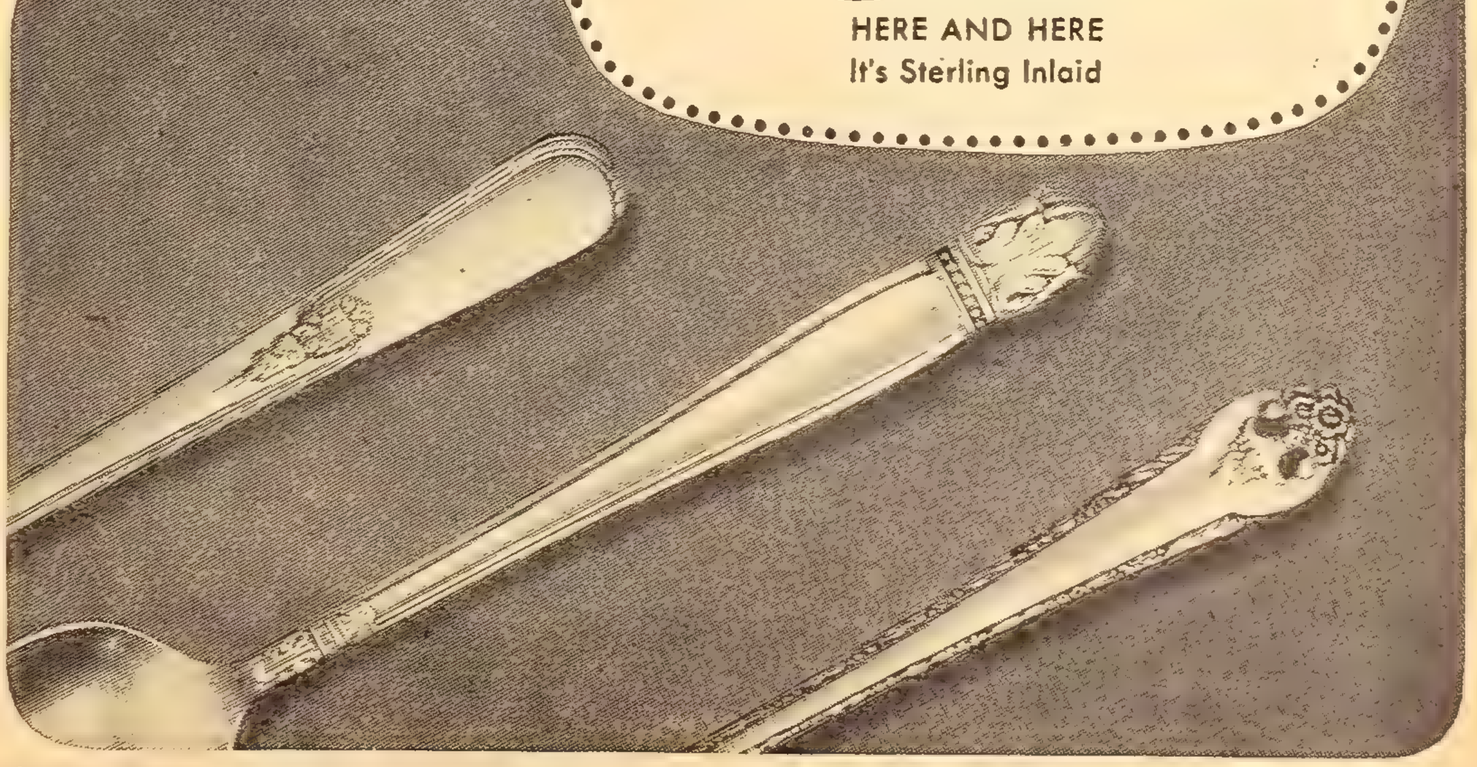
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the lead. But trouble was ahead.

Cornel doesn't like to focus his memory on those long months at Twentieth, before they discovered what a star they had. It's too painful, for various reasons. Patricia was ill practically all of the time. She'd never recovered from her exhaustion in New York, and there were now other health complications. Much of the time she was expecting her baby daughter, Wendy, and not having an easy time of it. Cornel raced home anxiously at the lunch hour, fixed food, gobbled some himself and raced back. When the set closed at six, he'd have to market and whip up dinner.

The brightest ray in all those gray days for Cory Wilde broke through one Washington's Birthday. That's when he got a phone call on the set of "Wintertime," stuttered, "Excuse m—me—gotta go, now" and shot out the door, picture or no picture, part or no part. He called back in a few minutes from the hospital, where he'd raced in the car with Patricia, explaining his exit. That's the day Wendy was born. She was more than the daughter they'd wanted and tried for years to have. Wendy turned out to be the lucky charm of Daddy Wilde's Hollywood career.

**lucky charm . . .**

Cornel and Patricia and Wendy were up at Santa Barbara on vacation when the long distance call came. For Patricia the vacation was a rest-up.

"Get in your car," said Nat Goldstone, "and hurry down here as fast as you can. You've got a test tomorrow to play 'Chopin' in 'A Song to Remember.'"

Cory was in his shorts, the water was swell at the Santa Barbara Biltmore, he was beginning to feel human again, Patricia was perking up and Wendy, too. He had an impulse to say "nuts" to the idea.

"Listen," he said. "Tell them if they want to test me they can wait till I get back. I'm tired of tests anyway." Cornel knew that every actor in town had tested for "Chopin," far bigger names than his. Tested and refused. They would run him through like a shirt through a washing machine, say "No," and there went a swell holiday. No thanks.

"You didn't let me finish," said Nat. "Charles Vidor's doing the picture and he'll shoot your test."

Cornel's heart bounced. "That's different!" Charles Vidor was an old fencing opponent at the Athletic Club. He had always boosted Cornel's stock. Now he did it again. At first, Columbia didn't even want to interview Cornel Wilde for "Chopin." "Oh yeah, we know him," they told Vidor. "Too big and husky to be a sick pianist." But Vidor wouldn't take no. Whenever another star possibility flunked, he'd suggest, "Let's test Wilde." After the first test, Sidney Buchman, the producer, was on Cory's side, too. It took three more tests to cinch the verdict with the Columbia bosses. When they did agree, it was certainly no chore to make arrangements with Darryl Zanuck for Cornel. He wanted Alexander Knox, a Columbia star for his pet picture, "Wilson." Twentieth traded Cornel for "Song to Remember" and five more pictures.

**no costume! . . .**

He won the final "Okay" two days before the picture started. Time was so short he couldn't have a wardrobe made. He started work in a rented suit from Western Costume. On opening day he had to "play" a concert piece. Cornel's piano work in the picture remains one of the greatest achievements of manual acting in screen history. It was "faking," but expert faking. Jose Iturbi actually played the melodies, but Cornel's fingers hit the right keys at the right time, in the right way. There

were no deceptive "cuts," no shots over his back, no switch to "double" hands on.

In fact, Cornel was so close to his part for so long that he had no idea what to expect the night he drove with Patricia to Pomona for the first sneak preview. He was nervous as a racehorse and to make matters worse, they got off to a late start, so he had to drive like the wind all the way. By the time they covered the fifty miles from Hollywood, the theater was crammed. Cornel and Patricia climbed up to the second balcony, in the last row. They craned their necks and looked down just as the title sheet flashed on the screen, "Starring CORNEL WILDE." It actually said it, in large white letters. Cory gripped Pat's hand. He didn't let go all through the picture.

And of all the tributes that poured in to convince Cornel Wilde that he was a star at last, the one he treasures most came from his critical father. "I'm proud of you," it read. "For the first time in a picture I have no fault to find with my son."

But an even bigger thrill to make Cory Wilde's happiness complete came the day Darryl Zanuck saw Pat with Cornel in Ciro's and told her, "You can test for a contract whenever you want." For a while Pat felt that Wendy was too young but now things are different. And with Darryl Zanuck hunting a story to co-star them—well, how happy can you get?

The other night Cornel came home loaded with gaudy travel folders. "It's all arranged," he told Pat, plopping them down on the coffee table. "S-h-h-h," he shushed, when she started to speak. "No back talk. Here's the ticket on the Matson Line and here are the hotel reservations at the Royal Hawaiian. Here's a check for a new tropical outfit, and here," he unloaded the other arm, "are two dozen American beauties for my beautiful bride. We leave in the spring when it's fit and proper to take a second honeymoon."

Pat sighed. "It all sounds too perfect," she said. "But I know you. What if another picture comes up along about then?"

"Then they'll just have to make it in Hawaii," said Cornel. "Nothing's going to stop our honeymoon. After all you've been through you deserve it!"

"So do you," said Pat softly. "After what you've been through."

I think anyone who knows Cornel Wilde would agree with that, and as his wife, Pat says—she knows him, best of all.

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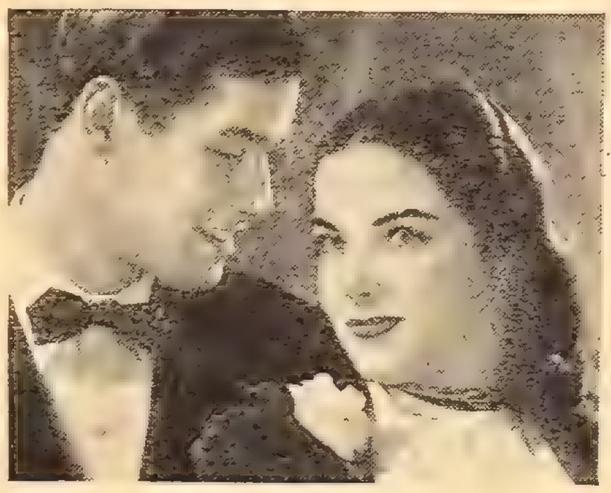
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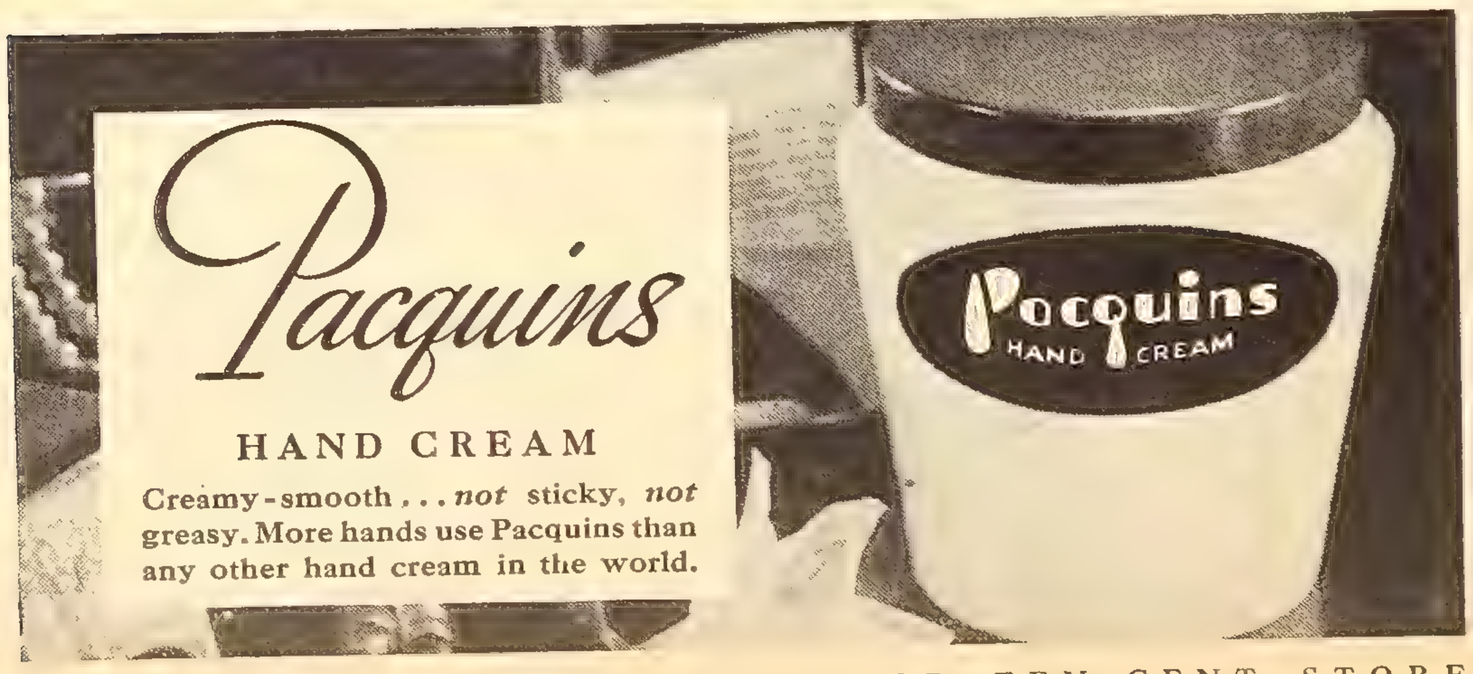
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## THANKSGIVING FOR JEANNE

*(Continued from page 33)*

with it, a little more self-confidence. By the end of the year she had her own group of intimates, and the thought of leaving them and the school and Sister Mary Miles struck terror to her heart. Especially to go to a huge impersonal place like Inglewood High, with 2,500 students and half of them *boys*.

Mother was torn between wanting them to stay at St. Mary's, and being fair to Father. He was proud of his girls, and it seemed his just due to have them at Inglewood. There was also the question of fees at St. Mary's.

"But if I win a scholarship, Father," Jeanne pleaded.

He didn't say yes and he didn't say no. It was sort of left hanging. But even a slim hope was enough for Jeanne. Her grades had always been good. Now she flung herself into her work with a passion. This was a crisis in her life. She *had* to stay at St. Mary's.

And stay she did. Whether it was the scholarship (which of course she won) or the intensity of her feeling, didn't much matter. It was probably a combination of the two that made Father yield—at least for the time being. Jeanne was a freshman, a soph and a junior at St. Mary's. Then the blow fell. Not as a surprise, of course. She'd seen it coming, yet hoped against hope that something might happen to keep it from coming. She argued, but all the arguments had been used up long ago. She wept—not as a persuasive measure but because she couldn't help it. She prayed her young heart out, she and Rita both. Poor Rita would have to give up *three* years at St. Mary's. It wasn't that they couldn't see Father's side—they could—and this should have lessened the anguish, but somehow it didn't....

Mother finally said: "I thought perhaps your father could be won over, but he can't be—"

Sister Mary Miles said: "Your parents are your instructors, Jeanne. You're bound to take what they give you with a good heart—"

Father said: "It's only one year out of all your school years—"

"But the most important one, Father—"

The year to which all the others had led. A misty faraway goal at first—because when you were little, seniors were creatures so shining and splendid, it didn't seem possible you could ever be one. As you grew older, the radiance changed without dimming. And now that it lay within your grasp, to see it go glimmering! —the senior play and the senior prom and graduating with your class among people you knew and loved....

When school closed that year, her chums didn't know that Jeanne wasn't coming back. She couldn't bear to tell them. Besides, the summer was long. And even though she knew there was no more hope, hope continued to flicker—faint, forlorn and illogical—somewhere down in the depths of her desolation—

Till the day Mother said: "Well, we'd better start shopping for your school clothes, girls—"

**no more uniforms . . .**

They looked at her, at each other, and burst into tears. Red-eyed, they accompanied her to the shops. Blue skirts and white blouses, sweaters and scarlet jackets and bobbysocks. Mother tried to inject some life into the proceedings—

"Do you like the color, dear?"

"Yes, it's all right—"

"Maybe you'd rather try something else—"

"No, it doesn't matter—"

Nothing mattered. They have given all the colors in the rainbow for the dear black uniform and stiff white collar of St. Mary's . . .

Just before school started, Jeanne went to see Sister Mary Miles. How strange it felt, walking through the gate in sweater and skirt and bobbysocks. But Sister didn't seem to find it strange at all. "That looks like a very nice outfit for school," she said. Jeanne felt the tears rising again, and bit them back. She'd cried enough. What good did it do to cry—?

**life's gifts . . .**

Sister Mary Miles was smiling at her. "You'll find compensation, Jeanne. When they come, don't fight them. Take thankfully whatever gifts life brings you—"

The first day at Inglewood was as awful as she'd thought it would be. People swarming around, noise beating on your ears. Everyone seemed to know everyone else but Jeanne. If she was shy at St. Mary's, she was paralyzed here. To cap the climax, a dreadful thing happened—

When the bell rang at St. Mary's, it meant prayers. At Inglewood, it just meant that you changed classes. But the habit of seven years was strong on Jeanne, and at the sound of the bell she slipped to her knees. It took her only a second to realize her blunder, and nobody indicated by so much as a look or sign that they'd noticed. But she went through the rest of the day, shaken and heartsick.

Day followed day. She took each as it came and tried not to think ahead, not to draw contrasts or keep dreaming of how it would have been at St. Mary's. Just when the darkness began to lift she couldn't have said. But one day she found herself laughing with another girl, and one evening she found herself at a football game. The school had a fine team that year. At first she'd been inclined to feel that nothing they hadn't done at St. Mary's could be fun, but she had to admit in all candor that the game *was* fun.

**shy boy meets shy girl . . .**

One of the girls came up with a boy and introduced him. He was on the team, and he was also in her geometry class but they'd never talked. Now he sat down—

"I've been noticing you for a long time," he said.

"Have you—?" In the matter of small talk, Jeanne hadn't improved much.

He blushed. That was funny. Maybe he was shy too, a thought which made her feel suddenly less so. "I—I think your hair's so pretty. You don't wear it like most of the girls—"

"No, I wear it longer. It's not very stylish—"

"Then I guess I like it unstylish—" They both smiled. "Look, would you—I mean, I'd like to take you to the next game—"

She had no brothers, and boys had never been part of her everyday life. Those she'd met at dances had been very polite. Compared with them, the average high school boy had struck her as pretty rough-and-ready. Now she got to know him. She found he was more casual than those she'd been used to, but awfully nice.

Then another nice thing happened. Every year the boys chose their composite ideal girl who was glorified in the school paper. She'd have this one's eyes and the other one's complexion and somebody else's mouth. That year she had Jeanne Crain's hair and Jeanne Crain's practice of using no make-up. Jeanne was the only girl in her class who didn't use it and, strangely enough, the boys approved . . .

But what really took her breath away

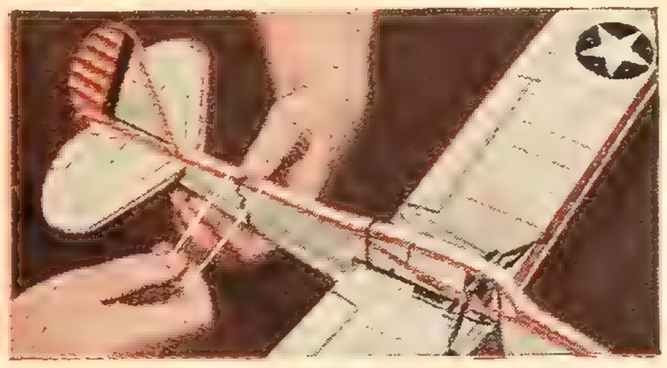




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was being put up as one of the forty candidates for Grid Queen. If you've gone to a co-ed highschool, you know what being Grid Queen means. So far that year, Inglewood High was unbeaten, which made the prospect even more alluring. When the names were called at a student body assembly and Jeanne heard her own, she just didn't believe it. Each of the forty had to get up and walk across the stage, which would have been pretty embarrassing normally, only Jeanne was too numb with amazement even to quake. All she could think was, how *nice* of them when they hardly *knew* her—!

Next thing, she was having her picture taken. It went up with thirty-nine others on the bulletin board, and parties swung into action—

"I don't have a chance," said Jeanne, "I'm not the type—" And it wasn't false modesty. She truly didn't think she fitted the pattern of the ideal sweetheart of the football team—

"Time will tell," said Rita, who'd suddenly grown very mysterious and seemed to know a lot about what went on behind scenes.

**campaigning . . .**

Anyway, of the eight or ten names that promptly pulled into the lead, Jeanne's was one, and for two weeks everybody lost their minds. Rita and Ray, Jeanne's beau on the team, managed the campaign for her and electioneered like mad—organized get-out-the-vote squads and tried to find out what their rivals had up their sleeves—had cards printed with JEANNE CRAIN FOR GRID QUEEN and went around snapping them on people's lapels—sent up Jeanne Crain balloons and hung Jeanne Crain posters from the balconies at noon. Five times a day Rita canvassed the school, and night after night had her cohorts up at the house to report—

"Now," moaned Mother, "I know what the Roosevelts go through—"

In the end it boiled down to a race between Jeanne and one other. All hands on both sides redoubled their efforts. Though in a sense the battle raged around her, Jeanne was thankful that she herself could stay in the background. It wasn't like the scholarship, or like trying out for a play. That depended on your own efforts and capability. This depended on other people. All you could do was sit back and wait . . .

Evenings, when the crowd came up for their pep sessions, Jeanne would slip over next door to help Auntie Bee with the holiday decorations. They painted placecards with pumpkins, and made little fluted paper cups to hold sugar walnuts. They worked on the scene for the buffet. It was "Over the River and Through the Woods" this year—cotton batting snow sparkling with mica, and the crowded sleigh gliding over it, and off in the distance a lighted house, with Grandmother in her cap standing at the open doorway and Grandfather looking over her shoulder. Once that was finished, they'd start on the table centerpiece of autumn leaves and a cornucopia spilling out goodies like turkeys whose bodies were made of sugar doughnuts, with toothpicks for legs and a pair of gumdrops for shoes . . .

In this atmosphere of peace and good cheer, Jeanne relaxed. When she'd taken care of the cookies and cokes at home, Mother'd come over and they'd all talk about everything but Grid Week—about how many they'd have at table this year—about Uncle Hugh and his family who were coming from the east. About whether to have a goose for a change, or a big ham. The discussion went forward just as vigorously as if they didn't all know how it was going to end—

With Mom saying: "Thanksgiving means

turkey. Let's get the biggest gobbler we can find—" And somehow they always did. Every year's turkey was always bigger than last year's.

Maybe just before they left, Dad—who'd been born in Ireland and dearly loved to tease—would look up at his granddaughter over the top of his paper. "When's this off-year election I've been hearing rumors about?"

And Mom would come back at him: "As if you didn't know it was Friday, and you on worse tenterhooks than anyone else—"

And Jeanne would laugh softly and kiss them both goodnight.

**will power . . .**

On Friday she couldn't shake the dust of school from her feet fast enough. Rita and Ray were going to wait for the returns. The very thought of waiting with them gave Jeanne the shudders. Win or lose, she couldn't face the ordeal.

Hurrying home, she kept telling herself: "It's not really important. If you'd stayed at St. Mary's, none of this would have happened, and it wouldn't have made any difference to you *who* was elected Grid Queen at Inglewood High—" But of course she wanted to win. Any girl would—

In her room she picked up a book. "I won't look at the clock till I've read this much—that'll take half an hour—" Next time she looked at the clock, it was five minutes later. Mother stuck her head in once or twice, but didn't say much— "What time did they think they'd be back?"

"Around five, they thought, but you never can tell—"

It was 5:30 when she heard them come up the drive, and met them halfway in the living room. One look at their faces, and she knew. They were two of the longest faces she'd ever seen. "Well, it's too bad—" murmured Ray. Rita didn't say a word.

Jeanne's head went up. She'd be gallant or die in the attempt. "Don't mind so much. It's not the end of the world. Somebody *had* to lose—" The speech sounded all right, but her voice didn't. If only Ray would go—then she could cry first and be gallant later—

Suddenly Rita's arms went around her. "I think we're horrible, Ray, and I can't stand it. Darling, you *won*—!"

"Well, which *is* it?" asked Mother, who'd had about all she could take—

**flat joke . . .**

She'd won. The gag had seemed a good idea on the way home, but after the first minute it began to look sick. . . . The rest of the evening was a gay but confusing patchwork of phone calls and congratulations and kids dropping in to celebrate and general excitement, with the family sort of beaming around in the background. One of the girls, who'd been a princess last year, was describing the big event. "—Then the football captain hands you this enormous bouquet—"

Auntie Bee pricked up her ears. "There's an idea. What say we skip the cornucopia and use the bouquet for a Thanksgiving centerpiece? With Her Majesty's permission, that is—"

"Oh, that would be wonderful—" Then Her Majesty's jaw dropped. "But suppose they don't *give* me any—!"

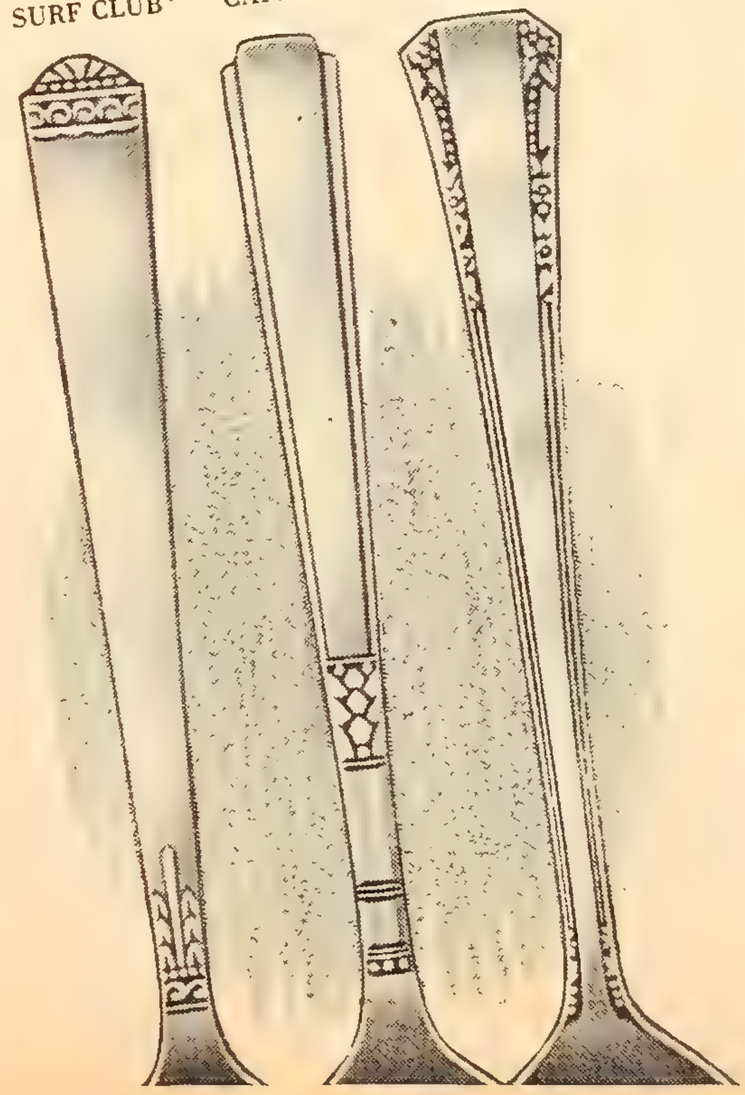
But of course they did. A little smile touched Jeanne's lips as she lay in the swing, dreaming the whole thing over again. The football field at night, and the first half over. You in your ivory gown and long-trained robe of gold, waiting for the signal. The hush that fell over the crowd as you stepped out, and started slowly down the field toward the throne. The prayer that your pounding heart wouldn't suffocate you before you got there. The mist in front of your eyes that


*Your guiding star to silver beauty*



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What you do is rub warming Vicks VapoRub on throat, chest and back at bedtime. Even as you rub it on, VapoRub starts right to work to relieve distress.

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**IT STIMULATES** chest and back surfaces like a nice warming poultice.

And . . . VapoRub keeps up this special penetrating-stimulating action for hours to bring relief *while the child sleeps.* Often by morning most distress of the cold is gone.

Remember... only VapoRub gives this special penetrating-stimulating action. So be sure you get the one and only Vicks VapoRub.

**Used by 88 out of 100 Mothers in Rochester**

In a special door-to-door survey in Rochester, N. Y.—a typical American city—88 out of every 100 mothers called on said they use Vicks VapoRub whenever their children catch cold. So benefit from their experience . . . and when anyone in *your* family catches cold, rub on Vicks VapoRub. When you see what grand relief it brings you'll understand why *most mothers always use Vicks VapoRub!*




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suddenly cleared when you thought of your family watching, a thought that sent your head a little higher . . .

The princesses grouped round the throne. The crownbearer with the crown on its satin cushion. The student body president lifting it and placing it on your head—"I crown thee Grid Queen—" The roar that went up. The truly enormous sheaf of golden flowers laid in your arm, and the captain of the team leading you to the throne. The girls—just like ladies-in-waiting in a storybook—arranging your train as you sat down. Six football huskies lifting the throne with you on it, and the dizzying sensation as they carried you to the fifty-yard line, and the sense of relief when they set you down.

It was funny when you came to think of it—Jeanne the timid, Jeanne the scaredycat, sharing the spotlight with Inglewood's unbeaten team. And *liking* it! Being dazzled and exhilarated by it—! A thought shot through her head—the same thought she'd had on the way home last Friday, but now it came barbed with pain. If she'd stayed at St. Mary's, none of this would have happened, and here she was being glad it had happened. Did that make her disloyal? Suppose she'd known in advance—how would she have chosen—?

Then she heard the voice of Sister Mary Miles. "You'll find compensations. Don't fight them. Take thankfully whatever happy gifts life brings you—"

Her heart lightened. There were no questions to answer. The choice had been made for her. She'd always known that Sister Mary Miles must be right. But now she'd learned the lesson for herself.

## "TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY"

(PRODUCTION)

(*Continued on page 57*)

ganization made up of former Flying Tigers who now have an express service which drops items by parachute, to be on the receiving end of their first cargo to be dropped at San Francisco. As a reward, they also dropped for her a complete set of sterling silver. June lived in terror that their aim would be so accurate that the sterling silver would hit her directly in the face. . . . After the picture was finished, Bob Walker and Dorothy Patrick were called back for a re-take on a love scene. The original version had been too torrid to pass censorship. . . . One of the love scenes between Bob and Dorothy took place on location at Talloc Knolls, near the Santa Anita race track, and was continually spoiled by interruptions from Joe Hernandez, announcing the races from over the hill. "I love you, darling," Bob would say, and then Joe's voice came floating over and onto the sound track: "It's Honeymoon in front by three lengths, Please Me on the rail—and here comes Bold Impulse". . . . For one of her dance scenes, June Allyson was given her choice of dainty toe rubbers or galoshes, and naturally chose the more flattering toe rubbers. When she found that she had to dance in a downpour, for which five thousand gallons of water were used, she hastily changed her mind. . . . The deluge promptly turned June's hair into doll-like curls, and the solution for keeping her hair in place was finally found in the light chemical spray used by Esther Williams in swimming scenes. . . . Kathryn Grayson had personal problems during the shooting of the film when Throckmorton, her St. Bernard dog, wandered onto a golf course and proceeded to swallow a few golf balls. He landed in a dog hospital where the golf balls were finally recovered.

# HAPPINESS - TAYLOR MADE

(*Continued from page 59*)

with his suspenders hanging and his hands full of cuff links and collar buttons. "I distinctly remember—"

"Had is right," Bob muttered, from the dresser. "I've got it on."

"Hey listen. ."

"With one clean shirt between us," said Bob solemnly, "I would remind you whose wife is arriving tonight. You can darned well keep your blouse on."

"If you weren't my best friend . . ."

"There you have it," said Bob equably. "What are best friends for?"

"Imagine the Old Man splurgin' like this. Good Lord, the food at Antoine's—and me with ulcers. You're sure you told the Queen all she ought to know about Navy protocol? I'd hate to have anything go wrong."

"Nothing will go wrong. Remember your ulcers and stop worrying. And for Pete's sake, let's get going!"

They got going. They made the station just as the train pulled in. They made Antoine's just as Admiral Hardison arrived. Bob had a cocktail before dinner—one—Barbara had water, and Paul had milk, as prescribed by his physician. Then, in Paul's car, the three of them set out for the theater where they would meet the rest of the party for the screening.

Or, anyway, that was the idea. On Canal Street, Paul, who was driving, stopped at a red light. When it turned green he discovered the motor had died. He tromped hard on the starter and accelerator. "Mmpf," said the motor.

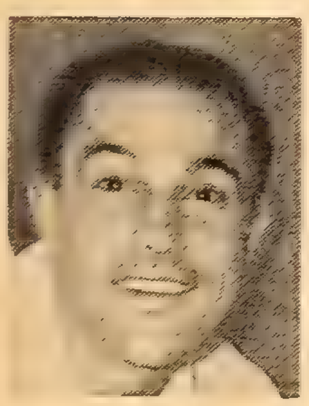
Horns, in a typical New Orleans temper, sounded behind them. Two red lights came and went, and now the horns were a swelling cacophony, and a burly policeman was trotting in their direction from the intersection. Just as he reached the car the motor coughed and began purring; the green signal flashed on; Paul nervously shifted into low.

"Get that heap out of heah," bellowed the cop, "or Ah'll run you in!"

This was too much. Paul, his ulcers shrieking and his face aglow with righteous fury, said, "Listen, you—" and proceeded, in succinct sentences, to tell the fellow off. That did it.

"You," said the cop, "are under arrest." And blew his whistle. A reinforcement cop responded. Recognizing the insignia of the lt.-commander and the lieutenant, he directed the arresting officer to take his arrestees to the Shore Patrol. He did.

## I SAW IT HAPPEN



*As Gene Kelly stepped out of a theater in New York, fans rushed to mob him. A few minutes later, a policeman came over and tried to extricate Gene from the throng of boys and girls surrounding him. One young miss, who looked like a typical bobbysoxer, persisted in hanging onto Gene's arm. "Now see here, miss," yelled the policeman, "get along now and leave Mr. Kelly alone!" "You leave her alone!" cried Gene indignantly. "That's my wife!"*

*Barbara Bernstein*
*Lawrence, N. Y.*


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*Teresa Wright...*

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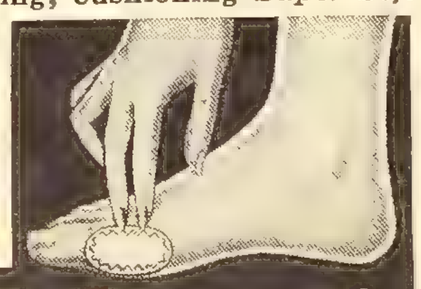



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*Dr Scholl's Zino-pads*


"Bob," said Paul unhappily, "you and Barbara go on. Get a cab or something. The Admiral would never understand—"

Barbara had her hands on her hips, and was standing with her feet a little distance apart. A wisp of hair had slipped over one eye, and through it she was peering at the cop. "Bob goes on alone," she said. "I have work to do here."

The picture of misery, Lt. Taylor strode out. At the theater he said to the Admiral, "Flat tire, sir. They'll be along in a few minutes. I came ahead so you wouldn't hold up the screening."

"These things will happen, my boy," said the Old Man.

**a new cosmetic . . .**

Barbara and Paul reached the theater and started down the aisle just as "The End" flashed on the screen. Doing an about-face, they joined the Admiral and his party in the lobby. "We only missed a few minutes of it, Admiral," she told him, in her blandest voice; she had a very high color, he noticed, and a glitter in her eye which he had not noticed at dinner. Very becoming.

Later, at a further party which the Admiral had decided was in order, Bob, Barbara and Paul managed a moment alone in a hallway. "Okay, let's have it," Bob said, and Paul began to laugh.

"What a woman!" he said. "The Queen was wonderful, and I'm cured of at least one of my ulcers. Barbara talked to those guys in their own language, and when she got through we had official apologies from the inspector and even the Chief of Police. They wanted to know if we would prefer charges against the cop for false arrest—he'd booked us for drunken driving and disturbing the peace—but Barbara got soft-hearted."

"Well, good heavens," Barbara said, "he's already had several serious complaints against him. This would have ruined his career on the police force." She yawned. "It's after two. The train was exhausting, and I can't say this has been a restful evening. Let's go. I'll just say goodnight to the Admiral . . ."

"Come back here!" shouted Bob and Paul, with one voice. "You can't leave 'til the Admiral does. None of us can. It's Navy etiquette."

"But he's so full of pep," Barbara protested. "He may decide to stay up all night."

"Then we stay up all night."

They got home at 5:30.

"Bob," said Barbara to Paul the next day, while waiting for Bob at dinner, "has written me so many reams of letters mentioning your name that I should know all about you. But you know how men write letters—all I really found out was that you are the swellest guy in the world, that you were the top man in picture exhibition circles before you went in the Navy in 1942, that you've promised Bob to come to Hollywood and have a shot at the game when the war's over, and that you and he are room-mates. We've got about half an hour before he gets here. Why don't you shed a little light, Commander?"

Paul gave the menu a despairing glance, noting particularly such items as bouillabaise and frogs' legs Creole, then reached for his glass of milk. "It started in 1943," he said. "I'd heard Bob was joining up and knew at once he'd be perfect for a job I had in mind, so I put in a request for him.

"They told me he'd have to finish his flight training first, so I had to wait. I don't suppose he ever told you this, but he was graduated third in a class of 157 men."

"No," Barbara said, "he never told me."

"Well, when he was finally sent to me at the Navy's Flight Instructors School, he was assigned three collateral jobs, all going at once: Making flight training pictures; broadcasting on a radio show; and on top of that, flight instructor. He lectures magnificently. He has patience—and he *knows* people."

"When does he have time for flying?"

"The Navy takes care of that, ma'am." Paul paused for a moment.

"It's sweet to be talking to you, Queen. It was a big disappointment when you were sick and couldn't make it down for the Lieutenant's graduation. That's the only time I ever saw him really excited. He hardly ever gripes otherwise. Except when he wanted overseas duty and the Navy felt he was more valuable as an instructor. He's one of the finest, you know. Sure, he's a swell flyer, but plenty of swell flyers don't make good as instructors. Bob's a perfectionist. And calm. His students love him."

"You know him pretty well now, Paul, don't you?" Barbara asked.

"Honey, we've worked, played, griped and laughed together. You know a guy then—or never. Bob's worst fault is that he underestimates himself."

"I know," admitted Barbara. "The Taylor modesty is solid. I'm afraid Bob's always going to be the quiet, solid citizen type—and what's wrong with that?"

"Not a thing," said Paul. "Why do I go on talking? I haven't told you anything about Bob you don't already know—"

"Except what a friend he's made—"

"Who? Me?"

"That's the Short of it, sir!" grinned Barbara.

It was late summer, 1946, and the Robert Taylors were fairly well settled—albeit grudgingly—in the small Beverly Hills house Barbara and her son, Anthony (Skip) Stanwyck, and Uncle Buck, her godfather, had occupied during Bob's absence. Only the day before, the real estate broker who was supposed to have discovered a house of decent size and condition for them had relayed its asking price: Just double what it could conceivably be worth.

Which took care of that.

This was breakfast. It was early, eight in the morning, because of the interminable list of activities scheduled for the weekend. Barbara, Bob, Skip and Uncle Buck sat (somewhat glumly, except for Skip, who at 14 is perpetually ebullient) waiting for the coffee to perk.

**both feet on the ground . . .**

"I thought Paul was coming to breakfast," Bob said. "He told me last night—"

"Breakfast for Paul means ten, on weekends," Barbara said. "Particularly now that he's well again."

"You busy today?"

Cautiously: "Why?"

"I'm going to do some flying. Thought you might like to come along. I know airplanes scare you to death, but it's a beautiful day and I'll take it easy, and we can fly over the city."

"But I went flying with you once."

"Ah!" said Mr. Taylor.

"And besides, the town will look just the same. I'm going to spend the morning, if possible, catching up on my reading. Why don't you take 'The Lowells and Their Seven Worlds,' which I know darned well you haven't read yet, and join me?"

Two small horns sprouted readily from either side of Bob's forehead. "I've read a book," he announced. "What would it be but pages with a lot of printing?"

"Mother," said Skip, "you've upset your coffee."

"Skip," Barbara said suddenly, "have you finished your packing? And what about the laundry tags on your linens?"

There was a prolonged silence.

"I thought so," said Barbara. "Well, that settles that. I pack Skip for school, and

fasten on laundry tags. You go flying."

"No," Bob said, "if you're really stuck for the day I'll go to Lancaster and bag some doves. I don't like that plane too much anyway—especially for flying alone. Just wait till I get my new Beechcraft!"

Barbara shuddered. "Man, in my firm belief, is not yet ready to fly." She picked up the "Hollywood Reporter" and held it pointedly before her face. A moment later she gave a little exclamation. "Have you seen this, about Dickie Moore?"

"He's a young man now, isn't he? What'd he do, get married?"

**remember dickie moore? . . .**

"He's in the Sawtelle Veterans Hospital with paralysis, from some obscure bug he picked up in Saipan. That sweet kid. I've loved him ever since he played my son in 'So Big.' Twenty years old and paralyzed."

"Aw, that's rotten."

"I can go to see him this afternoon. And send some stuff over. . . ."

An hour later, after Bob had gone and Uncle Buck had left to walk down to the drug store for cigarettes and Barbara and Skip were deep in a pile of underclothes in his room, the maid came to announce Mr. Paul Short's arrival. Leaving Skip looking vague among his open suitcases, Barbara trotted downstairs.

"It's been ages," she said reproachfully. "Where've you *been*?"

"I was over here for dinner night before last," he reminded her. The maid brought him his breakfast on a tray, and he lifted a piece of toast, holding it suspended halfway to his mouth while he listened. "What in heaven's name is that?"

"It's Dinky, that French poodle Bob gave me when he came back. Dinky has very definite ideas about people. He decided to tolerate me, but he gave his heart to Uncle Buck—and now whenever Uncle Buck leaves the house, Dinky sits down and shrieks with anguish until he comes back. The neighbors tell me it's getting to be more than they can bear."

"I should think it would be. You never told me much about Uncle Buck. Is he really your uncle? He's such a sprightly and dapper fellow—always reminds me of half a dancing team."

"And you're so right. He used to be. Buck Mack, remember? He's actually my godfather, but he's dearer to us than most relatives could possibly be. He's 'show folks,' with a heart bigger than he is, and he saw me through that whole bad time while Bob was gone."

"It was for him you built that suite onto the garage, then?"

"Yes—when it began to look as if we couldn't get a house for love nor money. My hat, we could almost have built one for what that room cost—the silly little crackerbox was $4,500!"

"The maid said Bob had gone dove hunting, and you were going out to Sawtelle."

Barbara's eyes clouded. "Will you drive me out?"

"If you'll have roast beef for dinner."

Barbara put her head back and hooted with laughter. It was the perfect family joke: The Taylors have almost never had any other meat except roast beef—unless it was unavailable—for dinner in their entire married life.

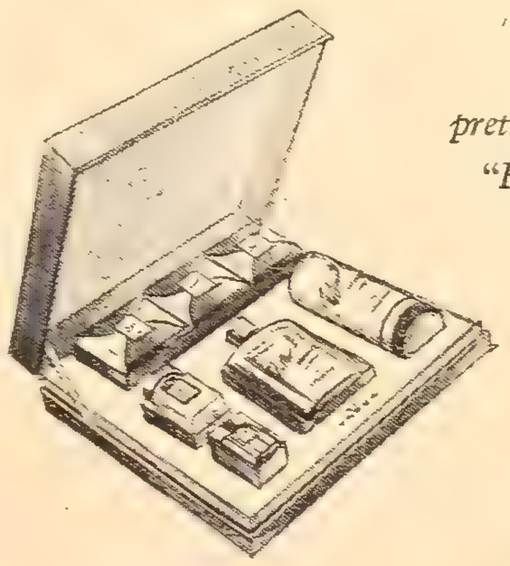
By seven that evening, with the prime ribs tucked away and the perpetual gag quart of ice cream delivered to Paul for dessert, in reminder of the ulcers he once had, the Taylors and their favorite guest were on their way to Metro for a private preview. Again, this was routine. When neither Bob nor Barbara had to get up early in the morning, the evening was prescribed: A movie, either at his studio or hers.

Now, driving to Culver City, all three were silent, for a change. Bob was relaxed

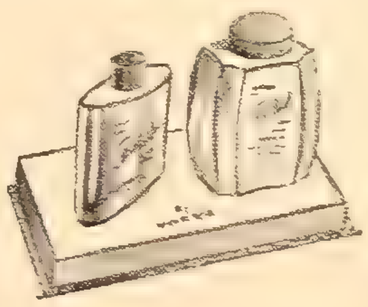

"Follow Me" (SUIVEZ-MOI)

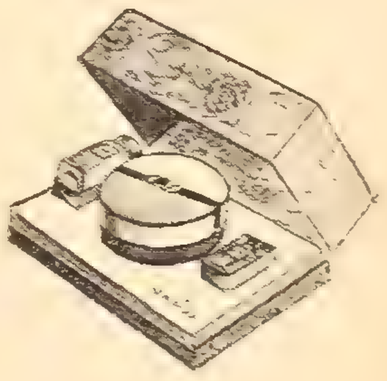


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from his day in the sun and wind; Paul knew that Barbara had something on her mind, and was respectfully silent.

She had been with Dickie Moore that afternoon. She had sent candy and a note to him first, explaining that she wanted to drop by; and later she had walked into the forbidding hospital cheerfully, rehearsing a gay greeting.

Then she'd seen Dickie, very handsome, with the most fantastic eyes she could remember seeing in years. And he had very carefully advanced to meet her, saying, "I can walk, Miss Stanwyck."

There had been the moment when, after a photographer came up and asked if she would pose with him, she had put on her best movie-star smile; and the photographer had said, "Smile too, will you Dick?"

And he had tried, and it hadn't worked.

"I'm sorry," Dickie had said—

"Did you have a nice afternoon with Dickie Moore?" Bob asked now, his eyes on the road ahead.

After a moment Barbara said, "I'll tell you about it some time."

Charles Trenet was opening at Ciro's, and one had to hear Trenet. So on this particular Sunday night the Taylors, Paul Short and Helen Ferguson, another family friend, went to Ciro's, and for the occasion Barbara had dressed.

She had chosen a sleek, deliberately seductive Schiaparelli original, with jewels and furs, and an up-swept hairdo that banked sharply over one ear and went capricious over the other.

There was something about her. . . .

Helen Ferguson, who is an enormously sensitive woman, waited until both Bob and Paul had excused themselves and gone to talk for a moment at a table where sat an old friend from the Navy. Then she said, "Skip left today, didn't he?"

## CALLING ALL COLUMNISTS!

*You don't have to starve in a garret and we don't care if you've never had anything printed before—we're still offering a five dollar check to anyone whose "I Saw It Happen" we print. We like short, typed tales about the glamorous laddies or lassies of the screen whom you may have met, so unlock your memory book and tell us your own true confession. Peek at the other "I Saw It Happens" in this issue and you'll get an idea of the length and style we like. But don't copy them; be original! It's fun to see your name in print, and it's fine to earn five bucks! So mail your masterpiece off to our "I Saw It Happen" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.*

"I drove him out to Pomona. It's that famous Webb school, you know—very rugged, and so on, but wonderful scholastically. And they turn out real men."

The lights went out except for a pale blue spot, which wavered onto the floor, caught M. Trenet, and made his somewhat bulging eyes appear to swim with sentiment. He began to sing.

"Pomona isn't far," said Helen.

Five neighboring voices said, "Shhh!"

"But the rule is that new students have no visitors for seven weeks," Barbara explained. "Matter of adjustment."

*"Shhhh!"*

Barbara lowered her voice to a whisper. "I've been thinking of the other evening, when he decided to beau us both to the Beverly Hills Club. Remember how we kept calling him 'Mr. Stanwyck,' and he kept saying, 'Gosh, no celebrities?' And how big-eyed he got when Joan Bennett and Ginger Rogers came in?"

"Did you ever get copies of those photos the boys took as we were getting out of the car?"

"Dozens. Skip gave them to all his friends. I had just stuck my foot down over the running board, you remember, and if I ever saw cheesecake— So what does my adoring child say to everyone? 'Get a load of Mom's gams,' he says."

"Who was the man who asked you if you really wanted to be photographed with a son who looked like Van Johnson and was taller than you?"

"I don't remember, but I said a couple of words to him."

"I can imagine."

M. Trenet finished his final encore, and went away, and the lights came up. Helen looked at Barbara, and looked quickly away again. "Don't cry here, in front of everybody," she said.

"I'm not. But—today at the school, in his room, while I was unpacking his bags and hanging things up, he looked so *little*. Until suddenly I wished that instead of fixing him for his first year away at boarding school, I were pinning a diaper on him.

"And if you laugh," she added furiously, "I won't answer for the consequences."

Bob and Paul, at that moment, slid into their chairs. "Sorry," Bob said, "the floorshow caught us over there. How do you like him?"

Barbara looked up with eyes that still glistened, and were very far away. "He's wonderful, of course. . . ."

And suddenly, being Bob Taylor and knowing his girl, he understood. "Of course," he agreed. "Only I meant Trenet. How about another cup of coffee?"

She smiled at him gratefully. "Thanks, darling," she said. "That's just what I want. A cup of coffee."


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# "NO GREATER LOVE . . ."

(Continued from page 45)

Wordlessly they saluted the moment together, then turned and smiled for the birdie.

A few days later they dug out the old still and pasted it next to the new one for dramatic contrast.

"We can afford to remember it now," said Mrs. D.

Bette looked up with something in her face that her mother couldn't quite figure out. "I can't afford not to. It reminds me of another picture—"

In a movie they'd have shown you what she meant by fading out the still and fading in a closeup of Ruthie (that's what she calls her mother, so we'll do the same). Ruthie would be bending over a desk in the window of a second-floor shop, making tiny scratches on a photographic plate, pausing briefly to press her palms against strain-reddened lids. From a one-arm lunchroom across the street, Bette would be watching—Bette at 19, slight, tense, miserable, fists clenched in an agony of helpless protest, crying to herself with the passionate extravagance of youth that she'd go stark mad if she couldn't do something for her mother.

Time was when Bette had accepted Ruthie's labors as part of the natural order of things. She was eight and her sister six, when their parents were divorced. The money allowed Mrs. Davis would have covered an average sort of education, but average wasn't good enough for Ruthie, who'd conceived a notion that her girls were entitled to the best. In order to send them to good New England schools, she studied photography, and when her earnings still didn't reach, she'd fill in with a job as house-mother at some school or sorority.

**situation normal . . .**

At 18, Bette was about to be graduated from Cushing Academy. Ruthie'd made her graduation dress—as filmy a dream as any of the girls had—and another beauty for the senior dance. Cushing was attended by daughters of wealth, yet Bette had never felt anything but well-dressed among them. Her mother was an accomplished needlewoman. It was nothing for Bette to come home at night and find another new number, whipped up heaven knew when, and it never entered her head to inquire. The Davis girls were neither insensitive nor thoughtless. Like all children, they accepted as normal the situation with which they'd grown up. If they took for granted all that their mother did, that was because she took it for granted, too. There was nothing self-sacrificial in the atmosphere. If you'd asked her, Ruthie'd have told you she was doing exactly what she wanted to do. The word unselfish, as applied to her own activities, would have irked her. "What you do for your children," she'd have said, "you do for yourself—"

So Bette was being graduated from Cushing. Only one detail remained to be taken care of—payment of the final instalment on the year's tuition. Until it was paid, you didn't get your diploma. Bette'd waited on table to earn part of it, but the balance was still due. She wasn't worried about it. She knew that when the day came she'd be up on the platform, getting her diploma in style with the rest of the sweet girl grads. Ruthie'd see to that. . .

"I've arranged to take the graduation picture," Ruthie told her. "Which should just about cover the bill—"

"But you'll have to wait till all the girls get their dresses. That won't leave you much time—"

"Time enough—"

It was a fantastic deal. Fifty girls in the class. Fifty copies of the photograph to be printed, developed, retouched and mounted. Ruthie couldn't afford any technical assistance. From beginning to end she did the whole job herself. Working frantically, she finished it, then raced around town, delivering fifty prints and collecting the dough. On the morning of graduation day, she appeared in the office and paid her bill.

Through the mists of her own excitement, Bette was aware of all this, thought as always that Ruthie was a brick, and let it go at that. Revelation came later—as she stood on the platform in her beautiful dress, waiting with the others for her beautiful diploma. . .

**borrowed glory . . .**

The instinctive need to share this high moment with Ruthie sent her glance into the auditorium. And all of a sudden the blinders of habit dropped away, and for the first time she really saw her mother. It was a picture she'll never forget—a woman weighing about ninety pounds, in an old dress and a funny little hat stuck on at a funny little angle. No makeup. Face and hands temporarily scarred by chemical poisoning. . .

Pain slashed through her like a knife. "I can't stand it," she thought wildly. "I can't stand having her look that way!" What made it worse was Ruthie's expression—proud as a peacock and pleased as Punchinello, as if she were thinking: "She's getting that diploma today. I made it—"

Bette's tears rose in her throat, stung at her lids and overflowed—and she didn't even care. Nothing mattered but Ruthie, nobody else was there. Her daughter's arms were outstretched, though you couldn't see them. "Some day you'll have a good life," she was crying inside, "if it's the last thing I do—"

More important than dresses or even the best of schools—in fact, more priceless than rubies—was another gift Ruth Davis handed her child. Bette was by nature a pessimist. Though the yearning to act burned with a dedicatory flame, faith in herself was an uncertain quantity, easily depressed. But Ruthie believed in her, wholly, serenely and without the shadow of a doubt. Anyway, she created that illusion. . . .

**star dust . . .**

Bette's bug about being an actress, said the New England relatives, was pure nonsense. Ruthie hadn't asked them, but they told her anyway. "Send the child to a good secretarial school—" they told her.

Instead, Ruthie sent for folders from dramatic schools, and pored over them with the girls. Fascinating literature, all, but the fees soared 'way out of reach. Bette'd shake her head hopelessly. . . .

"Now wait a minute, there must be other places," Ruthie would say, and send for more folders.

Eventually they got hold of Eva Le Gallienne's prospectus—

"Look!" cried Bette. "You hardly have to pay a thing—"

Ruthie peered over her shoulder. "That settles it. We're going to New York—"

"*Mo*-ther! — But suppose she doesn't like me—"


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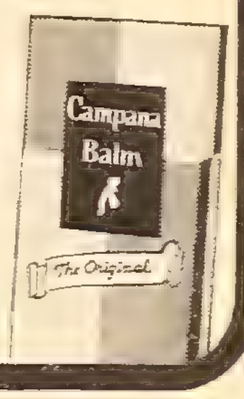


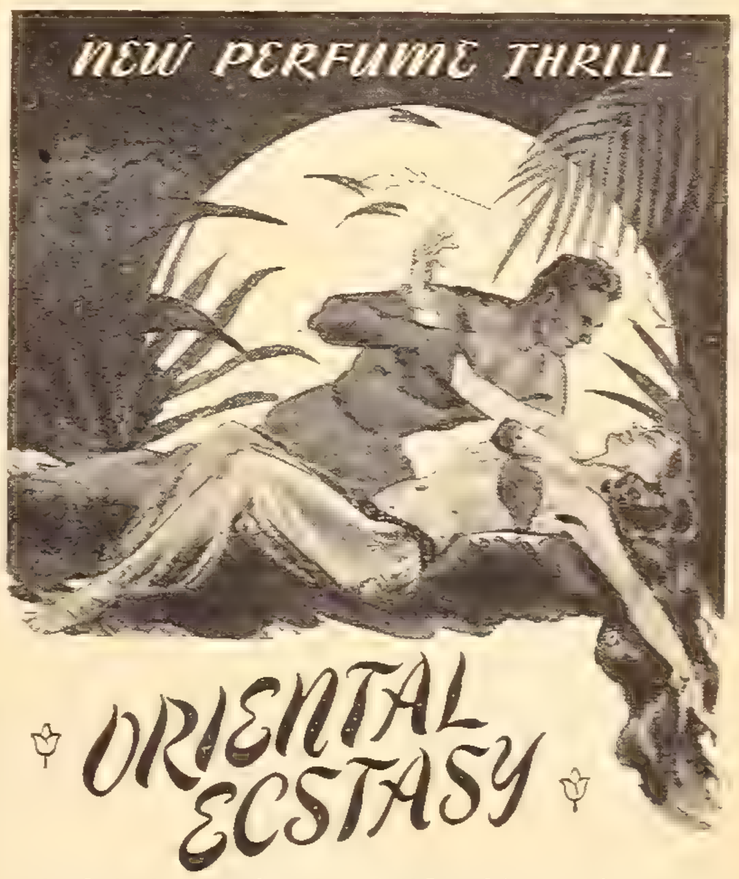

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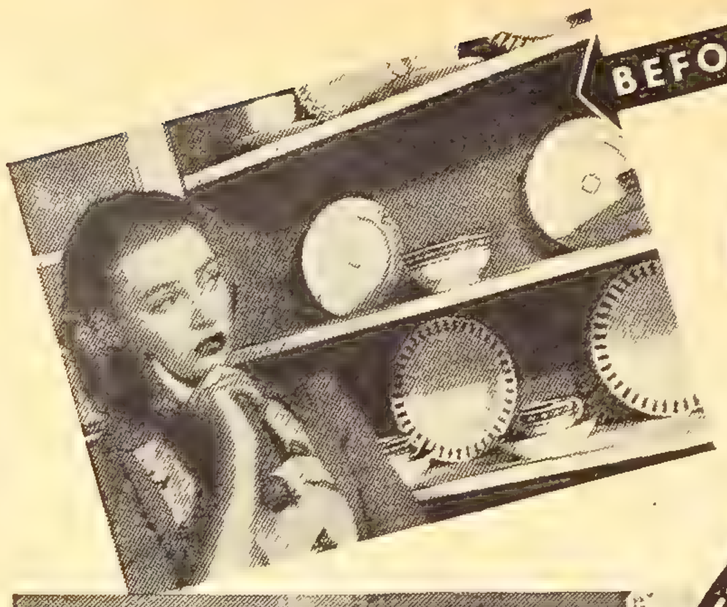
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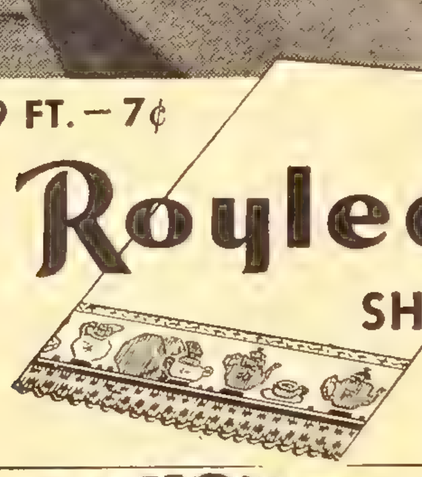



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"She'll like you. If not, someone else will—"

Barbara—called Bobby—was about to go off to a Madison, Wisconsin school. So it was just the two of them who landed in the big city. An appointment was made with the great lady who headed her own experimental theater. Between the time that appointment was set and the time it was kept, Bette neither ate nor slept. On their way to the theater, her thumping heart threatened to suffocate her. If the lady said yes, she'd be too excited to live. If the lady said no, she might just as well die and be done with it. . . .

The lady said no. Until it was pulled out from under her, Bette didn't realize how hard she'd been leaning on this lonely hope. The eyes fixed on Miss Le G. were those of a doe who's just felt the arrow at her heart. Terribly-sorry, Miss Le G. was murmuring, and you-understand-we-have-to-limit-ourselves and perhaps-another-year, and all those futile things people might better save their breath on at such times as these. Ruthie was prepared to give her an argument till she took a look at her daughter's stricken face, and decided that first things came first, and the first thing was certainly to get young Bette out of here before she collapsed.

Back in their room, Ruthie said: "What does she know?"

Bette smiled, but wanly. Miss Le Gallienne knew a lot—

Ruthie realized too that she'd taken the wrong tack. "Even the best of us blunders, including Eva. One of these days she'll be sorry, but we won't be able to do a thing for her then—"

This brought a damp snicker, more to please her mother than anything else. Bette'd wept herself out and had now reached the stony-despair stage. . .

**campaign manager . . .**

They were packing, though not to return to Boston. Anything but Boston, Ruthie had decided, knowing what Boston would mean to Bette at this juncture. Psychological defeat. An admission that they'd been licked. And of course they hadn't been—not by Ruthie's reckoning. This was just a tactical withdrawal—

"Let's get up to Norwalk. I can get a job there. Give us a chance to save some money and line up the next campaign—"

Again that night Bette lay awake, staring into darkness. If they went up to Norwalk, it would be the same old story. Ruthie working for her, when she ought to be working for Ruthie. She was a big girl now, too big to let her mother carry the load alone. Fiercely she turned on herself. Where was it written down that she had to be an actress? Who said her relatives weren't right? Three months training, and she'd be a qualified stenographer, notebook and pencil, brisk and efficient, take a letter, yes sir, no sir, chance of advancement, wind up a secretary, maybe an executive even—anyway, no more work for Ruthie—

Feverishly she piled up the arguments, but all the noise failed to drown out one still, clear voice. When the racket subsided, there it was, quiet like something sure of its own rightness, persistent as ever. You have to be an actress, you have to be an actress, you have to be an actress. . .

Once Ruthie had said: "There are doctors and carpenters and actresses who might have been half a dozen other things, and it wouldn't have mattered. But if you're the kind who'll make a first rate doctor and a second rate anything else then you're born to be a doctor. It's called self-fulfilment and it's very important—"

How did she *know* she'd make a first rate actress? She didn't. All she knew was

that unless she moved heaven and earth trying, the rest of her life would be one long ache of regret. . .

Besides, it was an academic question. Suppose she went to Ruthie. Suppose she said, "Let's give it up, let's go home—"

"Don't be silly," Ruthie would say.

Though she masked it in lightness, Bette knew that she'd never budge, that her own strongest ally was her mother's steadfastness. Only a few hours ago she'd been crushed to earth, convinced that she'd never rise again. Now her spirit lifted a little, in response to Ruthie's—

She pressed her aching eyes into the pillow. "I'll make it up to you, darling," she whispered. "I'll make up for everything—"

**mind reader . . .**

In Norwalk Ruthie got a job as retoucher. A photographic retoucher sits all day over a negative, making infinitesimal scratches that tax the eyes and nerves. Ruthie'd come home at night with her eyes inflamed. If her nerves were similarly affected, Bette never saw a sign of it, and Bette was super-sensitive then to such signs.

Evenings, they could choose between walking and staying in. Conversation revolved around what should be their next move. . . .

"You read about girls barging into agents' offices. Maybe I should try that—"

But her tone lacked conviction. For that you needed the kind of self-confidence she didn't have. With training, you'd gain confidence, but for training you needed a good dramatic school—

"I think you need training first in a good dramatic school—" That was Ruthie—as if she'd opened her daughter's skull like a book, and read what was written there.

Bette'd tried to find a job too, but Norwalk was oversupplied with unskilled labor. She took out a transient's card at the public library and stayed up till all hours, partly to devour plays, partly to insure sleeping late next morning, so she wouldn't have to face the world. Around 11 she'd get up, dress, and wander down to the little restaurant where every day she met Ruthie for lunch. On the second floor of the building across from the beanery was the shop where Ruthie worked, and her desk was right in the window. Bette had only to look up, and there sat her mother bowed over the desk, intent on her scratches. . . .

Of course she could have timed it to get there later. Yes, and keep Ruthie waiting maybe when she had little enough time to eat and relax—

"If she can stand *doing* it," Bette told herself scornfully, "you can stand *seeing* it—"

Intent though she seemed on her scratches, Ruth Davis's thoughts were furiously occupied elsewhere. For weeks she'd been asking herself what good this was doing, and had just about reached the answer. None. They were saving a little money—too little to matter—and wasting time, which mattered a lot more. Every day of inactivity deepened the sick look in Bette's eyes. Yet without money or acquaintances, what could they do? To them the world of the theatre was a seamless wall, blank and impenetrable. But there had to be *some* way of getting in. Other people had. . .

Instead of sleeping late next morning, Bette found herself being tumbled out of bed. "Put on your best bib and tucker, lamb, we're going to New York—"

"What *for?*"

"Find a good dramatic school and stick you into it—"

"But Ruthie, *how?* What's *happened*—?"

"Nothing's happened, Bette, except this


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says **ANNE BAXTER**




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time I've made up my mind and won't take no for an answer—"

On the train going in, she hauled out the folders—all the old folders of schools they could never afford in a million years.

"How about trying this one first?" She handed Bette the John Murray Anderson folder.

"Why this one?"

"It's the most expensive—"

For the first time in weeks Bette flung her head back and howled. This was going to be fun. Even if it didn't work, it was going to be fun.

"It'll work," said Ruthie. . . .

From the station they went straight to the school and asked for Mr. Hugh Anderson, listed in the folder as manager.

"Do you have an appointment—?"

"No, but I think he'll see us—" Bette choked back a giggle at Ma, the New England grand dame. "Just tell him please, Mrs. Ruth Davis and her daughter—"

Mr. Hugh Anderson rolled that over in his head and reached the conclusion that he didn't know Mrs. Ruth Davis or her daughter from hunger. But something in the stateliness of the message set up a compulsion. They were shown in.

Ruthie wasted neither time nor language. "My daughter desires to study at your school. I have no money now, but if you'll take her, I *will* have—"

He looked at the daughter whose looks were nothing to go lyrical over, and back at the mother—

Years later he said: "Don't hand me credit for giving Bette a break. If she'd walked in alone, I'd have said hello and goodbye. But who could turn down that mother with her honesty and—well, I guess they call it character in New England. On Broadway it's guts. . . ."

Ruthie got a job in New Jersey as house mother to sixty screaming dears, ages six to ten. On free evenings she'd take the ferry to Manhattan, and have herself a large time with her daughter. Window-shopping on Fifth Avenue. Strolling in and out of Broadway theater lobbies to gape at photos of the great and about-to-be-great . . .

"*You'll* have dresses like that some day," Ruthie would predict. Or: "Be funny, won't it when *your* picture's in the lobby."

Bette would scoff, but the words always kindled a small unreasonable glow.

"Did you really believe all that at the time?" she asked her mother once, after it had all come true. "Or was it just a shot in the arm for me?"

Ruthie shook her head. "I honestly don't know myself—"

### tears of joy . . .

It was on one such evening that Bette got the thrill of paying a dividend.

A straw in her mouth, Bette eyed her mother over the top of a drugstore ice cream soda—

"You won't have to pay my tuition next year—"

Carefully Ruthie laid her spoon down. "Who's deposing me?"

"*I* am. Tried out for a scholarship and won—"

"Darling, that's *mar*velous, I— What on earth are you crying about?"

"Because now," Bette sobbed, "you can take things easier. . . ."

They shared other high moments, lots of them. When Bette went back to Boston, not as a candidate for secretarial school but as the heroine of Ibsen's "Wild Duck," and the relatives poured congratulations like music into Ruthie's ears. When the reviews broke on the Davis performance in "Of Human Bondage." When struggle and victory were dramatized in the tribute of a roaring crowd at Carthay Circle. When Ruthie's little girl got her first Academy Award. . . .

But for purely personal satisfaction, unmixed with professional, there was just one standout to match that night in the drugstore. Also bathed in tears . . .

When Bette was 21, the very lovely engagement ring her father had given her mother was stolen. She made up her mind that one day she'd replace it, though at the time there was no smallest indication that she'd ever be on the giving end of a truly superior diamond ring. The day came, however—a memorable Christmas. Apart from stockings, handkerchiefs and such, each of the Davis clan gives each of the others one Christmas present that's special.

Bette thought she'd choke with excitement as Ruthie opened the box. But not till she saw the look in her mother's eyes, did she start to cry. Then Ruthie cried. Then the whole family cried—

"Darling, it's marvelous," wept Ruthie. "What on earth are you crying about?"

"Because now you've got a diamond ring," she wailed happily.

Ruth Davis still takes for granted what she did—by her reckoning, no more than any mother would do. If you made a song and dance about it, she'd be embarrassed, she'd squirm, she'd change the subject. "Praise to the face is instant disgrace," they say in New England, and Ruthie's a bred-in-the-bone New Englander.

Not long ago she was working on a book about the screen's first lady.

"The things I could tell you!" sighed Bette. "Have you any conception, for instance, of what you looked like the day I graduated from Cushing?"

"What do you mean?"

All Bette gave her were surface details. All Ruthie said was, "And we think our children don't notice—"

Bette knew she could never tell her the whole story. Except this way.




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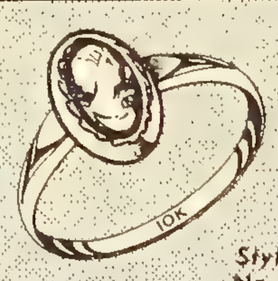
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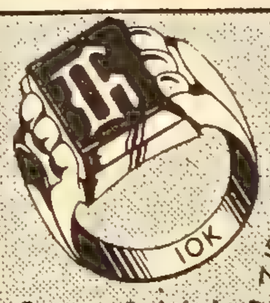
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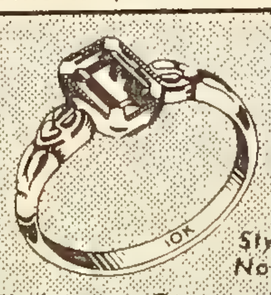
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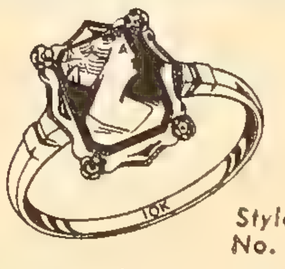
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# GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 63*)

agers I've ever seen —but there was nothing cute about what they wanted to beef.

If I had printed in my column that Rory Calhoun was an Esquimo they couldn't have been more insulted than they were over my saying that he was "Copying Clark Gable" in his photographs. From five sides I got—"Rory is distinctive—he doesn't need to copy anybody—he's better looking than Clark Gable—he's going to be a bigger star."

I promised the kids then and there that I would take back what I said—and I did. But this proved to me one very important point: MODERN SCREEN is absolutely right in its policy of boosting these new favorites—the young actresses and actors just coming up to stardom. I can speak from personal experience that their fans are the most hectic.

* * *

It's become quite a fad in Hollywood for the gals to wear little "Wolf Whistles" on their charm bracelets. They're made of gold in miniature size and the idea is that the girls can now whistle at the fellas—if they want to.

But one guy who hates them and wish they had never been invented is poor Dana Andrews. And here's why:

The other night Dana and his wife were dining at the Beachcombers and there was a gal at the next table equipped with one of the whistles.

When Dana came in she gave him the "Wolf" greeting. When he made a trip to the gentlemen's "Powder Room" she whistled him in—and whistled him back. Every time he turned his head he got the fatal "WOOOO-WOOOO." He was as conspicuous as though a circus barker was calling attention to him.

"I don't care if those darn whistles are a fad," says Dana. "They're unfeminine—and I'm agin them."

* * *

Personal Opinion Department:

Merle Oberon wears the most decollete evening gowns.

Jeanne Crain is the least opinionated gal in town.

Peter Lawford is too nice a guy to give a "First Impression" that he takes himself too seriously. When you get to know him—he doesn't.

Ginger Rogers should grab herself a couple of more mature roles.

Van Johnson is the loneliest guy in town. "I can be lonely in a football crowd," he told me.

Every star should be as easy to get along with and as cooperative as Dorothy Lamour, the darling of the studio gang.

The torch that Tony Martin is carrying for Rita Hayworth is lighting up San Fernando Valley, Hollywood and environs.

I'm terribly fond of Rita and certainly she is the one to know whether she has made the right move in reconciling with Orson Welles.

(*Continued on page 112*)





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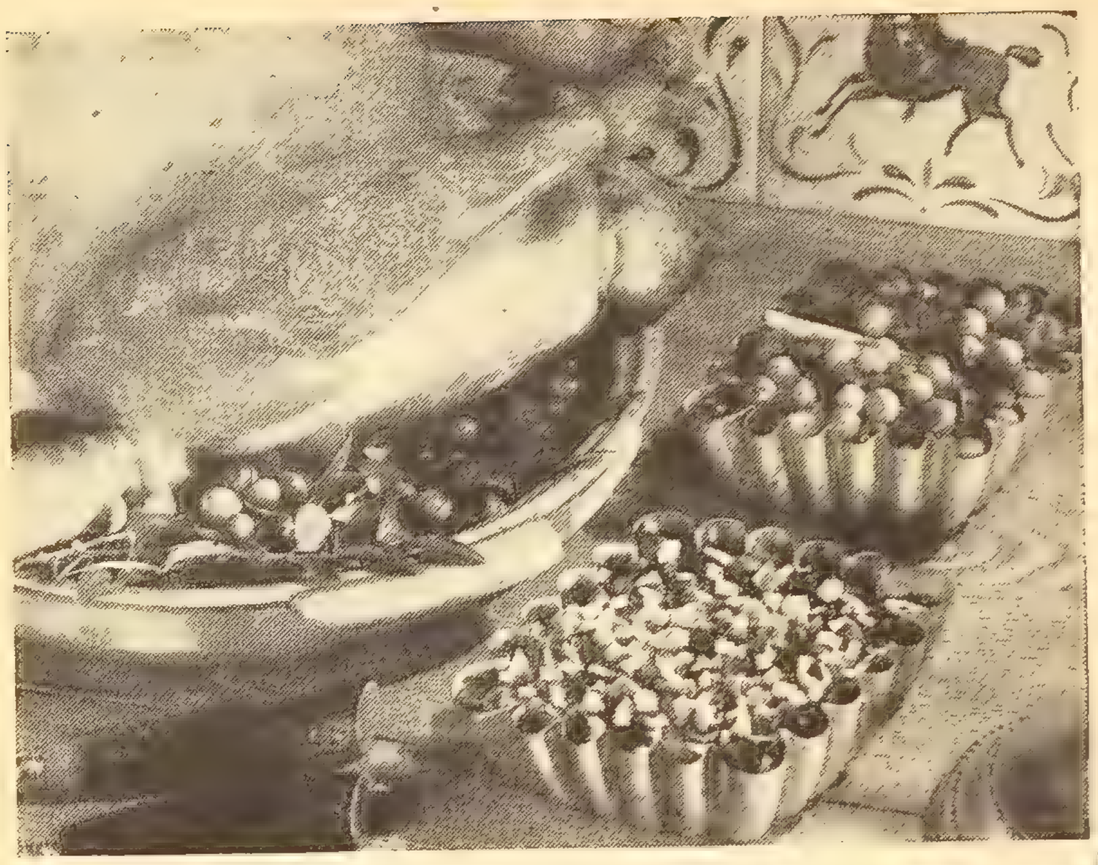
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# starred for thanksgiving



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Oh, oh, pop's forgotten what the book said to do next with that roast in the oven! This is basic training for that super-duper Thanksgiving dinner the Mitchums are planning come turkey day.

CONNECTICUT-BORN BOB MITCHUM, STAR OF RKO'S "THE LOCKET" IS LOOKING UP RECIPES FOR A TRADITIONAL THANKSGIVING DINNER

By Nancy Wood

Do you know what Robert Mitchum is especially thankful for? That big fat cook book he bought recently, thumb-indexed and brilliant with color photos of all manner of flabber-gastronomy, beginning with "Acorn squash, baked" and ending with "Zweiback crust!" . You can't stick Bob with terms like marinade or roux, and "blanch" isn't just a girl's name to him! The section on vegetables is of small interest to him. (How he ever grew to be so tall and handsome without liking vegetables we'll never know!) The pages on meat and egg cookery are beginning to show signs of diligent use. The 3-decker sandwiches he builds are ad-libbed according to the contents of the refrigerator.

The kitchen is the very heart of home to this Horatio Alger hero who'd been everywhere and done every kind of work before he married his boyhood sweetheart and settled down to being a Hollywood movie actor. He's regaining that man-sized appetite he lost in the Army along with 26 pounds—that also lends considerable inspiration to his cooking. But to get to the business at hand . . .



Diplomatic note to Brazil: Please arrange shipment of extra boatloads of Brazil nuts because Norte-Americanos adore them, especially in Baked Acorn Squash. You may take back the samba!

If you're making plans for Thanksgiving dinner, you may want to consider these newer variations of traditional recipes:

## TURKEY GRAVY

When your roast turkey has reached a wonderful perfection, remove it from the roasting pan to its hot platter and keep it hot while making the gravy:

3 tbsps. drippings
3 tbsps. flour
2 cups liquid
Salt and pepper

Pour drippings from roasting pan into a bowl. Skim off as much fat as possible and put 3 tablespoons of it into a saucepan. Add flour and blend thoroughly. Measure meat juice and add enough stock in which giblets were cooked, or plain water, to make 2 cups. Set fat and flour mixture over low heat, stirring constantly. Cook until frothy. Add measured cold* liquid all at once, stirring constantly until thickened. Season to taste with salt and pepper and serve boiling hot. Makes about 2 cups of gravy.

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**Cold* liquid added to the flour and fat mixture makes a smoother gravy than hot. If you're in a hurry, add two or three ice cubes to the hot meat juice instead of ¼ cup of water.

## BRAZILIAN ACORN SQUASH

3 acorn squash
Salt
½ cup chopped Brazil nuts
6 tbsps. brown sugar
2 tsps. butter
Water

Cut squash in half lengthwise. Scoop out seeds. Sprinkle with salt. Fill squash halves with Brazil nuts, brown sugar and butter. Place in baking pan. Pour hot water in pan to depth of ½ inch. Cover during first half hour of baking and bake in moderately hot oven (375° F.) 1 hour, or until tender. Serves 6.

## CRANBERRY APPLE RELISH

4 cups fresh cranberries
2 apples, pared and cored
2 oranges
1 lemon
2 cups sugar

Put cranberries and apples through food chopper. Quarter whole oranges and lemon, remove seeds and put through chopper. Add sugar and blend. Chill in refrigerator a few hours before serving. Makes 1¼ quarts. This sauce will keep well in the refrigerator for several weeks.

## THANKSGIVING PIE

Settle the old mince-or-pumpkin-pie-for-Thanksgiving indecision by making two luscious half-mince, half-pumpkin pies! One of the biggest frozen foods companies is putting out a sweetened, spiced pumpkin pie mix which needs only an egg and some milk. Then, for the bottom layer of mince, get yourself a 9-ounce package of dehydrated mince meat. Crumble it into a smallish pan and add ½ cup cold water. Place over heat and stir until all lumps are thoroughly broken up. Bring to a brisk boil and continue boiling 1 minute. Chill it thoroughly before spreading over the bottom of a 9-inch unbaked pie shell. Then top with a half batch of pumpkin pie mix. Bake 10 minutes in a hot oven (450° F.). Reduce heat to moderate (350° F.) and bake about 35 minutes longer.




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It's just good common sense to realize that trying to "cover up" blemishes may actually make them worse. If externally-caused pimples are making you miserable, get a jar of Noxzema.

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But my heart goes out to Tony. That ache in the torch songs he's singing these days comes straight from his heart. It's tough for a man to be "whistled back" to a woman he has loved for so many years when she is just between romances or marriages.

Not many people know it but Tony has been in love with Rita for over five years. Right after his divorce from Alice Faye, she was the girl he fell for. All the time he was in the service he thought about and dreamed of Rita.

When he returned to Hollywood and his career it looked like everything would be all right between them for Rita was estranged from Orson Welles and she seemed to be as devoted to Tony as he was to her. And then—along came Jimmy Stewart.

The Hayworth-Stewart romance lasted for months, you remember, during that time. Tony had few dates with other charmers—he was obviously waiting for Rita. Once again, everyone thought he would win a happy ending to his love story, for when Rita and Jimmy said "goodbye" to romance, once more she turned to Tony.

Then, out of the blue—Rita gave me the "tip" in advance that she would arrive at the Elsa Maxwell-Jack Warner party with her estranged mate, Orson, and that they were on the verge of a reconciliation.

* * *

These young mothers are amazing. I saw Mrs. Gregory Peck at the dinner preceding the preview of "Canyon Passage" and she told me she was up and about just six days after the birth of their second son. And I can remember when the ladies thought it was "ladylike" and fragile to be "invalids" for weeks and even months after that birth of a baby. Good for these modern, healthy young women, I say.

* * *

We throw the word "Cinderella" around too loosely in Hollywood, applying it to any girl from a glamorous model to an "extra" who gets a break on the screen.

But, believe me, the only real Cinderella in years is a 19 year old beauty named Janet Leigh who was picked right out of nowhere to be Van Johnson's leading lady in "The Yankee." Lucky girl!

But with all the wonderful things that are happening to her, little Janet remains completely unspoiled.

"When I make my first kissing scene with Mr. Johnson" she said, "I want my husband to be there." Ain't that something, girls??????

* * *

George Raft has the maddest hobby in Hollywood.

He loves to watch dental operations. Me?—I would pay to keep out of a dentist's office for the rest of my life, but George is usually on hand when his good friend, Dr. Bob Lumsden, operates on a molar. Honest, it was George who came along and held my hand when I recently parted with one of my prized ivories. My tooth broke in three places, but as long as I had to go through all that torture, it helped me to have a nice guy like Georgie holding my hand.

## SECRET LIFE OF DANNY KAYE

(*Continued from page 64*)

pal scoffed, "She's probably married." But something wistfully wishful about the way he said it stung Danny into action. "Come on," he said, "we're putting in a long distance call!"

Danny Kaye made the telephone company pitch and perspire that night. But in the end, he got the girl and she *wasn't* married and he sighed happily as he listened to his old pal coo over the wire to the sweetheart he'd never forgotten. Today they're married and living in the San Fernando Valley, close enough for the Hollywood Kayes to call now and then and collect a rosy glow of satisfaction for a job well done.

From what you see of funny Danny Kaye on the screen, chances are you'd never pin a pair of Cupid's wings—of all things—on his shoulders. Danny doesn't parade his pet private projects or declaim his good deeds either, but if you dig around you'll find Kaye has more outside interests in his life than a loan shark.

Danny and his wife, Sylvia, came out the stage door of the Paramount Theater in New York last year to find themselves swamped by fans. Danny had played six performances that day; he was limp as a dishrag. But he jerked up when he saw a wistful little girl in the crowd. She was thin and scrawny and he picked her right out to scribble the first autograph.

"Thank you," she said, "I'm so happy." Only she didn't say it, she barely squeaked.

"Speak up, Honey," urged Danny. "Don't be afraid."

Tears came to the little kid's eyes. "I can't," she husked.

"What's the matter—got a cold?" She shook her head. "The doctors don't know."

Danny and Sylvia had planned going on to supper with some friends, but they forgot all about that. They took the girl back into the theater and asked her about herself. She really couldn't talk above a whisper. It was obvious she had something pretty badly wrong with her.

Next morning they went around to where she lived, in a crowded tenement section up in the Bronx. The sight there was sad. She had no mother or father; she was living with relatives who didn't want her. Danny and Sylvia took her to the best throat specialist in New York. But nothing was wrong with her throat. A psychiatrist came up with the answer. Her voice was lost through an emotional psychosis. Danny took on the cure—new clothes for the girl, better food, more play, treatments by the doctor. That's been going on for months now, at Danny Kaye's expense, and what gives him one of the greatest kicks of his life is that already the afflicted girl's voice is practically back to normal.

Danny's an absolute sucker for kids and they're crazy about him, too. He found that out this year when he changed the time of his radio program from 8 to 10:30 P.M. That made his show out of bounds for moppet listening and immediately he got thousands of complaints. One mother in Philadelphia wrote Danny such a tearful letter, explaining how her Jimmy's life had been ruined by the switch, that Kaye brooded over it until finally he got on the telephone and called the stricken home. When he said, "This is Danny Kaye," the mother didn't believe him. But when he launched into a sincere apology for wrecking her son's life, practically, she knew it was really Danny. Then she was aghast. Jimmy was away visiting relatives. She knew that when she told him Danny Kaye


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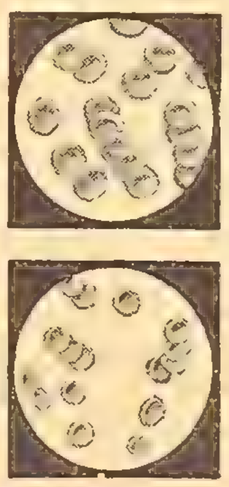
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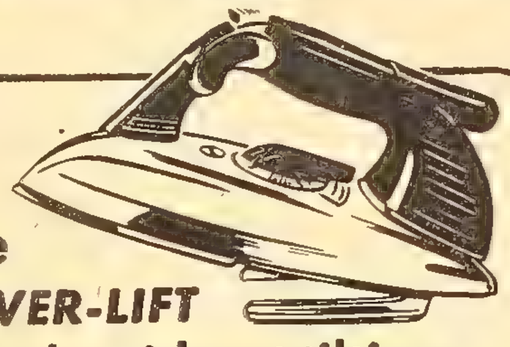
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had called he'd be fit to end it all.

"He'll never, never recover from the disappointment," she cried. That made Danny feel worse. "I'll do something about it," he promised, "if you'll let him stay up and hear the next show."

So the next program Danny slipped Jimmy's name in his radio script. He knew it was against the radio commission's rules and he knew he'd get bawled out. He did too, but he didn't care. It was worth it to give that kid fan a trip to Heaven for a night. And Danny won't ever part with the thank-you note his mother sent on for the favor. It's one of his particular treasures.

Danny has just finished making wonderful screen fun out of James Thurber's tickly tale, "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," for Sam Goldwyn. But the secret life of Danny Kaye is a collection of human interests that lie closer to his heart than his funnybone. He'd shoulder the woes of the world, if he could, and gets the groans himself when he sees anyone suffer.

One of Danny's biggest relaxations, oddly enough, is an evening at a night club. You'd think, after all the dime and dance joints he's cavorted in through the years, he'd break out in a rash every time he saw a head waiter. But the reason Danny goes is to catch floor show acts. He's nuts on new talent—always crazy to discover someone and help them along.

The other night Danny and Sylvia, Ed Dukoff, a friend, and Sylvia's brother, Bobby Fine, stepped out to a new Hollywood cafe. They found a ringside table and settled back to listen to a singer who stepped up to the mike. The minute this Jo opened his mouth it was a case of the agony squirms for the customers. He was terrible. Worse than corny, worse than an amateur night.

Well, you know what happens in a night club when the act lays an egg. People start eating, drinking and jabbering, turning their backs to the noise. Danny knew this—he'd been in that sorry singer's spot himself; he'd flopped once or twice, too. He knew how painful it was. He turned into a dictator at his own table. If anyone reached for a fork or a glass of water, Danny grabbed their wrist. If they started to open their mouths, he hissed, "Sh-h-h-h!" Sylvia, Bobby and Ed hardly dared move a muscle in their chairs. They knew too, that Danny was suffering inside more than anyone, even though he clapped loudest when the song was over.

When he runs into a sad apple like that, Danny's depressed for days, almost as gloomed up as he is when the Brooklyn Dodgers, his favorite ball club, hit a losing streak. On the other hand, he's up in the clouds when he thinks he's found someone with talent he can help. He's always on the lookout.

Just a few days ago, Danny dropped into a Hollywood ice cream parlor for a chocolate soda. A pretty, intelligent looking waitress served him. Danny thought he saw something in her face and promptly forgot the soda. He started quizzing her and discovered she'd been educated at Stephens College and studied drama under Maude Adams. It was the old story; she'd come to Hollywood but—well, she had to eat. All she needed, Dan knew, was a chance, a look-in. Danny hopped right up to the pay phone, popped in a nickel and called Lou Kerner, Sam Goldwyn's casting director. He arranged for an interview and test on the spot and the only person happier than the ambitious girl in that room was Danny Kaye. That's typical. He'd rather find someone he can help along than a long lost gold mine.

There's a certain children's convalescent home in Los Angeles which has just named its new auditorium, "The Danny Kaye Theater," because Danny has rallied so many times to raise money for expenses. Right after he finished starring in "I Wake Up Dreaming," Danny planned a complete rest. Rehearsals and tedious acts tire him worse than anything, because he's impatient. He likes to shoot his talent straight from his funnybone, without scripts, chalk marks and cameraman's tape touching his nose everytime he makes a funny face. But you don't make movies that way; that's why picture jobs always knock Danny out. So he was dying to climb into a hammock somewhere and not wake up for a week or two after they wrapped things up. But just then an appeal came in from Denver that made Danny forget his vacation plans, pronto.

The General Rose Memorial Hospital there was having trouble raising money to finish the building. The hospital is dedicated to the gallant U. S. General whom the Nazis murdered in cold blood during the Belgian Bulge; that alone was enough to capture Kaye's interest. But when he learned that construction faced a let down and the let down would affect ex-GIs, he hopped a plane, flew to Denver and helped put over a big contribution dinner to the tune of $50,000. He had so much fun, he flew back to Denver two weeks later to spend that vacation there. This winter Danny's taking a trip to London for five free benefit appearances—any one of which would earn him $5,000 in America—to help out the British acting profession. It's his pet idea that entertainers all over the world should help each other out and promote world understanding and peace, and if there's one thing Danny Kaye is hipped on, it's world brotherhood. He's no politician, but he worshipped F.D.R. and Wendell Willkie, too, and in Hollywood he's treasurer of the Hollywood Independent Citizens Committee of the Arts Sciences and Professions to do his bit keeping their liberal dreams alive in a world that shows signs of forgetting.

In fact, if there is one bright banner Danny Kaye waves on high in his private life, it is the dignity of man. That sounds like high-falutin' talk, perhaps, for a comedian who trips up his own dignity for professional laughs and has more fun being a screwball in his daily life than any star in show business. But Danny can get sore as a boiled owl, and what usually makes him see red is racial or religious

MODERN SCREEN



"Clara!—Did you tell Browny she could have her bath first?"

prejudice. On that subject he's not funny—he's dead serious.

Danny will go to the limit any time he feels he's in the right. He'll battle for principle—even when it costs him big money and bad publicity. He waded right into a court battle in Los Angeles this summer because he felt he was being exploited as a famous star and he decided Danny Kaye was the one to call the bluff and stop that sort of thing from happening to other celebrities in the limelight. Because Danny believed his landlady was putting the squeeze on him and he resented it. After she started her suit for alleged damages to the house she'd rented the Kayes, her lawyer suggested an out-of-court settlement more than once. Even Danny knew he would come off badly in the end, and a settlement was the reasonable thing. In fact, his own lawyer advised it. But Danny's dander was up. "I don't care what it costs," he said. "If someone kicks me around, other stars will start getting sandbagged too." So he fought it out in court, lost two days shooting on the set of his new picture, then had to fly his lawyer out from New York—and, all in all, spent important money and time. But that didn't matter—the principle did.

One day, during the suit, the opposing lawyer referred to Mister Kaye's "servants." Up Danny jumped at once.

"By any chance," he retorted bitingly, "does the gentleman refer to Mr and Mrs. McCoy?" What burned him up was the slighting reference to the people who work in his home and whom Danny regards as loyal friends—his colored couple, Dan and May McCoy. He's super touchy on the subject of anyone's right to the dignity of being a person. A magazine once gave May a watermelon-fried chicken-deep South accent simply because of her race. It made Danny furious. May was born in California; she couldn't say "you-all" if she tried. Danny Kaye maintains no servant-master air around his house. He appreciates what Dan and May have done to make his life comfortable and they worship him, but it's on a relaxed and easy plane that makes everyone happy. May has chased Danny out of the kitchen more than once when he snooped around her pots or messed up the place trying some outrageous recipe he took a fancy to. He kids her, plays jokes on her, and she loves it. But it's all with the same real respect that Danny would joke with a member of his own family.

Matter of fact, May McCoy practically *is* a member of the Kaye family and she'll be even more so when she gives up cooking and takes on the most important job Danny and Sylvia Kaye can imagine—minding their baby when the new Kaye arrives some time around Christmas.

Sylvia was in New York when she discovered she was wearing a madonna's halo. She called Danny long distance and told him the news.

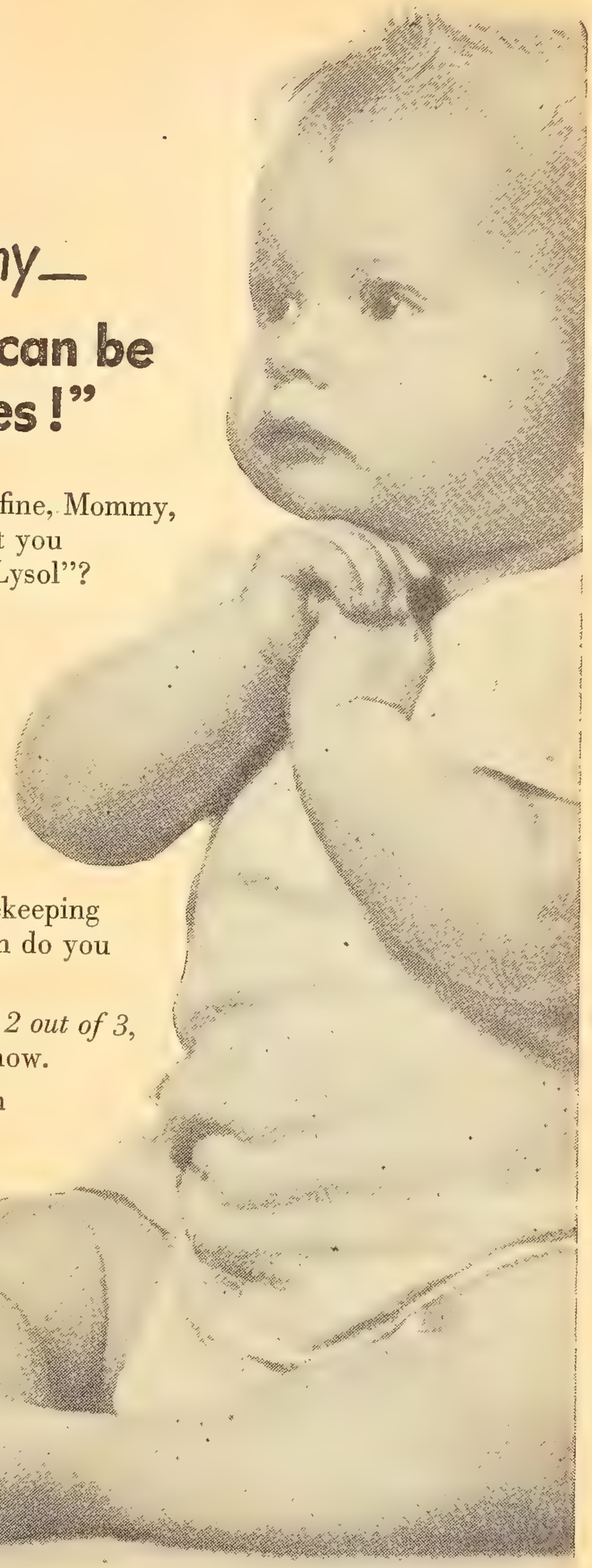
"May!" cried Danny.

"That's not the name I had in mind—" began Sylvia.

"No, no!" stuttered Danny. "May's the only one for the nurse. Nobody but May." That's how May got a new job a good number of months in advance. She has already moved with her husband, Dan, to the Kaye's Park Avenue apartment and to wangle that Danny spent hours on the telephone, calling from Hollywood, to find the right school for Barbara, May and Dan's talented 16-year-old daughter. It was an almost hopeless job, with schools busting at the seams the way they are, but when Danny gets on a project for someone he likes, he never gives up. Barbara's registered in one of the best schools in Manhattan, thanks to Danny.


"This way, Mommy—

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**Baby:** 'Course you keep house just fine, Mommy, for being so new at it. But don't you know you should learn about "Lysol"?

**Mother:** Is that *so!* Well then, what *about* "Lysol"?

**Baby:** Why, you ought to put "Lysol" brand disinfectant in the cleaning water every time you clean—to *kill germs.* That's what *experienced* housekeepers do.

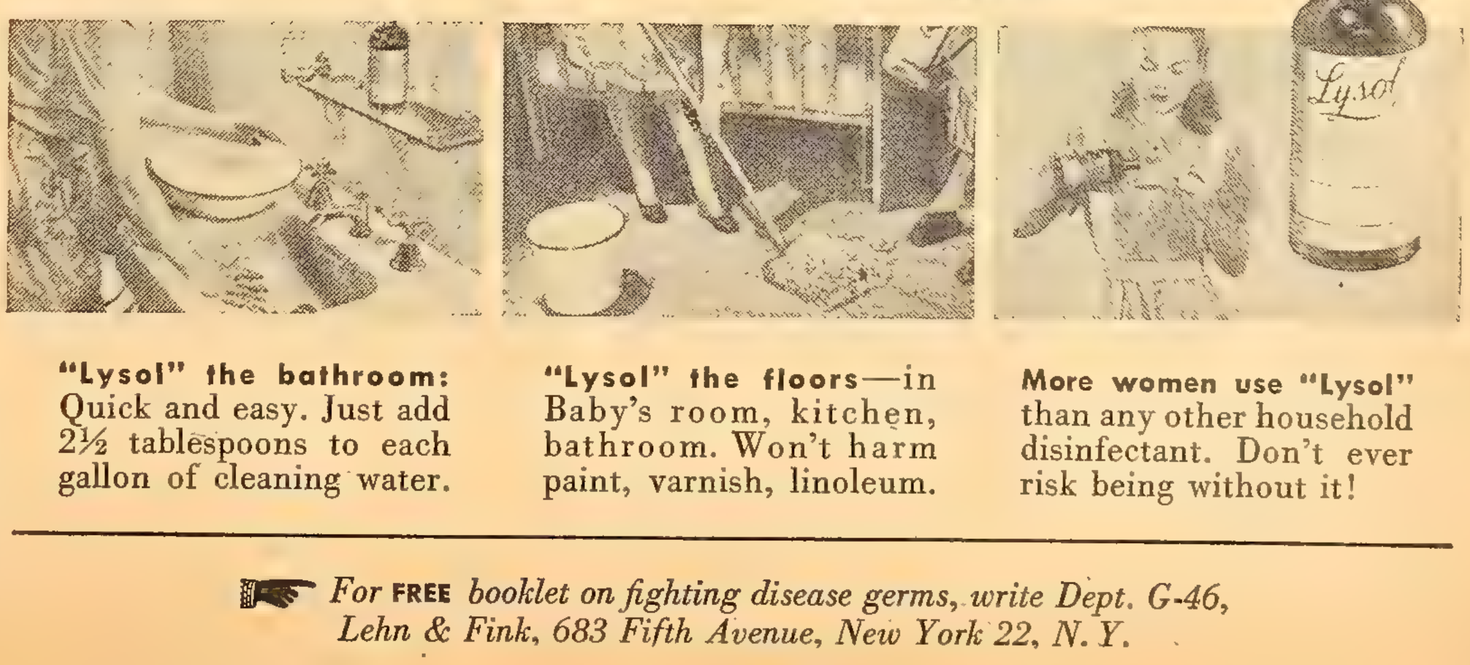
**Mother:** You mean it's an old housekeeping custom? Why, how many women do you suppose follow it?

**Baby:** Oh, *most* women—like about *2 out of 3,* I hear. For health's sake, you know.

**Mother:** Then *I'll* start cleaning with germ-killing "Lysol", too, for *your* health's sake!

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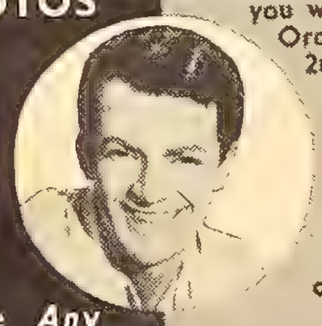
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One night Danny was entertaining his friends from Broadway's theatrical and artistic world in his Park Avenue apartment. John Steinbeck was there and Tallulah Bankhead, Moss Hart, Cole Porter, a good dozen of Broadway's best. In the middle of the evening, the doorbell buzzed and Danny's maid announced, "Two friends of yours from Brooklyn, Mr. Kaye." "Ask them in," said Danny promptly. They were two of the old gang, from Public School 149. They were in the clothing business now —as apart from the world Danny now lived in as men from Mars. But he wouldn't let them leave until all his fancy guests had departed. Then he spent the rest of the night in a Brooklyn bull session.

Danny has always clung to his first friends and his modest background like ivy to an old wall. Everytime he goes back to New York from Hollywood, he manages a trip up to the White Roe Inn, a sort of "Having Wonderful Time" resort hotel where he got an odd job entertaining vacationers in his hunger days. Reason —the proprietors there are still on Danny's list of favorite people. The only time Danny ever tried to impress anybody, it was the kids back in Brooklyn.

He'd just made his first real Broadway success in "Let's Face It" and Danny had blown himself to a Cadillac. He was pretty proud of that car; to him it symbolized a dream come true and the first place he wanted to show it off was back on the block. He drove the big heap over to Nat's candy store, where he knew pals of his youth would probably be hanging out, just as they had when he'd left. He parked the shiny new wagon by the curb, straightened his new tailor-made suit and sauntered in, the picture of success.

"Hi, Red," one of the gang greeted him. "Where ya been?"

"Up on Broadway," Danny said, waiting for them to ask him all about it. Nobody did. When he said "so long" they watched him drive away in the shiny Cadillac, but nobody mentioned that, either. That was the last time Danny Kaye ever tried to impress anybody. It was funny, too. He liked what had happened—a lot more than if he'd caused a riot. Since then Danny has never been impressed with himself, or with anybody else. If he ever finds himself slipping, he thinks of the Brooklyn bunch.

One of Danny's best friends is Sammy Prager, who used to play piano with him in a night club act. Sammy's a pleasant, unprepossessing, round-faced man who can tickle the ivories like nobody's business. Do you think Sammy's impressed with being Danny Kaye's pal? Not a bit. It's Danny who's proud to know Sammy. He thinks he's the greatest pianist ever. Everywhere Danny Kaye goes, Sammy Prager goes, too. He flew out from New York to join Danny at the Denver benefit appearance for the General Rose Memorial Hospital. The Governor of Colorado was there, the U. S. Senators. The room was crowded with Colorado's eminent citizens the night of the banquet. Danny was introduced as the celebrated Hollywood star. Then the toastmaster introduced Sammy, just as "Mr. Prager, the pianist."

Danny got up. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "when the speaker introduced Mr. Prager he left out the most important thing. He's my very dear friend."

There are really only two classes of people that Danny Kaye stands in awe of —fine musicians and physicians. Because underneath his comic mask burns a serious, frustrated desire to be both. The greatest compliment Danny ever received was when the manager of the Metropolitan opera suggested he train to sing Figaro in "The Barber of Seville." His proudest possession is a bunch of old Enrico Caruso records and his secret vice is playing and singing with them when he's alone in the house. Whenever Danny disappeared from the set of "I Wake Up Dreaming" (based on "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty"), they knew exactly where to find him—on the recording stage with Dmitri Tiomkin and his 90-piece symphony orchestra, begging Dmitri to let him lead the band. He's made great friends with Artur Rubenstein, the concert pianist, and he'll do anything to get him to play when he comes to Danny's house. He'll first try pecking out discords on the keys until Rubenstein plays in self defense; if that doesn't work, Kaye will come right out with an offer, "I'll put on a funny show if you'll play the Second Polonaise." It's usually a deal. They had a lot of trouble at Goldwyn's with Danny when they made "Wonder Man," too. He'd criticize the daily rushes of opera burlesque numbers—not because they weren't funny enough, but because his "voice quality" wasn't just right.

It's the same way with anything medical. Danny has memorized the long Latin names of practically every disease you can think of and he'll spout them at the drop of a symptom. Long before he came to Hollywood, Danny deliberately hung around New York hospitals and doctors' offices. Once in New York, he was playing in a Copacabana show; nearby was a small hospital where a medico friend of his operated. One night, in the middle of the show, Danny got a message: The doctor was about to take out a man's kidney. Danny ran off his show number so fast the customer's heads swam. In between the first and second floor shows, he leaned over the operating table, hypnotized.

Danny was playing catch once, with Louis Calhern, between takes of "Up In Arms." He pitched a fast one to Louis and it cracked his finger. There wasn't a doctor near and Louis was hopping around the stage with pain. Danny's feelings were, frankly, a little mixed. He was sorry he'd hurt Louis, of course, but the opportunity to put a splint on the finger was pure joy. Danny's a great sun-roaster and proud of the fact that he takes a good tan. (He once got off the train from Florida and peeled down to his shirt right in Penn Station before everyone to show Sylvia the deep brown on his back.) Well, one day in Hollywood Danny discovered some tiny white spots in his tan. He got all excited. He was sure he had some exotic, simply awful skin disease. Sylvia and everyone he showed it to

## I SAW IT HAPPEN



*When Victor Mature made a personal appearance here in Rochester, he kept the audience, and those waiting to get into the theater, convulsed with his antics. He sold programs in the lobby, shouting his wares like a real peddler, and kidded around with remarks like, "Buy a program, folks! Put this program, with my picture in it, under your refrigerator. Guaranteed to exterminate all mice, ants, and other household pests instantly!" We were all charmed to see the "suave, sophisticated lover" of the screen cavorting like a kid, enjoying himself, and giving us a grand time too!*

*Arlene Hart*
*Rochester, New York*

scoffed, "Why, you silly—it's just your sunburn peeling off!" But Danny wouldn't settle for that. He pestered six doctors until he could come home triumphantly and announce that what he had just might be a super rare skin fungus.

But what has really kept Danny Kaye riding rosy clouds in his private life for the last few months is the deliriously happy prospect of becoming Daddy Kaye. When Sylvia telephoned the family news to Dan, he had the worst siege of telephonitis in Kaye history—worse than the time he broke 90 in golf. Every pal Danny had known since childhood got buzzed out of bed from San Diego to Sand Point with the glad news, "We're going to be a father!" Because Danny always calls himself "We," and what he really means is himself and Sylvia—who in this particular case, you'll admit, had a right to some billing.

Since then, "the blond actor," as Sylvia calls Danny Kaye, has beamed all the bursting warmth of his heart and mind in the direction of that unborn tot. It's already the greatest production the Kaye career has had or ever will have.

Danny's bought practically every book printed on the care of infants, and driven his veteran parent pals wild with voluntary advice on their kids. He's collected scads of school folders—even if that problem is years away—shopped for more immediate toys and baby clothes, riffled through a thousand names—boy and girl—and tried them out on all his friends. He's bought a complete motion picture outfit to record every moppet move and even set his scenarist brother-in-law, Bobby Fine, to work on a script to do the job up in professional fashion. He's ordered a new Cadillac closed family car, instead of his beloved convertible. He's even gone house-hunting (in these times!) around Hollywood because he's set on settling down at once so the babe will have California sunshine and a sense of a permanent home. In short, Danny Kaye has lost himself completely—as he loves to do—in the life of someone else and this time that life belongs to him, so you can imagine.

Somebody asked Danny the other day what he wanted—a boy or a girl.

Danny sighed, "I don't care which—just so long as it's a baby!"

## MORE THAN YOU KNOW

(*Continued from page 53*)

he told her, and she grabbed the receiver while he plugged the line into a socket.

"Joan darling?"

"Livvy!" said Joan Fontaine Dozier's sleepy voice, half protestingly, "what on earth—it's the middle of the night here! Are you all right?"

"Never so all right in my life. I'm being married today."

"I just misunderstood you and it gave me a start," Joan said. "I thought you said you were going to be married."

"That's what I did say. Remember, I told you last week I'd run into someone you knew, whom we'd both met three or four years ago? Marcus Goodrich."

"Of course I remember. You said he seemed charming and you were having lots of fun reading scripts together. You don't mean ? . . ."

"Yes. Will you wish me luck?"

When, a few minutes later, she had hung up, Olivia went to the door, opened it three inches, and listened in to the accelerated pulse of the household. Mrs. Langner, an intent look on her face, was trotting up the spiral staircase carrying a mammoth black picture hat and a bunch of yellow tea roses. Olivia heard her knock on





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Phyllis Loughton's door. Phyllis, an old friend, was to be matron of honor.

Olivia went back and stretched out lazily on the chaise. Idly she mulled over in her mind the letter she would write her sister, Joan.

Let's see now—the first time I ever heard his name, years ago, someone said, "It's about time Marcus Goodrich was writing a book. He's one of the best raconteurs in the country. Witty and worldly and polished—but thoughtful, too."

**subtle match-maker . . .**

Anyway, do you know the Langners? Lawrence is a patent attorney and an executive of the Theater Guild, and he's known Marcus longer than any of us. I don't know if it was match-making, or not, but when he heard I was coming to Westport he immediately invited Marcus to the Cannondale place to work on his new novel.

I was staying at the Westover Inn, just outside the Westport Playhouse, and rehearsing like mad for the Maggy Wylie part in "What Every Woman Knows." But of course between rehearsals I took time out to relax and saw a lot of the Langners, and Marcus, too.

Before long we were talking more about ourselves than about music or writing or world affairs. Aside from his charm, I sensed in him a solidarity, a sincerity . . .

The play was supposed to open Monday night, August 26th. Then I had scheduled a week at Easthampton and a radio show. We thought we might be married secretly the week after that.

But darling, you know how it is. On the Saturday before opening night we went to one of those darned inns that's even quainter than the rest and Marcus had never been more charming, and what was the use of waiting?

So I called Lawrence—he was dining with Edna Ferber and I had the dickens of a time getting him to come to the phone—and told him we wanted to be married at once.

It was almost noon. Olivia got up and went over to the dressing table. She was wearing the simple white dress with the paisley print figures of blue and rose which she'd chosen for her wedding.

She put on a crownless hat of royal blue straw, trimmed with blue veiling and a green velvet band. She drew on both of her long white gloves, then suddenly remembered and adjusted the left one so that her hand was bare. Marcus' enormous diamond and ruby engagement ring glittered cheerfully on her finger. It would have company soon.

At the door Lawrence Langner's voice asked, "Ready, Livvy?"

**off with the old . . .**

She took a last look at the reflection in her mirror of Hollywood's most famous, and most persistent, Bachelor Girl. "Bye now," her mind said, without regret; and to Lawrence, who would give her away, she called, "I'm ready."

The Rev. Frederic L. C. Lorentzen, Rector of Christ Holy Trinity Church, Westport, was waiting under the Japanese willow. Olivia had time to remember her whim of asking him to put the word "obey" back into the marriage lines, and to wonder if he would do it.

Then they were standing together, and the Rev. Lorentzen was reading the lines—not forgetting the word "obey" after all—and then Marcus was whispering, "Hello, Mrs. Marcus Goodrich," and kissing her so that she nearly lost her veil. And the harp was singing out all the right melodies, and she was saying all the right, usual things to people: "It's an old-fashioned wedding ring, and I love it . . . Mrs. Good-


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rich. It sounds wonderful, but I've got to get used to it . . ."

There was posing for photographs, and Marcus saying, "No, on my left, dear," and her prompt acquiescence.

"I promised to obey, didn't I?"

In Hollywood, the week of Olivia's marriage to Marcus Goodrich, Joan Fontaine, who had recently married Bill Dozier, talked to one or two of her closest friends.

"Part of the answer to this sudden marriage of Livvy's," she said, "is in my own marriage to Bill. The first time Bill and I ever talked together—at Lucey's, and strictly business—I realized that here was a man of integrity and honesty and strength. A mature man, seasoned—

"And as we grew to know each other, and to be in love I understood that never before in my life had I known what a real marriage could mean. After we'd been married, and were planning and decorating the new house, Olivia came to visit.

"She didn't say much, at first. She just watched. She saw Bill take over the way a man should take things over—straighten out my business affairs without a hitch or a haggling session or any confusion.

"She saw a true, solid marriage, built on love and the strong personality of the man in the case, developing before her eyes. And she saw my great happiness. Why, she couldn't take her eyes off us. . ."

Just then Olivia came walking briskly around the corner of the house, across the lawn, her arms filled with bundles.

As she lit a cigarette Joan regarded her sister contemplatively. "You know," she said, "we've never been a very connected family in the sentimental, clannish sense. You've had your job to do, and I've had mine. But it seems to me we've been closer in the last few weeks than ever before. And you're—softening, darling."

"I'm observing a modern miracle—in this crazy era, and in this town, my sister finds a man who believes in home, family and fidelity. I never knew the idea of marriage could have so much appeal to me," Olivia murmured.

"You might try it, then."

"How many men are there like Bill?"

"Not many. But a few—and if you know what to look for, what you want, you'll find him. . ."

"And that's just it, you see," said Joan to her friends in Hollywood the week that Olivia married Marcus. "She did."

## I SAW IT HAPPEN



*We had just finished hearing Dick Powell perform on the stage of the Golden Gate Theater here in San Francisco, when a voice from the audience called out, "Where's June, Dick?" Dick grinned and finally, after some coaxing from the audience, brought Junie out from the wings to be introduced. They had just been married a short time, and held hands like a real bride and groom while on the stage. June then announced that it was Richard's birthday, and asked if everyone would join her in singing "Happy Birthday" to him. We all did, of course, and the way Dick looked at June as he accepted our birthday greetings was really something to see.*

*Helene Marks*
*San Francisco, California*





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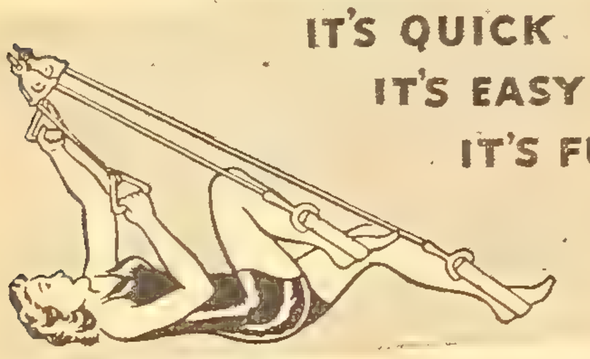
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# PARTY POSTSCRIPTS

*(Continued from page 63)*

been a bit of a stuffed shirt since she came here, relaxed completely and appeared in the most honest costume of the evening, "An Old Frump." I don't know what Clark Gable does to these gals, but they are always starry-eyed when he's dancing attendance and he was with the Rogers girl every minute.

Rita Hayworth was "The King of Siam" and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. was dressed up as "Anna." Rita's gown was of kitchen cleaners and her earrings were safety pins. Mrs. Reginald Gardiner was arrayed in a red union suit with a bunch of cherries in her hair —but Loretta Young took care of the beauty department in a dress made of silver paper and cheesecloth.

* * *

Every time Don, the Beachcomber, gives a party at his Valley estate, everybody in Hollywood wants a bid—even the biggest stars. Don owns the famous Beachcombers Cafe where only island food is served, but not long ago, he bought a home in the Valley and every month when it is full-moon time he tosses a luau.

I was curious about these affairs and so I quickly accepted his invitation to eat of suckling pig roasted in the ground and fish cooked on leaves.

The evening turned out to be unexpectedly chilly but that didn't keep our belles from donning bathing suits, while most of the actors wore bathing trunks or little else. Of course, they had heavy flower leis around their necks—if that helped to keep them warm.

We all sat down on the ground to eat dinner, and used our Adam and Eve implements —fingers—to dip into the wonderful island food dished up. There was nary a knife, fork or spoon casting a shadow in the moonlight. The drinks that went by on big trays looked like Technicolor productions because they were all rum and fruit concoctions.

Bing Crosby, who had been on my radio show with me earlier in the evening, wore the brightest red shirt I've ever seen. He looked like a fireman on a holiday and didn't mind the kidding he took in the least.

Mrs. Franchot Tone, the pretty Jean Wallace, worried me because her bathing suit seemed the scantiest of all. Sonja Henie, who goes everywhere these days with handsome Stewart Barthelmess, was all done up in bright silk pajamas. But she wore her best shoes and got her feet wet—sniffle, sniffle—sniffle.

Later, everyone sang island songs, led by Bing Crosby. Everything considered, I think it would have been best if we had all shut up and let Bing do the warbling. But it was a gay and "different" evening and I enjoyed it most of all because I was the warmest.

* * *

David Selznick doesn't give many big parties, but when he does he goes all out. His party honoring pretty blonde Evelyn Keyes and her bridegroom, John Huston (the son of Walter Huston and well known as a writer and director in his own right), was a *party*.

David took great pains to see that his guests were comfortable. For instance, the grass was covered with canvas so the ladies would not get their feet wet and dinner was served on the tennis court. The buffet table was decorated with enormous ice figures and scads of roses and the view from the hilltop was so lovely it looked as though David had planned it as a backdrop.

It was really a Who's-Who turn out. Everybody was there. I had the misfortune to spill a glass of sherry on Mary Pickford's gorgeous French gown of pale blue brocade—but she was a darling about it and told me not to let it spoil my evening.

Dr. Martin and I sat at the table with Mary, Walter Huston, Norma Shearer and Norma's Marty Arrouge. I don't know what's happened to Norma but she is the most beautiful thing in our town. Perhaps I do know. She's wonderfully happy with her handsome husband and happiness makes women glitter more than diamonds. Joan Crawford was there with her on-again, off-again romance, Greg Bautzer, doing all right in the looks department, too.

There wasn't a chance for any girl to be a wall flower, for David has a very cute idea for "mixing up" the dancing partners. He had men draw "names" for one dance and then go looking for the lady whose moniker was written on the slip of paper.

Then the girls were given slips of paper with the names of men. I saw one siren change hers six times until she got Cary Grant. Honors for looking the "youngest" go to Joan Bennett who didn't look a day over 17 years of age. Hard to believe she has a daughter just 17. Marlene Dietrich was lovely in a gold-colored dress and it did my heart good after that long misunderstanding, to see her daughter, Maria Manton, go up and throw her arms around her mother's neck.

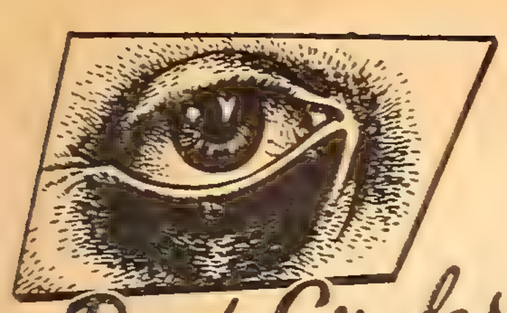
David's was certainly a party that clicked.

* * *

One of the most gasp-inspiring parties was the beautiful affair given by the Arthur Lyons' who made a perfect fairy land of their beautiful estate. Their home is English architecture surrounded by a small forest of trees—and this night every tree was abloom with yellow and white hibiscus. I've never seen anything more beautiful.

I went with Dorothy Lamour and Bill Howard and Dorothy's dress was the center of conversation. It was gray metallic, beaded and backless. "Whose dress?" someone asked her. "Mine," quipped Dottie. "I have had it for ten years and Edith Head just remade it for me." Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor came with Mary and Jack Benny and I've never seen Barbara so gay. She danced and danced and seemed to be having so much fun.

After all these formal parties, it was something "different," indeed, to be invited to the charming home of the Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. for a quiet dinner and an evening of playing the famous "game."



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The Fairbanks crowd play "the game" in an unusual way. Teams are chosen (as per custom) but instead of acting out characters from books or plays, quotations were "drawn" on a blackboard—and if you have never tried to draw a quotation—try it for laughs sometime. I was amazed at how clever some of them were—even guessing such a difficult passage as "The trouble is not in our stars but in ourselves that we are underlings."

The guests who kept this nonsense going until four o'clock in the morning were Merle Oberon and her husband, Elsa, the hosts, and my doctor and I.

Mary Lee Fairbanks is such a charming woman. She has personally superintended the care of the David Niven boys almost since the tragic death of their mother. The youngsters live next door and while they have a wonderful nurse who is devoted to them, Mary Lee visits them many times a day. She told me the older Niven youngster misses his mother, talks about her all the time. It is so difficult for David, who has not yet told the little boys that their mother is gone forever.

* * *

Another unusual party was the wedding dinner in honor of Dolores Moran and her producer husband Ben Bogeaus, given in the Crillon, one of Hollywood's most exclusive restaurants. The hosts were Eleanor Parker and her hubby, Bert Friedlob, and I particularly enjoyed it because there were so many of the younger set present.

Cleatus Caldwell and Bob Hutton had just made up after a long spat and they were radiant at being together again.

Janis Paige was there with Cubby Brocolli. But they both said there are no wedding bells in the offing. "She's too good for me," Cubby remarked. Figure that one out.

Paulette Goddard and Burgess Meredith breezed through the party for a few minutes and John Garfield, who makes very few social appearances, was there with his pretty wife.

* * *

It's been a big party month in Hollywood.

But there's one more I must tell you about. It is the midnight soiree tossed by Schwab's Drug Store following the preview of "The Jolson Story"—a wonderful movie, by the way. Little pint-sized Sidney Skolsky put Schwab's on the Hollywood map by mentioning it so often in his column—so the Schwab Brothers decided to toss a wingding in his honor when Sid turned producer.

The invitations were formal and engraved—but there the formality ended. I'm mad about ice cream, or I swear I wouldn't have had the strength to push through the mob inside and outside the store when I arrived.

William Powell, still a red head from "Life With Father," and his pretty little Diane, couldn't get near the soda fountain, so they were off to one side eating ice cream cones.

June Allyson and Dick Powell sat next to me at the fountain and did we polish off the ice cream sodas! But perhaps the biggest laugh came from Alan Ladd and Sue Carol who insisted on buying stamps on account of they just never get to a drug store unless




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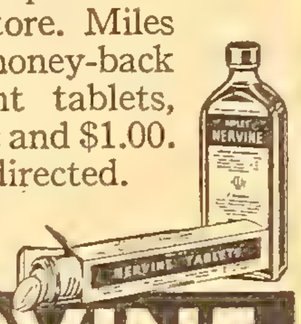


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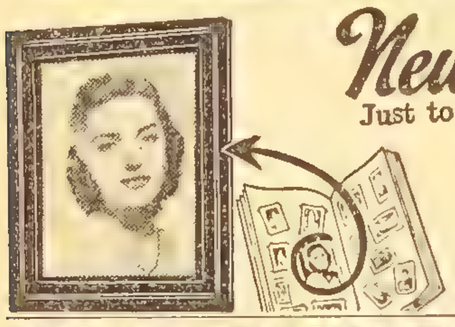



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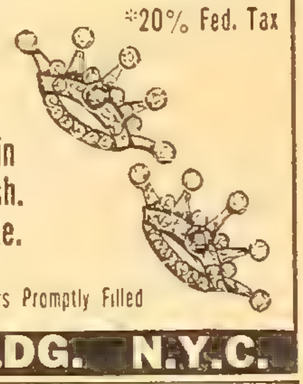
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# THE HOUSE THEY LIVE IN

*(Continued from page 35)*

decorate was volcanic in its violence. She flew about the tiny apartment, assaulting the existent color scheme and furniture.

"This is awful," she told Ronnie. "We've got to buy some furniture."

"But, honey, you can't buy it now. It may not fit into the house when we get it."

Ronnie's logic didn't dampen her ardor.

One night when Ronnie came home there was a note pinned to the door.

"I'm sorry," it read, "but we don't live here any more."

Consulting the manager, Ronnie learned that his wife had succeeded in getting a larger apartment in the same building. She met him at the door, her face flushed with excitement. Behind her, painters were slashing at walls with their brushes, and furniture was heaped in confusion.

"Isn't it wonderful?" gasped Jane.

"Never a dull moment," said Ronnie.

Life in the new apartment meant backaches for Ronnie. He was continually moving furniture from one room to the other, or sometimes out in the hall. After a month of vaulting divans, he decided the time had come. He started looking for a lot for their home. It had to be on a hill.

**guardian dragons . . .**

Ronnie found the lot shortly after Maureen was born. High on a hill, it suited their every purpose. Ronnie designed the floor plans himself and hired a draftsman to complete the job. There was to be a living room two steps down from the entrance hall, and a den. A dining room and kitchen completed the first floor, with three bedrooms and three baths upstairs. A patio was planned in back and a swimming pool in front. Then Ronnie started work in a picture and found himself working at night for thirty-eight consecutive nights. When Jane started a film shortly afterwards, she did it conventionally, working during the day. The foundation of the house was begun, and although they visited the site every day, it was never with each other. They considered themselves the night watchman and day nurse of their new home.

By the time Ronnie's night shift was over, the flooring and uprights were completed. For the first time, they went up the hill together. Jane spied the openings in the wall which represented living room windows.

"What," she demanded, "are we doing with windows like this? Good heavens, what's a view for if you can't see it?"

Ronnie tapped the foreman on the shoulder.

"My wife says what are we doing with windows like this?"

He walked into what would be the dining room.

"This is too small," he said. "Let's kick out that wall."

Jane climbed a ladder and cat-walked around the second story.

"Oh, yipe," she howled down to Ronnie. "What am I in now?"

"That's the entrance hall," he said.

"Well, it's too big! It's a waste of space."

Ronnie tapped the foreman on the shoulder.

"We want to use some of that space up there—where my wife is—for the bedroom. Can you knock that wall over about four feet?"

"This," said Jane, poking her head through an aperture, "is a very silly window. Let's make it bigger."

Before they left, they had arranged for about two weeks' worth of changes.

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"Now, what about the furniture?" said Ronnie.

"That's my department," said Jane. "You're only a man."

She bent her energies to furnishings with the same whirlwind fury directed at the apartment, but she soon began to have trepidations. This was to be their own house, and it must be very right. Colors and blending of period styles began to frighten her.

"I don't want a decorator," she said to Ronnie, "but we'd better have one to help me, or I'll have a stroke."

A few months after Pearl Harbor they moved into the house when it was partially, to put it mildly, furnished. Ronnie came home one night to find Jane in the living room, staring at the walls in preoccupation. She had found a decorator that day, decided on materials and bought a table, and was currently concentrating on colors.

"Hello," said Ronnie.

"Do you like red?" said Jane.

"I like olive drab better," said Ronnie.

Jane stiffened. "You can't put olive drab in *this* house."

Ronnie put an arm around her shoulders. "No, honey, but I can wear it."

She stared at him, wide-eyed.

"You mean—you're in?"

He nodded and took his own particular "Greetings" from his coat pocket.

"How soon?" she breathed.

"Fifteen days."

It was a hectic fifteen days. Ronnie was in a flurry of preparation, and Jane was trying desperately to settle housing issues.

The only thing Ronnie did, squeezing what little time he could from his days, was the landscaping. Every time he came home, it was with another tree under his arm. He'd yell to Jane, and she'd come whirling out of the house with a shovel in hand. Every time she started a household chore, Ronnie would come up the driveway with a tree.

"The only thing I'll ever leave you for," she told him, "is a tree."

In two days, Ronnie left for San Francisco, his reception center, and Jane found herself working in another movie. With the war had come the exodus of servants into airplane factories, and the house was left in abject loneliness during the daytime when it was occupied only by Maureen and a constantly changing shift of nurses, plus sundry workmen administering finishing touches. The carpets finally arrived and the lawn was planted, but Jane was in a complete dither trying to locate servants. She finally found a couple who seemed most efficient.

**your nap's showing . . .**

They came to the house on Sunday, and informed Jane when she admitted them that they would serve as butler and maid. The man looked into the living room and gasped.

"Madame," he said in a shocked tone, "your nap is all wrong."

"Hmm?" said Jane.

"The nap on the rug, madame. It should all go in one direction."

"Oh. Oh, well, that's fine. We'll have it go in one direction in the future."

The butler and his wife took over the house like two Sherman tanks.

The climax of having a butler came when Ronnie arrived home for the first time. When he phoned from San Francisco and told Jane he'd be home the next day, she flew to the kitchen.

"Lt. Reagan will be home for dinner tomorrow night," she said. "I want everything especially nice."

"We have no silver serving trays, madame," was the butler's only comment.

The next day Jane took him on a shopping tour and bought Ronnie's favorite




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food and wine, and flowers for the table.

"The silver trays, madame."

Jane stopped and bought two. "That's all you get," she told him.

Ronnie came home, lifted Maureen in his arms and planted a kiss on his wife's upturned face. He was drowned in a flood of compliments on his uniform, introduced to the butler and his wife, and then headed for a shower. In his dressing room, Ronnie heard a knock at the door.

"Yes?"

The door opened and in walked the butler, bearing one of the silver trays, on which was a dainty linen doily and on top of that, an old-fashioned cocktail. Ronnie loathes old fashioneds, but he felt forced into it, took the glass and thanked the man. A few seconds later came a knock at the door of Jane's dressing room. It was the maid, bearing another old fashioned on *her* tray. Jane accepted it in a similar frame of mind, then opened her door and howled at Ronnie. He looked around the corner of his door, raised his glass, grinned and said, "Well—here's health."

**dinner de luxe . . .**

Two minutes later, the butler and maid each bore up a tray of hors d'oeuvres. Then two more old fashioneds. Bathed and dressed, Ronnie started for the dining room.

"No!" said Jane. "You can't do that. You have to wait until they announce dinner."

"Ye gods," said Ronnie.

At dinner, they sat one at each end of a fifteen-foot table, which was resplendent under the Reagans' only banquet cloth, and loaded with gardenias in the middle. Also a few candelabra filled with tall candles. Jane and Ronnie bobbed back and forth at their respective seats, trying to catch glimpses of each other through the foliage. After the appetizers were finished, Jane buzzed for service. The butler pussyfooted into the room.

"Madame," he said. "I shall anticipate your every want. You need not ring."

"That'll larn you," Ronnie told Jane.

The next morning, Jane went to the refrigerator and reached for a bottle of pepsi. A hand stole over her shoulder and gently removed the bottle from her hand. She turned to see the butler, bottle-opener in hand.

"You are not accustomed to being waited on, are you, Mrs. Reagan?" he said.

Janie shrugged and went into the living room to wait for her drink, which was delivered on one of the silver trays.

The butler bowed as he delivered the glass to her, then straightened and made his announcement.

**goodbye now . . .**

"Madame," he said, "my wife and I feel that this house is not large enough for us. We should like to leave as soon as possible."

"Within an hour will be fine," said Jane.

It was a brave and soul-satisfying statement to Jane, but when they had left she realized with panic that she was bereft of any help at all. Barbara Stanwyck saved the day by deciding that her son Skip was too old for a nurse and transferred Nanny to the Reagan household, where she has been ever since.

Six months after he left for San Francisco, Ronnie was back home again, stationed near Los Angeles.

Life for the Reagans in their new home began to settle down somewhat after that. The only new addition to the household came the following Christmas when Maureen was two. She had been indicating, by repeated renditions of the word "wow-wow," that she would be most happy with a dog of her own. She chose Scotty herself one day at a kennel, not realizing that he would be hers at Christmas. Scotty was not a particularly sleek or snooty dog, but was possessed of a spirit kindred to Maureen's, i.e., sugar and spice. Maureen found him, laboring under a huge red bow, on Christmas morning. A week later, Jane took Maureen to the kennels to buy some toys for Scotty, and came home with a second Scotch Terrier whom she dubbed Soda. Although she wasn't able to resist the pup, Mrs. Reagan was not exactly overjoyed at the prospect of Mr. Reagan's reaction. She stowed both dogs in the back yard and nervously awaited Ronnie's arrival.

He came home, and as always, brought Maureen downstairs for what the Reagans term the Children's Hour, when they devote a whole hour to fairy tales and games.

"Uh—Ronnie," said Jane, "why don't you get Scotty? He's in the patio."

Ronnie trotted to the back door and came back on the double. He pointed at Jane accusingly.

"There are *two* dogs out there!"

"His name is Soda," said Jane, twisting her handkerchief.

"And you think Maureen is the baby of the family," said Ronnie. "Ask me how old you think *you* are!"

The household axe which grinds perpetually is Jane's procedure of Straightening Up Things, and her unfailing failure to remember. Ronnie enters the house and throws his mail on a table. Two minutes later, Jane picks it up and stuffs it in an odd drawer—any place to get it out of sight. An hour later, Ronnie glares.

"Where's that letter from the studio?"

"Letter?" says Jane. "What letter?"

"The letter I put on that table. Right there. Not an hour ago."

"Oh, that. Now—let me see. What did I do with it?"

Jane makes up for this quality by being continually amusing in her sleep. Physically, she sleeps as though she were embalmed, being practically impossible to waken, but her mind goes on all cylinders at all times.






"I want a book for my mother. She's an adult between 26 and 30."

One morning, after Ronnie had showered and dressed, he leaned over the bed to kiss Jane goodbye. Sound asleep, she made a face at the disturbance and burrowed down under the covers. Then suddenly she thrust both arms high in the air, just missing Ronnie's left ear.

"See?" she howled. "I've got hands!"

Jane has never been left at home, a widow in any sense of the word. It's like moving a stone quarry to get either of the Reagans out of the house at any time, but when one goes, the other follows. When Ronnie took up golf, Jane played along with him, giving him a fair game. Now they have their horses and their own stable, Yearling Row, which is not only a source of pleasure but is also run as a business. Horses are trained for jumping and show, and many a Reagan hour is spent at the stable. Years ago, Ronnie took up building ship models, installing a workshop in the garage. Not to be outdone, Jane carefully watched the whole procedure and is currently building a tugboat which she proudly claims, even though it sounds dumpy, is just as difficult as any other type of ship.

**a little child shall lead them . . .**

Mr. and Mrs. Reagan are a unit unto themselves, never having become acquainted with neighbors down the hill. The social end of the family is upheld by Maureen, who somehow manages to meet everyone but Santa Claus. The other day, Ronnie and Jane were standing by the pool when the milkman drove up the driveway.

"Hi, Bob," said Maureen. She poked Ronnie in the ribs. "Daddy—say hello to Bob."

"Oh," said Ronnie. "Hello, Bob."

Then she coaxed him into a walk down the hill. A neighbor was sitting on her porch.

"Good morning, Mrs. Duncan," said Maureen, and poked again. "Daddy—say hello to Mrs. Duncan."

Ronnie waved, a little hesitantly, at the stranger. "Morning, Mrs. Duncan," he said.

Maureen is a very social-minded child. When the Reagans recently gave a birthday party for Joan Crawford, Maureen acted with Jane as co-hostess, wearing her first long party dress. The house was brightly lighted, standing on the hill in the night like a chest of bright jewels. Maureen stood at the door with an official air about her.

**junior hostess . . .**

"Miss Crawford, may I present Mr. and Mrs. Peck."

Greg and Greta and Joan nodded in solemn acknowledgment of the introduction, although they have known each other for years. The guests gathered in the patio which boasted a dance floor and was sheltered by a canvas top. The garden was illuminated and a small orchestra played soft strains of music to the night. Maureen had a whale of a time, making sure that everyone knew everyone else. When her bedtime approached, she toasted the party with milk in a wine glass and was waltzed around the floor by Ronnie. Then her parents bundled her into warmer clothes for the trip to her grandmother's, where she was to spend the night. Maureen balked at leaving.

"It's a beautiful party," she told them. "I don't want to leave it. I don't want to leave the house either. I don't ever want to leave the house."

Jane and Ronnie looked at each other over their daughter's head. They knew what she meant. Their house is not only gracious and beautiful and filled with warm humor. It's more than that. It's a home.

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